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# THE IRIS:

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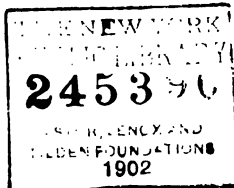
THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

LONDON :

SAMPSON LOW, LAMB'S-CONDUIT STREET;  
HURST, CHANCE, & CO., ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD :

AND THOMAS WARDLE, PHILADELPHIA.

1831.



LONDON:  
Printed by S. Mauney and Co., London-House Yard, St. Paul's.



ROY W. B.  
J. B. B.  
J. B. B.

## PREFACE.

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THAT a second volume of "THE IRIS" should be submitted to the Public, is a sufficient indication of the favourable reception which was experienced by the first. For the encouragement thus afforded to their undertaking at a period of almost unprecedented embarrassment, the Proprietors are truly grateful;—and the present volume will, they confidently trust, prove that they are anxious to merit a continuance of the public approbation.

Of the Editor's peculiar duties, one part alone is attended with other than pleasurable feelings. He has received so many valuable communications, of which he has been prevented from availing himself,—some which have reached him too

late for insertion, and others which are not sufficiently adapted to the peculiar nature of the work;—that he is precluded from expressing his gratitude, except by a general acknowledgment. He cannot, however, refrain from specifying several articles of superior interest, which were designed for insertion in this volume, and which the limits of the work compelled him most reluctantly to omit.—“The Ways of Pleasantness,” a Tale, by Mrs. SHERWOOD; “The Christian Gladiator,” by Miss AGNES STRICKLAND; a “Memorial of Edward Seymour,” by the HARROVIAN; and the “Bride of Draumur Vatn,” an Icelandic Tale, by the AUTHOR of the ‘Bath of Isis.’ Nor would he do justice to his feelings, did he omit the tender of his thanks to the Author of the ‘Last of the Plantagenets,’ for his beautiful “Scene of the Pestilence;” of the Author of “Judith,” whose name, were he permitted to mention it, would stamp authority on the facts which constitute the foundation of the tale; to the Venerable Archdeacon Spencer; the

Rev. Drs. Rudge and Booker; the Rev. Messrs. C. R. Ashfield, J. H. Caunter, Pearson, Creed, Thomas, Cushman (of Philadelphia), the Author of 'Cottage Melodies,' Edmund Morris, of Philadelphia, and many other Correspondents, English and American, by whose kindness he hopes to profit in a future volume.

The EMBELLISHMENTS will be found, it is presumed, to say the least, not inferior, either in interest or in execution, to those of the preceding volume. In the selection of these, the Editor can claim no merit; but he willingly becomes the organ of the Proprietors, in offering their most grateful acknowledgments to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF EXETER, to whom they are indebted for permission to engrave the exquisite picture of Christ Blessing the Bread, by *Carlo Dolci*; and The Mother and Child, by *Correggio*: to SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq., whose kindness supplied the picture of Christ meeting Mary in the Garden, by *Titian*: and to the GOVERNORS of the FOUNDLING HOSPITAL,

for the interesting subject, by *West*, which constitutes the Frontispiece. The Vignette, Christ Crowned with Thorns, is from an original drawing, by the late lamented President of the Royal Academy, now in the possession of the Publishers;—and should the introduction of Engravings from modern Artists be considered as a departure from the original plan, the distinguished names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, and Sir Thomas Lawrence,—three brilliant hues, blending to form an “*IRIS*” of British art—will doubtless be accepted as an apology.

It only remains to add, that the principle on which this Work was originally planned, “that recreative reading should be made subservient to the great ends of religious and moral instruction;” a principle which the Public has sanctioned by its approval—has been rigidly adhered to in the volume for 1831. And if we cannot adopt the quaint but high-sounding titles which our ancestors gave to publications of a similar nature to the

present;—if we cannot designate our “Annual” as a GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS, or a PARADISE OF DAINY DEVICES, or a PHŒNIX NEST, or even a GARDEN OF THE MUSES; we may, at least, claim for it the more modest appellation of a SMALL HANDFUL OF FRAGRANT FLOWERS, SELECTED AND GATHERED OUT OF THE LOVELY GARDEN OF HOLY SCRIPTURE; and address, in the name of our “IRIS,” both to readers and reviewers, the following humble but expressive lines of the worthy old Editor, Nicholas Breton.

Since I, poor book, am put into thy hand,  
 Although the tome or volume little be,  
 Yet, reader dear, that I be thoroughly scanned  
 With zealous mind, I beg and crave of thee :  
 Ne seem to judge, or sentence thine to frame,  
 Before throughout thou dost peruse the same.

If, then, I cast a jewel unto thee,  
 Play not the cock that *Æsop* speaketh on ;  
 Who rather craved a barleycorn to see  
 Than for to find the costly precious stone.  
 But if I might give counsel, like the rest,  
*First read, then choose such fruits as like thee best.*

T. D.



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by the Editor.]

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\*.\* Musical Publishers are requested to observe, that the Poems by Thomas Haynes Bayly, inserted in this volume, are property.

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## A SCENE OF THE PESTILENCE.

[Extracted from the Diary of a Non-conformist Minister].

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS."

AUG. 24th, 1692.—Here may I raise my Ebenezer, and truly say, Hitherto hath the Lord helped me! for on this day threescore and ten years have passed over my unworthy head;—such having been the duration of my sojourn in this wilderness-world. If I look me adown the long vista of years gone by, what a soul-humiliating appearance doth the sad retrospect present, of opportunities neglected, of deliverances unacknowledged, and of mercies disregarded! When the Prophet saw in a vision by the river Chebar the doings of the Almighty, as shadowed forth by a Throne having many intervolving Wheels, although he understood not the complicated and hidden machinery, yet did he behold a form like unto the Son of Man, guiding and directing the whole. And have I always felt this won-

drous governance, in those perilous times of the Church which I have passed through? Hath my soul, truly and at all times, whilst witnessing the things which have taken place in my day and generation, acknowledged them as the wonderful and incomprehensible works of the Judge of all the Earth? Alas, No! [*Here follows a Prayer, lamenting his shortcomings, and the renewal of a covenant, which it appears always formed a part of his devotions on this day; after which, the Diary thus proceeds*].

It was, as I remember me, upon this day thirty years, that the good old Mr. Simeon Ash was taken to his rest;—he had preached his wonted lecture at Cornhill, and being heated therewith, took cold in the vestry, and died the same evening at his house at Highgate. It was a solemn season, being that fatal Bartholomew's day when so many of us, who stood around his dying bed, had just been preaching for the last time to our beloved congregations. I returned with the godly Mr. Richard Baxter, who on the way discoursed largely concerning the straits to which the Lord's servants were then reduced by the passing of the disastrous Act of Uniformity: yet hopefully observing, "that our brother Simeon had been seasonably called to heaven, on the very day he was cast out of the visible church on earth."

Many more were the pious and comfortable words which he spake, for he did well note how that my spirits were greatly bowed down with the sense of my own forlorn condition. I returned to my poor lodging in Botolph Court, Bishopsgate, and looking from the window upon my little Church, wherein I had that afternoon taken leave of my dear people, I offered a prayer unto the Good Shepherd, that he would still find healthful pasture and a faithful keeper for this remnant of his flock, now left destitute and forlorn in the wilderness. And yet this separation from my charge, and removal from London, though very grievous at the time, led unto a most notable circumstance in my life, which I will here presently set down. Finding from what took place at Mr. Beale's in Hatton Garden, where Dr. Bates and others were broken in upon by the military, whilst praying with the sick child of good Mr. Beale,—that the silenced ministers would not be allowed any more to preach, or meet in private for devotional exercises, I determined at once to leave London; and was led, by the providence of God, to the house of a pious gentleman of great repute, at Colchester in Essex, by name Zedekiah Dalton, whom it pleased to appoint me tutor to his children, and I was so engaged, as I remember, when the

awful Pestilence raged in London during the year 1665; at which time my patron's son, Neville Dalton, was a student in one of the Courts of Law. It had been customary for us to receive tidings of him regularly by the letter-carriers, during the spring and summer; but when that fearful Pestilence had reached its height there came no farther intelligence; and it had altogether ceased. Hereupon my patron himself would fain have journeyed to London, for he was in much affliction, in order to seek out his son; if so be the Lord had spared him alive in such a time of almost universal sickness and death. But from this step both the good Mistress Dalton and myself did dissuade him; yet, nevertheless, finding the accounts from London still more alarming towards the end of August, and witnessing, as I did, the sore distress and intolerable suspense of the worthy family, I determined, after asking counsel of the Lord, to journey forthwith to the great City in their behalf. I was moved to this by divers considerations, and was marvellously encouraged to persevere by several sweet passages of Holy-Writ; especially I did remember that "the Angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear him," and delivereth them from "the Pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

It was, therefore, on the 21st of August, about six o'clock in the evening, that, after having commended myself unto the Lord's protection whilst engaged on this errand of mercy, I embraced the weeping members of this good family, and set forth from Colchester. I can recal, even now, and as freshly as if it were an event but of yesterday, what my feelings were as I journeyed along. The evening was calm and beautiful, the air pure and balmy, and each little village through which I passed seemed to repose peacefully in the bright glow of the setting sun. In my own thoughts I contrasted the serene and lovely looks of nature around me, with the house of sorrow whence I had departed, and the Plague-doomed City whither I was speeding; wherein the tainted air, laden with death, was carrying desolation into every dwelling. Then did my spirit become disquieted within me, and, gazing on the fields of corn, now ripe for the sickle, methought the time of my gathering in was also come, and haply might arrive, even before the wheat from those goodly fields should be laid up in the garner.

But, Ah me! never, never shall I forget the sight which I beheld, when, upon the third evening after my departure, I drew near to the Village of Bow, distant but a few miles from London. The roads were

blocked up with many and divers kinds of carriages laden with goods, in which were the terrified owners, with their wives and children; some weeping bitterly, some giving themselves up unto the wildest expressions of grief, and others in a state of profound abstraction and melancholy; whilst all, by the haggardness of their looks, proclaimed the mighty spread and power of that direful scourge, from the which they were thus affrightedly hurrying away. There was, moreover, a vast multitude on foot, yet I noted that each person, or rather each party, did strive to avoid intermingling with the other; and some, too, were in so weak a state, arising perhaps from terror, that, being deserted by their company, they had sunken down by the road side, or in the neighbouring fields, waiting until death should release them from their sufferings. I know not how I should have passed through this hapless throng, had I not espied one of the City provision-carts going townwards, the driver of which, for small payment, did allow me to get therein; and I discovered that constables, and others appointed by the City, were placed in various parts of the road to remove all obstructions, in order that these carts should pass freely. I alighted, and then proceeded on my way a-foot;

in which progress I could not but note how that the public road looked, at Whitechapel, more like a green field than a street of concourse, the grass having grown not only on the lower part near the church, but on that part also which was paved.

I shall not here set down the lamentable cries which ever and anon assailed my ears as I pursued my course to Bishopsgate—some crying out for clergymen to come and pray with them; others calling upon God for pardon and mercy, and aloud confessing their sins; and all either lamenting their own sickness, or mourning over others, who were but newly dead. Nor shall I now attempt to consider the words uttered by that poor maniac whom I met at Aldgate,—one Solomon Eagle, as he was called,—who went about denouncing yet farther judgment upon the City. Truly, his appearance and manner were appalling, for he was of large stature, having hideous features now distorted by phrenzy, and a loud, sepulchral voice, rendered hoarse and horrible by incessant crying out to the multitude. He had, moreover, clothed himself in sackcloth, and carried upon his head a pan of burning charcoal. As he hurried wildly along, proclaiming God's wrath upon a sinful people, and prophesying of greater and greater woes that were

yet to come, his eye did sometimes kindle into so fearful a rage, and there was such a terrific gladness in his countenance, that I could almost have persuaded myself I beheld in the likeness of man, the Arch-fiend himself, rejoicing in the misery before him, and exulting in the knowledge of that tenfold deeper anguish which was to follow.

I passed on, and, sick at heart and wearied with my journey, entered a well-known Inn, called the King's Arms, in Leadenhall Street; where I retired early to my chamber, in hope to procure some little rest, of which both body and mind stood so greatly in need. But about midnight I was aroused from my bed by the most dreadful clamour of oaths and execrations, which proceeded, I found, from the room beneath me; wherein, as I afterwards learned, a company of profane young men assembled every night, and, unconcerned as to the calamity around them, or peradventure in desperation, thus strangely and distractedly prepared for their own deaths, like unto seamen in foundering ships, by drinking to excess of maddening liquors! The sound of their wild merriment still rings in my ears, whilst I cast a glance back upon the terrors of that awful night. Oh! the mercy and forbearance of the Lord! I arose from my bed, and looked from my casement;

the night was dark, and oppressive with heat,—but it was not the heat of summer. The air seemed too thick to breathe, and I felt a sense of suffocation as I inhaled it; while there was a burning glow in the dense and stagnant mass, which, as I opened the window, struck upon my face like the blast from a furnace. A little removed from the house, at the corner of the street, one of those large fires was burning, which the physicians had ordered to be lighted in the vain hope of purifying the atmosphere. A long cloud of black smoke rose slowly from its smouldering ashes, and ever and anon flames broke forth with a lurid glance upon the opposite buildings, disclosing the red crosses marked upon those houses where the Plague raged; and I could also dimly discern at intervals the muffled figures, and hear the hollow sounding steps, of the watchmen, who, with the wands of office in their hands, paced slowly before the infected dwellings! As I stood gazing and almost bewildered by the solitariness and awful glance of the scene, my senses were recalled by the heavy strokes of a distant bell, which, blended with other sounds, soon fell more distinctly on the ear. A cart, preceded by two or three men bearing torches, came rumbling along, and stopped under the window at which I stood;

whereupon an involuntary exclamation of horror burst from me, as my eyes fell upon a dense heap of human bodies within it, many of which were destitute of the slightest covering. The bell again sounded, and one of the Buryers sent forth the dismal cry of "BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!" At this moment, I heard the casement of the lower room open, and the dissolute wretches, who were still at their cups, shouted back in answer, mocking the tones of the men, "Call again, ye death's heads; we'll be ready by to-morrow night!" and thereupon followed such oaths and bandying of ribald jests, that I was fain to hurry from the window, and, falling on my knees, to pour out my soul before God! Oh! how I groaned in spirit for the wickedness of men! It once brought upon this fair earth the Floods of the Deluge—then the fire from Heaven fell upon the Cities of the Plain—and now it seemed unto me that the Angel of the Lord was sweeping with an uprooting pestilence, another, and even a worse City, which could scarcely reckon upon a remnant of ten righteous inhabitants! The Rainbow of Promise seemed to have departed from the skies, and no righteous Lot remained, to stay with supplications the wrath of the Holy One!

On the morrow I rose early, and proceeded to

the Inn called the Temple, whereat my young friend kept his chambers for studying the Law. I could not but note, on passing through Cheapside, the sad contrast which the streets presented to that bustle and activity which on former occasions I had observed;—then, all was life and animation—now, the stillness of death seemed to prevail. The few individuals I met looked pale, and wild, and miserable; and they glided along apart from each other, so silently, that they seemed more like unto spectres from the tombs than living beings. Here, too, I noted a little party of official men stop before a house at the corner of Wood Street, to mark it with the Red Cross of the Pest. They had made some brief inquiries, and upon receiving answers thereto, they gave strict directions for barring all egress of the inmates; thus consigning them to inevitable death, and cutting off, as it seemed unto me, a branch from the living tree of the human family. But I will not dwell on these painful recollections. On reaching the desolate and empty Inn of the Temple, I proceeded with an anxious heart to search out the chambers of Master Neville Dalton, but I was shocked to find them closed up, the windows and doors being fastened. After some difficulty, I learned from a palsied crone, who had

formerly tended on him, that he had left the chambers, and taken up his abode in some other part of the Town, but where she knew not. I then proceeded to the Post-house, hoping to find letters to him which might inform me of his place of sojourn, and on knocking at the window there, a man from within invited me to enter and search for myself. I turned over divers large bundles of letters addressed to various individuals, which lay in heaps uncalled for, as though all interest in the affairs and business of life had entirely ceased. The most profound stillness reigned around that place, and as I looked upon those piles of letters unbroken, a deeper gloom came over me, when I thought of all the anxious inquiries they contained, and all the throbbings of heart under which they had been written,—whilst, alas! the greater number of those to whom they were addressed might be already wrapped in the silence of the grave.

On returning to my lodgings, I wrote an account of my ill success to my good friend Zedekiah Dalton; beseeching him, however, to continue to trust in the Lord, and to be assured that I should still prosecute my inquiries with the utmost diligence.

The following Saturday, for it was on the even-

ing of Wednesday that I arrived in London, I did renew my inquiries, but with no better conclusion. Once more I wandered, weary and disheartened, to Leadenhall Street, and whilst employed in my wonted devotions, a sudden thought crossed my mind! The morrow was the Sabbath,—and, called as I had been by the providence of God from my peaceful retirement to this great City, where I stood as it were between the living and the dead, could I, without sin, withhold the Word of Life from the perishing creatures by whom I was surrounded?—It was impossible! the very stones would cry out against such awful neglect of the talent committed to me! On inquiry, I found, that the Minister of my old Church having quitted the parish with his family on the first breaking out of the Plague, the morning-service had been performed there only occasionally; but that the afternoon-exercises were frequently conducted by those godly men, Mr. Vincent, late Minister in Milk Street, Mr. Christie, Mr. Grimes, Mr. Franklin, and others, to the exceeding comfort and profit of the people. I thereupon caused it to be notified, that I would on the morrow preach the afternoon-lecture at the appointed time, namely, three of the clock. In pursuance of this intent, after imploring the blessing of God on my endea-

vours, I once more entered the place of my former ministry. How solemn was the occasion!—never shall I forget the awful gloom which rested on my spirit as I entered the pulpit, and gazed upon the fervent and devout assembly! I sought in vain to recognise, amidst the gathered throng, some of those whose faces were once so familiar to me; but questionless, they were departed,—and of most it might be said, almost in the words of the Psalmist, or holy Job, “Their place that once knew them shall know them no more for ever!” Strangers, mostly of the lower sort, were seated in those pews, which once were occupied by the wealthy and dignified of my flock; and as my eye rested on the large pew, on the right of the pulpit, in which the worshipful family of Sir Francis Dashwood used to assemble, and over which still hung the blazoned achievements and inscriptions of a long line of ancestry, how forcibly was the vanity of human distinctions then impressed on my mind! Its only inmate at this time was a person in mean apparel, who had, on entering, hastily fastened the door on all intruders, from fear of contagion!

I now opened the Sacred Volume, and expounded that solemn passage of Holy Writ, which I had been led to choose as the subject of my exhortation,

from the twentieth chapter and the third verse of the first book of Samuel, wherein David saith, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and Death!" Oh! how mighty and prevailing is the Word of God in times of calamity and distress! The loftiness of man was indeed bowed, and the Lord alone was exalted in that day! It was a scene never to be forgotten by me, for great power attended the preaching of the Word, since all hearts seemed softened by the general calamity, and the spirit of the congregation was bowed down as the heart of one man. I wept with them,—prayed with them,—and twice did I pause whilst dismissing them, unable to proceed from the feelings which overcame me, as I reflected, that doubtless to many the blessing I implored was but the last solemn rite of our religion pronounced over living bodies before the funeral!

Thus deeply affected by the scene I had just witnessed, I was returning towards my lodging, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a window hastily thrown up, from which a female besought me in most piteous accents, if I were indeed a servant of God, as I appeared to be by my dress, to enter the house and administer consolation to a dying person.

A demand upon the duties of my sacred calling was more readily answered in that time of Pestilence, than would have been any appeal to my feelings as a man. The solemnity of the circumstances under which I had just quitted the congregation of St. Botolph, had impressed my mind in an unwonted manner with the awful responsibility of the ministerial character, and the unspeakable value of the Gospel Message, which, as God's ambassador, the minister is charged to deliver. "It will be a deed of mercy," thought I, "to visit the poor dying creature, who may perhaps have some perilous sin weighing upon the conscience, and who hears nought in the hours of mental agony, save the thunderings of Sinai. To such an one, the mild accents of the Gospel will fall soft as the dew upon the tender herb. There may indeed be danger, but I trow that whilst we walk in the path of duty, the Buckler of Faith in our Master is an invincible protector.

Whilst thus communing with myself, I entered the house, and was conducted by the woman who had addressed me, to the sick chamber. The room was partially darkened, but there was sufficient light to discover in one corner a low bed, on which lay a woman grievously ill, who seemed already

wrestling with mighty death—her eyes were closed, her hands gently folded across her bosom, and a comely lass, seemingly of about fourteen or fifteen years, was wiping from her forehead, with a napkin, the big drops of sweat which every moment gathered and hung upon it. My conductress approached the bed, and told the sick one, that a servant of God was by her side. She opened her eyes, and seeing me, who was there close to her, she seized my hand in both hers, fervently ejaculating in broken accents scarcely louder than a whisper, "Pray with me—pray with me—pray *for* me. My time is short, and I stand in much need of holy consolation. Pray! pray! and let me once more hear the Word of God from lips which God hath sanctified to his service."

Without further delay I knelt, and poured forth my spirit in prayer; and the Lord vouchsafed his blessing upon the work I had in hand; for ere I had ended, a sweet serenity diffused itself over the countenance of the dying woman, which betokened how the soul was triumphing over the body; how the pangs of the latter, in the hour of sharpest anguish, were subdued by the new-born aspirations of the former, in its dawning glimpses of a glorified immortality.—Then did I rejoice, even

unto tears of gladness, in the fruits of my labour. On taking my leave, with a promise to the dying creature, that I would return the following evening, I questioned her kind protectress concerning the history of her charge.

It appeared that she was the only child of a merchant in the neighbourhood, who had but a few months before been in affluent circumstances; but being assailed by sudden reverses, his health declined, and he fell a victim to the Plague, after having been affectionately nursed by his daughter. The anxiety and danger necessarily connected with the performance of this duty, together with the sense of her unprotected and forlorn situation in the world, had greatly undermined her health; and the treachery and base desertion of a young man to whom she was betrothed, completed the sum of her wretchedness: sickness ensued, and in this condition my informant had humanely received her under her own roof.

Who the youth was, and how far the intimacy had proceeded towards marriage, she knew not, and indeed much of the story was a mystery;—but, added the good woman, with sudden animation, as she closed her narrative, “I can well believe that she is pure and unsullied, for her life

hath been spent in meek and holy works, and such charitable duties as she might perform; the which, you know, sir, be the fittest garniture for the dying, and the flowers that smell sweetest on the grave."

On the even of the day following I again called, pursuant to my promise; and on entering the house, was informed by the landlady in a whisper, that the young man had returned penitent and humble, and was even then at the bedside of the forsaken one, bitterly reproaching himself with his cruelty. I would have retired, but that she entreated my stay, and motioning me to be silent, I followed her into the room adjoining that in which the sufferer lay.

The curtains of the bed were partly drawn, so as to conceal our presence; but the murmurs of anguish of the lover, and the low calm voice of her who essayed to control them, were distinctly audible. "Oh, cease these self-reproaches!" she exclaimed, "Have pity on yourself and on me! Load not, I pray you, a soul preparing for its flight, with the sorrowing that belongeth only to earthly existence! My pardon dost thou ask? Oh! receive it, love, for all unmeet were it that human weakness should withhold reciprocal forgiveness. Alas! my too fond heart! I should not have cherished a

passion which, unsanctified by your earthly parent, could hardly be expected to have the dew of heavenly blessing on it. It was filial duty in you to pause in our career, and I only have been to blame; so that I rather have most need of the mercy which you crave. That Providence which knoweth the depth of woman's devotion, could alone guide her affections unto a place and Being worthy of their deepest and eternal fervour. And this hath been done for me, since my God hath at length fixed my wandering love upon Himself! I may well, therefore, be humble and grateful, for escape from the besetting dangers of the storm of earthly passion."

"Whilst I! the demon who raised that storm around thee, must be abandoned, unblessed, and left to reap the whirlwind alone!" sobbed forth a voice, in tones of bitter anguish.—"But let me unburden my conscience, for I have been as unjust to my father's character, as false to thy love!"—

"How!" murmured the dying sufferer, in a half reproachful accent, which instantly softened into tenderness, as she added, "but I can forgive thee still."

"Hear me," replied the youth, in a broken, though rapid voice, "know *all* the story of *your* wrongs, *all* the depths of *my* guilt; and *then*, if thou

canst say, *I forgive thee still*,—do so, and make self-pardon impossible! My father knew not of my attachment! he never forbade my love! but I, a mean and base dissembler, feigned the dishonorable artifice, the better to violate my solemn vow of making you my bride! that unaccomplished vow that even now doth press down my very soul!"

The voice, which from the first I had heard with anxious surprise and agitation, I now felt assured was no other than Neville Dalton's! and even in the dim obscurity of that darkened death chamber, I could note that the kneeling figure before me was indeed no other than the long-lost son of my friend. Yet ere I discovered myself to him, being first deeply desirous that he should repair the wrong he had committed, I said aloud, in a solemn voice,—  
"Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thy vows!"

"Mysterious Providence!" exclaimed the young man, "whence was that voice? yet will I receive it as the command of God himself, and as a proof that my sincere repentance, though late, is not altogether unavailing. By all my hopes of heaven, then, I am this moment ready to fulfil to the very letter my uncompleted promise!"

"And for my part, Neville Dalton," added I,

coming forward and grasping his hand, "I am ready to declare that in so doing, the Lord also shall put away thy sin: nay, more, that haply He who restored David and healed Hezekiah, may yet have mercy on his returning children, by blessing them even in this life."

"Ha!" returned young Dalton, with an animated voice, fervently pressing my hand, "is it in truth my wise and pious tutor, the good Theophilus Pure-faith? this is a blessing unto us all. You then were the charitable Divine of whom my hostess told me, who took upon himself the task which it was my duty to perform. *Your* prayers have afforded consolation; and it may be, you are come again with skill, as well as holiness, to administer both hope and healing."—"My message," said I, "brings balm to the penitent, and counsel to the erring.—My journey to this city of desolation hath been in quest of a prodigal son, to restore him to his father's house. Ah, Neville! little thought I that the promising child of a godly sire, would, in the very outset of life, become thus entangled in sin and sorrow." The young woman, during this brief dialogue, gazed alternately at me and at Dalton, with much earnestness. She spake not; but there was a language in her beseeching look, as if she

would have implored me to be gentle in my reproaches towards her repentant lover; and in the smile she bestowed on him, which *did* say, with mournful eloquence, "*Still I forgive thee!*" I would not disturb these feelings, so I drew the youth aside, and stated briefly under what circumstances I had been brought to London, what I had heard and witnessed in the house where we then were, and required from him, in his father's name, whether he had entered into any covenant with the suffering individual before us?

He at once confirmed all that the owner of the dwelling had stated, and confessed that he had gained the affections of the young maiden, though only to blight them; that he had made a contract, to forswear it; that he found her happy, in youthfulness and health, but had basely deserted her in sickness and adversity; but now, under the deepest remorse of conscience, was bitter in self-accusation. Fearing that I should request him to allay the alarm of his relatives by an immediate return to them, he added, "The poor deer that I have stricken, hath fled into the covert. I have tracked her there, but never again shall she be deserted, to die in loneliness and despair, since my fate shall now be forever linked with her's. I have returned to repair

what may be, of the evil I have done, and to confirm, even with heart and hand, the vow I have already solemnly plighted. Your prayers have already tranquillised her spirits, and Ah! hath not your visit here been most wondrously brought about, in order to effect the fulfilment of my vow? Join with me, then, I pray thee, to obtain the only test by which the sincerity of my penitence and love can now be tried; and who shall say that life may not rekindle its powers, when that poor bosom shall be lightened of its load of wretchedness?"

Before I had time to reply, he threw himself again on his knees by the bedside, and implored the sufferer's assent to his proposal of an immediate marriage, urging that I was the friend of his father, the instructor of his own youth, and could confirm all he had said of his parents' character. "And," he exclaimed, passionately, "doth not the miraculous manner in which we are assembled at this time, augur well for the deed? Oh! my love! happiness may yet be our's; and think of the peace of mind you will impart to your Neville, by permitting him, even at this solemn moment, to perform his vow."

A fleeting crimson passed over the pallid cheek

of the sick one, as Dalton pronounced these words, and the brilliancy of a moment flashed from her languid eyes—the outward workings of a heart which, for an instant, beat responsive to the thrilling hopes of earth. A bright vision of happiness in this world,—of happiness to be shared with Dalton,—had beamed upon her. But it speedily departed as a shadow; for, laying her wasted and burning hand on his, while she spake, and looking at him with an expression of calm resignation, most saintlike, yet withal most melancholy, she responded, “Alas! my Neville, it is too late! It would be but the union of the quick with the dead!” Still undismayed, he rose hastily from his knees, and seizing me by the arm, drew me towards the bed. Sympathising, as I then most truly did, in the situation of those around me, and irresolute, from stricter motives of duty, respecting the course I should pursue, he grasped one hand of his beloved, upraised mine, and cried, in an agony of voice which defied my resistance, “We *are* man and wife—for better and for worse,—for life and for death! Oh! withhold not thou the benediction of the Church: the innocence of my forsaken one will insure her peace in the Kingdom to which she is passing, though in this heart she will dwell for ever!”

He pressed his suit—and then, the meek sufferer, forcing a prophetic smile, pointed to her finger, as if the sight of its bony and emaciated condition, too small to retain the nuptial emblem, should admonish him of its inutility. The impassioned youth, however, marked it not, and she raised her head from the pillow: her eyes again brightened with a sudden effulgence, which strangely contrasted with the calmness of her voice, as she uttered, “My love, we shall be united in Heaven!”

“And upon earth, also,” said Dalton, looking towards me. I gazed at them for a moment, and almost unconsciously began to repeat some words from the ritual of the Church, when a deep sigh from the sufferer made me pause.—Her strength had been collected for the last few words, and in giving them utterance, her gentle spirit had passed away!

## THE WIZARD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

### I.

He waved his wand!—dark Spirits knew  
That rod—yet none obeyed its call;  
And twice the mystic signs he drew,  
And twice beheld them bootless all:  
Then knew the Seer JEHOVAH's hand,  
And crushed the scroll, and broke the wand!

### II.

“I feel Him like a burning fire,—  
When I would curse, my lips are dumb;  
But from those lips, 'mid hate and ire,  
Unchecked the words of blessing come;  
They come—and on his people rest,  
A people by the Curser blest!

## III.

" I see them from the mountain-top,—  
How fair their dwellings on the plain !  
Like trees that crown the valley's slope,  
Like waves that glitter on the main !  
Strong, strong the lion slumbering there—  
Who first shall rouse him from his lair ?

## IV.

" Crouch, Amalek—and thou, vain King !  
Crouch by thine altars—vainer still !  
Hear ye the royal shouts that ring  
From Israel's camp beneath the hill ?  
They have a God amidst their tents,—  
Banner at once, and battlements !

## V.

" A Star shall break through yonder skies,  
And beam on every nation's sight ;  
From yonder ranks a Sceptre rise,  
And bow the nations to its might :  
I see their glorious strength afar—  
All hail, dread Sceptre ! hail, bright Star !

## VI.

" And who am I, for whom is flung  
Aside the shrouding veil of Time ?  
The Seer whose rebel-soul is wrung  
By wrath, and prophecy, and crime :

The future as the past I see,—  
Woe, then, for Moab! woe for me!"

## VII.

On Peor's top the Wizard stood,  
Around him Moab's Princes bowed;  
He bade—and altars streamed with blood,  
And incense wrapped him like a shroud!  
But vain the rites of earth and hell—  
He spake—a mastered Oracle!

## THE MARTYR.

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

## SCENE.

*St. Giles's Fields. A stake and fagots; crowds collecting  
around them.*

TIME.—*Fifteenth Century.*

## CHARACTERS.

*The Martyr: Sheriff and men. A Lollard in disguise.  
Countryman. Spectators.*

COUNT.—WHAT news, my friends? what is the happy news  
That here hath brought such multitudes together;—  
That thus ye for festivities prepare  
With bonfire ready to proclaim your joy?

Is there good news? Or do ye celebrate  
Some ancient holiday: some day that brought  
Victory, fresh liberties, or blest release  
From famine, pestilence, or wizard-craft?  
Or hath some noble lord, perchance the King,  
Found in his heart to glad the citizens—  
Pr'ythee, good man, what is 't?

**LOL.**                      Thou'lt see, anon!

COUNT. Ay, so it seems! If any thing I learn  
'T must be by seeing, not by hearing, faith!  
See! see! what shall I see?—An ox to roast?

LOL. An ox?—A man!—Think'st thou these very wise  
And pious citizens could find delight  
In an ox-roasting? Nay, they burn a man!

COUNT. A man! a man!—My God! what sort of man.

What hideous malefactor must he be?  
I dread to see him!—What deed has he done  
So horrible, that he must die by fire?  
Is he a thief—a cut-throat, that did creep  
Into a midnight house, and murder babes—  
Parents and babes, all in each other's blood?  
Or is he some lean miser, that has slain  
The innocents that fell into his power  
By death of relatives—to seize their gold?

**LOL.** No! none of these; but worse than all, he is  
A heretic!

**COUNT.** A heretic! What's that?

LOL. (*Observing him with surprise*)

Just heaven! I thank thee that there yet are left  
Some men on earth in ignorance so blest  
As not to know that hell-invented word.

[*To the Countryman*].

Good man! in what close covert hast thou dwelt,  
That, while the whole world round thee is on fire,  
See'st, hear'st, know'st nothing of the murderous flame?  
But here, step yet a little from the crowd,  
And I will tell thee what's a heretic.—  
He is a man that worships not by law:  
He is a man with freedom in his soul;  
That does not ask of every fool he meets  
What he shall think, but thinketh for himself.

COUNT. Well! where's the harm?—That suits an  
Englishman.

LOL. Stop! let me tell thee! Say that thou and I  
Should now compare our doctrines,—it might chance  
There shewed a difference. Well! suppose that I  
Think with this crowd—with cardinals—the Pope;  
And thou with thine ownself—or one, or two,—  
I should be orthodox—thou, heretic!

COUNT. I heretic, say'st thou? what! and be burnt?

LOL. Ay, if thou wouldst not eat thy words, and lick  
From priestly shoes the dust, and be a thing  
That dares not lift its eyes to the sweet heavens  
Unless man give it leave. But hear again;—  
Suppose the Pope and cardinals should fall,

And other men should build another church —  
Thou and thy party—and grow very great,  
Then, I'm the heretic—thou orthodox !

COUNT. Well, when that comes, I swear we will not  
burn thee.

But what are things that thus can change and change?  
I have been taught that Truth doth never change.  
I have been taught that Christ was full of love ;  
I've heard of Pagans that did Christians slay ;  
Of Druids that did burn men in their woods ;  
But never knew 't was in the Gospel said—  
Burn one another!—but I deemed it full  
Of peace, and charity, and good to all.

LOL. Oh! thou art wrong, art wrong!—go ask the  
priest,

And he will tell thee that the Gospel is  
To pay thy Peter-pence, and mind thy work,  
And leave to him to save thy simple soul  
For thy good cash, from hell and purgatory.

COUNT. Ay, ay, they say so!—But what says the Book?  
I've often wished I could but see the Book ;  
I like not taking such great things on trust!  
Is there no means of getting at the Book?

LOL. If thou shouldst see it—thou art a dead man !

COUNT. Why, say they not it is the Book of Life?

LOL. Ay, so they say ; but 't is the Book of Death!

If thou dost read, then dost thou see thy shame!

Then dost thou find how grossly they have duped thee,

How pride, and greediness, and lust of rule  
 Quench the pure light that heaven ordained for all.  
 Then wilt thou swell with wrath—I see thy mood—  
 And speak rash words; and then, I say, thou 'rt dead!  
 COUNT. Oh! thou dost torture me! I cannot rest!  
 I long to see the Book, and know the truth.  
 LOL. Come further off.—Should any one observe,  
 There stands the stake;—it were our certain doom.

[*Taking a Bible from under his cloak, and giving it him*].

Thou hast it now, thy life or death is there!  
 COUNT. Thanks, thanks; ten thousand thanks! and  
 tell me now,

Is he who here to-day is doomed to suffer,  
 In honest truth, a well-intentioned man?  
 LOL. As thou, or I;—the Pastor of a flock,  
 A little flock in a sweet country place,  
 He spent his time in watching for its good.  
 He made his pastime of his ancient books;  
 Of rearing flowers, and medicinal herbs;  
 And, as his house was lonely—for thou know'st  
 The church hath barred its servants from the joy  
 Of a fond wife to animate their homes—  
 He took his widowed sister and her boys,  
 And oh! he was indeed a happy man!  
 These boys he nurtured in all clerkly lore;  
 They were his blithe companions in his walks,  
 They ran and shouted on the high, green hills;  
 They strolled with him through many a bosky vale;

He taught them every flower that bowed i' th' wind :  
They sate beside him on the summer banks  
Of rapid streams, and saw him pull the trout  
All glittering from his solitary nook :  
And in his garden—in his latticed porch—  
When glowed the sun, and hummed the cheery bees,  
And all the air was full of odours warm,  
From Virgil, and from Pliny's ponderous tome  
He filled their list'ning ears with wondrous things,  
That nature works in field and flood and air.

But in his pulpit on the Sabbath-day  
Thou would'st have said, this man it could not be !  
His meekness and his gentleness of tone,—  
The dreamy, bookish, ruminating air  
Were vanished ; and he stood erect and bold.  
His eyes glanced fire, his frame was all alive  
With a devouring zeal ; and with a voice  
Solemn as thunder, as a trumpet clear,  
He burst upon his hearers with a flood  
Of eloquence, that thrilled them through and through ;  
Till Earth's most precious things shewed but as dust,  
Made to be trodden, scattered, and despised,—  
And Heaven and its sublime expectancies  
Fit only for regard : nor upon aught  
Save God Almighty and his blessed Son,  
Any dependence. Every thing beside—  
Pardons, indulgences, the help of saints,  
Penance and purgatory—he did cast . . .

Away as follies, and as evil dreams  
 Gendered by Satan in his subtlest mood.  
 God and his Christ!—in them were all his trust;—  
 Humility, pure lives, a thankful faith,  
 The Spirit's genuine fruits.

From far around  
 Streamed, to the sound of this new doctrine, crowds  
 That every week swelled on, till his small church  
 Could not contain them. But, meanwhile, there grew  
 In proud and priestly hearts, black jealousies;  
 And in the greedy, monkish multitude,  
 A rancorous hate.

COUNT. And what did they begrudge him?

His greater toils, which brought no greater gains?

LOL. No! no! but that unto their gainful lies,  
 Which they had cherished till they grew like trees,—  
 A wood of evil trees,—with matted boughs  
 Fast locked, he laid the keen, relentless axe,  
 And let heaven's glorious sunshine in once more.

COUNT. Oh, gallant man! how do I love his soul!

And is't for this that they would murder him?

And are there none who dare to take his part?

Christ! let us rush and pluck him from their hands

When here they bring him!

LOL. Madman! hold thy peace!

Thy zeal is frenzy! Thou dost talk as one  
 Who does not know that every Christian man  
 Walks with a sword suspended o'er his head,

And held by such a huge and hideous hand,  
That Kings do tremble at it, and the world  
Is powerless through its fear. For this good man,  
No power on earth can rescue him ; but God  
Can make his death do wondrous miracles.  
But be thou patient while I tell thee how  
His trials he has borne. I saw him first  
When they had torn him from his pleasant home,  
And dragged him like a villain, up the hall  
Where sate, in all their pomp pontifical,  
His reverend judges. Oh ! poor man ! how low,  
How pale with faintness, filled with natural fears,—  
How little like a champion did he seem !  
While round about was such a stern array  
Of still, proud forms, and visages austere ;  
Such witty, learned, and renowned clerks ;  
Such august dignitaries, fearful men !  
With crosier, mitre, awe-inspiring robes,  
That, as the eye beheld, the heart did ask,  
What mad presumption can it be that makes  
This simple man set his opinion up  
'Gainst all this wise and holy company ?  
Is 't likely all are wrong — he only right ?  
What, knows he better than the world beside ?  
But oh ! when they did question of his faith —  
And, by degrees, he raised his drooping head ;  
And, by degrees, did look around and speak —  
How the scene changed ! like lightning-flashes came

His winged words,—like lightning-flashes keen—  
Quick, vividly following, growing on each other;  
Like lightning-flashes, from one small cloud flung  
Upon a mass of dark and lowering ones;—  
And they who late so wise and dreadful seemed,  
Now shewed so dull, so hateful, so ill-favoured—  
'T was wonderful! and wonderfully rose,  
Momently kindling, that surprising man,  
Nor longer looked the accused, but the accuser!  
Out from the history of the bloody past  
Bringing such acts and stains against old Rome;—  
Out from the treasures of God's Holy Writ  
Drawing such proofs of his own Christian views;  
That like a group of scorched fiends they stood,  
And stared, and stamped, and gnashed their cruel  
teeth :  
And fierce the clamour grew ;—and one and all  
Condemned him to the flames !

COUNT. O, ye just heavens!  
Base, pitiless monsters!—How my heart doth burn!  
Oh! that with this good truncheon on their heads,  
I might but ease my soul!

Peace! would'st *thou* burn?  
 Strait led they then their victim to his cell;—  
 A little, pitch-dark, and most filthy den—  
 And oh! unhappy man! his hour was o'er!  
 His glowing spirit passed—his zeal transpired—  
 And sorrowfully on the ground he lay,

And thought upon his home—his boys—his flock ;—  
And then—just at that time—his Tempters shrewd  
Stepped in. With altered, gentle, smiling miens,  
And words of tenderest pity, now they came ;  
And flatteries tuned too sweetly to the heart.  
Would he recant? Oh ! would he but renounce  
A few of his most glaring errors—pay  
A light obedience unto Holy Church—  
All were forgiven! Ah ! my friend, how poor,  
How weak a thing, is the most valiant man !  
At words like these he 'sate upon the ground,  
And in his heart a desperate conflict grew,  
Of fears and fond desires. This moment came  
Before him, death—horrible fire: and then,  
His home—his boys—life—liberty—repose !  
Oh ! 't was too much for feeble man—he fell !  
Then was he led into a fair room ; cheered  
With wine and food, and kindly-toned words :  
But oh ! his wretched soul ! man could not then  
Bring light, bring comfort. Left unto himself,  
Upon the ground he rolled, and cursed his day ;  
And dared not lift up eye or heart to God,—  
Writhing in anguish, and in bitterest shame.

Morn came ; and forth they brought him to the hall,  
To testify his act, and to be free.  
Grief ! Grief ! what power is thine ! There did he sit,  
His eyes cast down—his locks, but yester-eve

Jet black, white as the snow ; his bow'd frame  
 Trembling from head to foot ; and when they called,  
 He heard, or seemed to hear not—till, at length,  
 His body quivering like the aspen tree,  
 The tears gushed forth in torrents, and he rose,  
 Sobbing and sighing, and with many a groan,  
 Did curse his act,—pour shame upon his head  
 For his base weakness,—and, from less to more  
 Growing, did scatter forth such sounds of power—  
 Of cutting, melting, all-subduing grief—  
 Such strictures on weak man—such vehement praise  
 Of God—his Christ—his everlasting grace—  
 And all the marvellous doings of high heaven,—  
 That scarce were ever such o'erwhelming words  
 Heard since the world began. All stood amazed ;  
 And even the eyes of his implacable foes  
 Wept pity's tears for once.

COUNT. Poor man ! poor man !

Surely in this last hour he will not fail !

LOL. No fear of that ! Last night, while thou and I

Did stretch our limbs upon our pleasant beds,

His did they stretch upon the hideous rack.

While we did breathe in a most balmy peace,

Him did they tear with whips and iron screws,

For hours, like busy, hot, and bloodless fiends ;

Dragging forth sighs, and groans, and feeble cries,

But not a recreant word ! Thou simple man !

Oh ! hast thou walked along the cheerful streets

Of this proud city, and didst never think  
Of deeds done in its darkness—in its dens—  
Where cruel hands are armed with cruel power,  
And wretched things abide, that think of earth  
And of its sunshine, as thou dost of heaven?

*Thou know'st not this, but he hath known it all!*

COUNT. Peace! peace! I cannot bear it! Hark! that  
shout—

LOL. They come! they come! see, see that moving  
mass.

There, be thou sure, he is. Oh! let us pray  
That God may strengthen and sustain him now!

*[Sheriff and men advance, beating back the people with  
their halberts].*

SHER. MEN. Make way! make way!

*[The prisoner is seen at the stake. A monk approaches him].*

MONK. Thou poor, misguided man,  
Once more, I do conjure thee, save thy life.  
Be wise—accept the church's offered mercy.

MART. No! no! her mercies I have felt too well!  
Witness this stake—these faggots! Witness these  
My miserable, mangled, shattered limbs!  
Witness your midnight tortures, taught of hell!  
No! no! There lacks no mercy of the church  
But fire, that speedily will waste this frame,  
And send me where tormentors never come.  
And ye, good people, mark what is your doom  
If ye should dare to worship God, and not

Worship as well the mammon of the church.  
 Look on these deeds, and judge of those who do them !  
 And when ye see stars brighter than the moon ;  
 And when, in spite of myriad feet that tread  
 And crush its bosom, shall the ground refuse  
 To send forth grass, flowers and abundant fruit,  
 Then be ye sure that cruelty is truth,  
 And these its ministers. God bless you all !

*[The pile is lit].*

COUNT. Off ! off ! Let us be gone !—this is too much  
 For mortal flesh to bear.

LOL. Nay, nay—stand still,  
 And steel thyself to see the power of God.

SPEC. Well ! doubt ye that the fire will conquer him ?

2nd SPEC. Methinks, although he is a desperate man,  
 'T will quail him.

3rd SPEC. May God pardon him, if wrong !  
 But if he should be right—and right he is  
 In heart, if not in head—

1st SPEC. What ! say'st thou so ?

3rd SPEC. I say, I wish we all were good as he !

LOL. Hark ! hark ! how cheerfully he sings aloud,  
 Amid the smoke and flame. Hark ! hark ! again,  
 How he doth pray, and bless his enemies !

COUNT. Off ! off ! Let us be gone ! I cannot stand !  
 My brain swims round ! my limbs are weak as grass !  
 Oh ! what a memory to my dying day  
 Shall I bear with me ! Oh ! that voice ! that voice !

*[Exeunt].*

## ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M. A.

IF minds were moulded of the elements,  
Some, we might think, were formed in cloudy tents  
Of rattling thunders ; while the lightning's stream  
Baptized them at their birth, so much they seem  
Creatures of storm and fire. Still blazing on  
Wherever strife is stirred and honour won,  
They peal above the factions of this world  
Like thunder among Alpine summits hurled.  
But the beloved Seer, whose even mind  
In loving Christ had learned to love mankind,  
Why was *he* named of Thunder ? \* Storms of life  
Ne'er roused his gentle spirit into strife,  
But as a lake, around whose margin rise  
Tall woods and cliffs, that seem to touch the skies ;—  
Fenced from intrusive winds, serenely blue,  
Takes from the sky its deepest, purest hue,  
And lies so still, a child his skiff might guide,  
E'en in his mother's sight, across its tide,—  
So in *his* soul such love and peace combined,  
Learnt from his Lord, that not a holy mind

\* See Mark iii. 17.









But loves to anchor 'midst the truths he taught  
As on a tide of love—a sea of holy thought.  
Love coloured his existence ; holy love,  
Which Angels feel, and ransomed Saints above :  
There his thoughts centred, thence his strains arose,  
Nor till the end of Time shall round us close,  
Will those sweet echoes of his spirit die,  
But live, the music of Eternity !

In early days, the fiercer name bestowed  
Marked that his soul had been a thunder-cloud,  
When pride and passion forged their bolts of ire ;  
But grace, extinguishing the restless fire,  
Could make his gentle mien, his placid face,  
Attest the calm within. Blest work of grace !  
Here pictured see it all :—Devotion, peace,  
Meekness and musings high, and tenderness !

The thing that portrait seems, Believer ! be,  
And charm the world as that now pleases thee.  
Henceforth may Wisdom guide the course of youth ;  
Not Passion sway thee, but the force of Truth ;  
Thy love, no longer fanciful, but just,  
Make thee nor rudely judge, nor rashly trust :  
Humble, not mean ; though holy, not austere ;  
Active, yet calm, with conscience good and clear,—  
Live thou to draw men to the heavenly road,  
Then die to reign with thy incarnate God !

## THE DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRIVATE LIFE," &c.

I cannot tell how the truth may be,—  
I tell the tale as 't was said to me.

SCOTT.

It was a bright morning early in June—that month of fragrance and sunshine, the laughing May of the old Poets—that a lively party assembled around the breakfast table of General Falkland. One guest, in addition to sons and daughters of various ages,—from twenty-five to sweet fifteen,—formed the gay group. They were talking of dreams.

"I shall sit next to William," exclaimed Emma Falkland; "for I am quite tired of you, Raymond; you have been in my dreams all night."

"Why, what a favoured mortal you are," replied Raymond, laughing; "your good genius must have presided over your slumbers!"

"Not at all," returned Emma; "you were like

a great many persons in this waking, breathing world, who talk a great deal, and say nothing."

"Well, I cannot pay anybody the compliment of dreaming of them," observed William, "for I never dream."

"As few persons ever dream any thing worth dreaming of or recording, you need not deplore your delinquency very deeply," observed the General.

"My dear Sir," interrupted Raymond, "persons of active imaginations certainly dream most."

"Persons of perfect digestion certainly dream least," returned the General drily.

"You do not mean to refer dreaming to mere physical causes, I hope?" said Raymond.

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it may be so referred," returned the General.

"Ah! my dear father," said Emma, laughing, "what would the whole race of poets and philosophers say to you?"

"Why, poets and philosophers contrive to make a great deal out of nothing," said the General: "I am less skilful."

"Well, but may we not consider dreams as a proof that the soul is independent of matter?" observed Raymond: "does not the mind think vigorously—eloquently, even when the senses are

steeped in forgetfulness? Do we not see, hear, feel, act? Can we not, like Ariel, 'compass the wandering moon,' or soar, as with a seraph-wing, to the seventh heaven?"

"I can answer for never having performed any feats of the kind," replied the General.

"Well, I would not give up that world of our own, in which, as Heraclitus said, we live in dreams," observed Raymond, "for the best share of this common world, where we meet to eat and drink, and where wise men and fools jostle and weary each other."

"My world of dreams so precisely resembles this dull, substantial earth," said the General, "that I cannot any how mistake it for Elysium or Paradise."

"But will you not allow," continued Raymond, "that there have been persons whose faculties and perceptions were even more acute in a sleeping state? Did not Sir Thomas Browne declare, that though he never said or thought a witty thing in his waking hours, yet, in sleep he could compose a whole comedy, and laugh himself awake at the conceits thereof?"

"Perhaps the merriment would have been all his own, even if he had favoured the world with these

conceits of his sleeping hours," replied the General. "The wit of a man wide awake is of a somewhat less questionable character."

"Well,—not to insist upon the poetical and philosophical use that may be made of dreams," said Raymond, "certainly you will not deny that many singular and important communications have been made through their medium."

"The Wizard, the Fairy, and the Banshee were in the habit of making singular and important communications at one time, I believe," returned the General.

"There is, at least, neither superstition nor enthusiasm in the opinion," observed Raymond; "for to say nothing of profane authors, the Scriptures record many such communications."

"Yes, yes," returned the General, "and we shall do well to confine ourselves to that record; the age of supernatural interposition is gone by."

"I am by no means prepared to coincide in that opinion," said their guest, who had hitherto been quietly engaged in discussing his coffee and ham, and had borne no part in the conversation; "depend upon it, there are 'more things in heaven and earth' than are dreamed of in your philosophy, my dear General."

Raymond listened to his new ally with unfeigned astonishment.

Mr. Clifford—the gentleman in question—was more than fifty years of age, and a barrister of about thirty years' standing: he was remarkable for acuteness of mind and strength of judgment; very learned in the law; and looking forward, at no very distant period, to that *summum bonum* of a lawyer's hopes,—the judge's wig. He appeared an entirely unimaginative person; one who had never thought of setting his foot in fairy land since he was seven years old.

"Have you any special reason for your opinion, Clifford?" inquired the General.

"Twenty-five years ago," returned Mr. Clifford, "when I was a young briefless barrister, on the Northern Circuit, a cause came into court, which made a very strong impression upon my mind; and I have ever since believed it to be highly presumptuous, to declare that supernatural intimations may not sometimes be given in dreams."

"Oh! pray let us hear the story, sir," said Raymond eagerly; and all the party joined in his entreaties.

"No," replied Mr. Clifford; "the carriage will be at the door before I have half done, and I

must be in court in an hour: but at the time this occurred, I took some trouble to inquire into the history of the whole affair, and of the parties concerned; and I thought the particulars so well worth preserving, that I threw them into the form of a tale, which shall be forwarded to you when I return home."

Mr. Clifford took leave; and in a few days the following pages were received by General Falkland.

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### THE BARRISTER'S TALE;

OR, THE DREAM.\*

"The cottage homes of England,  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet-fanes:  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves:  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves."

SUCH a home of cheerful, quiet beauty, in Ashgrove, a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, had been the residence of Edmund Walton for the last twenty years. He rented a farm of about three hundred

\* It is proper to mention that the leading incidents of this tale are strictly and literally *FACTS*.

acres; and his intelligence, integrity, and kindliness of disposition rendered him a very popular person both with rich and poor. His station in society was something inferior to that which he once hoped to fill: he was the son of a clergyman, and, in the days of his boyhood, had been destined for the church: the sudden death of his father—when Edmund was in his sixteenth year—disappointed the hope. Instead of preparing for college, he was transferred to the chambers of a solicitor in London; but Edmund had been trained up amidst the freedom and freshness of nature, and he found a dull desk in a dusky office an insufferable exchange for the sunny hills, smiling valleys, and woody glens of his early home.

He accordingly decided upon devoting himself to agricultural pursuits;—and if a shade of regret at the blight of his youthful prospects sometimes stole over his mind, it was soon lost amidst the energy of active usefulness, or charmed away by a smile from his gentle wife, or the gambols of his sportive children. His education had been thoroughly good, for it had taught him to estimate things, persons, and circumstances justly; and when he compared his own lot with that of others, he was not disposed to quarrel with it. It was humble, but not mean: it secured

independence, and permitted hospitality. His days were passed amidst woods, and brakes, and fields, in the full enjoyment of "free nature's grace," and his evenings in the soft, sweet endearments of domestic life. There were few better or happier men than Edmund Walton.

His principal servant and assistant in the management of the farm, was John Cumming: he had been in the employ of its former occupant, and to use his own phrase, had worked, man and boy, on the land nearly fifty years; he was indeed well known to all the inhabitants of Ashgrove. Notwithstanding his sober, sedate, industrious habits, John was a bachelor. Many ascribed this to the cold cautiousness of his character; but two or three of the grey-headed patriarchs of Ashgrove remembered something of a love-affair in his youth, which, however, ended in nothing. The old folks surmised that John had been jilted: it is certain that his proposed marriage with Susan Wilmot, the pretty dairy-maid at the Rectory, had been suddenly broken off, and that from that time John became an altered man—not, indeed, less sober or industrious, but less gay and social. However, notwithstanding his single blessedness, and his ungracious preference of John Cumming's society to that of the

world of Ashgrove, he was much respected, consulted as an oracle upon all matters connected with husbandry, and appealed to by parochial authorities, in doubtful and delicate cases, as a man acquainted with every rood of land in the parish.

With his master, he was on the best terms imaginable; fearlessly trusted, and entirely trust-worthy. Every thing indeed, animate and inanimate, seemed to prosper under his care. There was also a peculiar tie between them. On one occasion, when Walton was breaking in a young horse, John had saved the life of his master, at the imminent peril of his own. Unsocial as his manner unquestionably was, the frank kindness of Walton seemed to open his heart. The children, too, became his pets and playthings: they climbed his knee, stroked his rough face with familiar fondness, and his long arm was frequently in request to reach a bough of hawthorn, a sprig of eglantine, or a cluster of ripe nuts: the eldest boy often followed him round the farm; there were young lambs to be seen, or rabbits to be hunted, or John would take him to the copse, where the finest primroses, harebells, and violets were to be found. Indeed, Cumming was treated in this family with the indulgence of a relative, rather than the distance usual with a hired servant.

A singular and fearful incident at length interrupted this happy state of things. Mrs. Walton was one night suddenly awakened by a deep groan from her husband: he started up in bed, his whole frame convulsed with terror, and continued for some minutes in a state of speechless agitation. At length the tremor began a little to subside, and looking fearfully around him, he exclaimed, "Thank God!—it is but a dream!" Still, however, he trembled exceedingly; and after vainly endeavouring to compose himself, arose, and walked about the room.

"It is but a dream," he repeated, in a low tone; "but, oh! how fearfully, how dreadfully distinct." He threw open the window: it was a still, balmy night in June, and the whole earth seemed wrapped in the softest quietude; the stars in glory and beauty were keeping their night-watches; and through the rich woods that clothed the hills, not a leaf stirred. A dewy fragrance stole from the woodbine, that hung its tangled wreaths around the window, and Walton felt his spirit soothed by the delicious calm of nature.

"All was so still, so soft in earth and air,  
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;  
Secure that nought of evil could delight  
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!"

He slept little more; and rising with the dawn, made a strong effort to shake off the impression of his fearful dream, but in vain; neither

“The active day so boon and bright,”

nor his own cheerful temperament, availed; he reasoned with himself again, and again he exclaimed,

“How absurd to be thus harassed by an idle dream!”

All would not do; the images conjured up in sleep, haunted him with strange pertinacity; he resisted the solicitation of his wife, whose curiosity was very naturally excited, and refused to relate the circumstances which had so affected him.

“Why should I infect your mind with images of horror?” said he; “It would only increase the difficulty of dismissing them from my own, which I intend to do with all possible speed. Not one more word will we say on the subject.”

A week elapsed. Walton adhered to his resolution, and his impressions had lost some of their horror and intenseness, when precisely the same dream was repeated; the circumstances did not vary in a single point; the scene again appeared before him with the most vivid and intense distinct-

ness. Still more agitated, still more deeply impressed, he no longer refused himself the relief of imparting the particulars to his wife.

"It is most remarkable," exclaimed he, "that this dream is entirely free from all confusion and indistinctness; every object and every circumstance are as clearly marked and defined, as if all were reality instead of illusion.

"I thought that I was walking on a fine, calm night through a green lane a few miles from Ashgrove: the moon shone brightly; and I came to a spot where the lane jutted out into a sort of broad bay. A large oak threw its rugged arms across the greensward; and at a few yards distance, ran a clear brook, over which was thrown a single plank by way of bridge: an old grey weeping ash, half despoiled of its branches, hung over it. As I stood watching the moonbeams softly playing over the little stream, two figures appeared slowly and silently advancing from that part of the lane which was wrapped in shade: the one wore the dress of a sailor, neat and trim, as if in his holiday garb; the other was considerably taller, habited in a carter's frock and thick shoes, like a ploughman just returned from his work. Though I heard no sound, yet their gestures appeared animated; and on the country-

man's part, violent; the countenance of the sailor seemed to wear an arch smile; they paused a moment under the oak; the gestures of the rustic betrayed increasing and frightful violence. At length he suddenly seized upon the sailor, threw him on the ground, grasped his throat with a demon-like force, and after a few moments of fierce struggle, the man lay a corpse at his feet. I thought that I had no power to move or speak; my feet were rooted to the spot, while the murderer stood motionless, contemplating in silence his savage work, and the stiffening form of his victim.

"While I still gazed in unspeakable horror, the earth suddenly clave asunder, and again closed over the corpse of the murdered man. Every vestige of the bloody deed had vanished; the ruffian stood alone. At this moment, the moon shone with the most refulgent brightness. Suddenly he seemed invested with an atmosphere of light; he threw up his hands and eyes, as if in agony, then turned towards me; every line of his face and figure stood out with the cold, clear distinctness of a statue. The murderer was JOHN CUMMING!"

"How strange!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton, in a low tremulous tone; "how very dreadful!"

Several minutes elapsed, and not another word

was uttered, while Walton walked up and down the room in a state of violent perturbation.

"He is so faithful—so excellent!" continued he, following the current of his own thoughts. "A shade of suspicion appears to be the most barbarous injustice, and yet—but it is a *dream*—the idle coinage of my own brain."

John, at this moment, passed the window, with the eldest boy perched on his shoulder; the rough kind tones of his voice blending with the laughing joy of the boy. A cold shudder crept over Walton's heart; he passed hastily out, took the child gently from him, and pressed it with passionate fondness to his heart, as if he had rescued it from some strange peril.

"It is wicked—it is cruel!" exclaimed he, "for an instant to harbour such thoughts." He covered his face for a moment with both hands; and then starting up, took his hat, and strove, by a long walk, to dissipate the gloom that was thickly gathering over his mind.

Wrapped in thought, he wandered on till he found himself at some distance from Ashgrove; and, pausing for a few seconds to consider the bearings of the country, he struck into a bye-lane little frequented, which he thought would lead homewards by a short cut.

The sun was setting as Walton turned into the lane, so that the greatest part was in shade; but occasional breaks in the hedge admitted a few gleams of his parting radiance. He found the way longer and more winding than he had calculated upon, and was beginning to regret that he had made choice of such a path, when every feeling was absorbed in emotions of wonder and fear. He stood in the very spot of which he had dreamed! There was the little stream—the bridge of a single plank—the old withered ash. Walton leaned against the tree for support, and closed his eyes, as if fearful that the horrid vision should appear before him; but all around was calm and still. The distant low of the cattle, the tinkling of the sheep-bell, and the rich song of the nightingale, alone interrupted the deep repose of evening.

Walton, still leaning against the tree, breathed a fervent prayer for strength and direction. Free as he was from all superstition, he yet began to think that such a singular coincidence could not be the effect of chance; and while his frame trembled with emotion, he earnestly petitioned for that wisdom, which would alike preserve him from presumptuous recklessness or enfeebling terror.

Somewhat relieved, though still painfully agitated,

he cast another rapid and inquiring glance around the spot, and shuddering at its fearful identity, pursued his way, wrapped in anxious meditation.

The shadows of twilight were deepening around him; and, his mind bewildered and oppressed, he was scarcely able to form a definite purpose: he felt, however, a strong desire to examine the precise spot where the body had so mysteriously disappeared, but this could not be done with the secrecy and expedition which were so desirable, without assistance—and to whom could he apply? He dreaded the result of the examination. If he found any corroborating proofs, what course could he pursue? The occurrence was indeed passing strange! yet, would it not be better to bear the miserable burthen of such a mystery, than, by disclosing it, to impeach a man of irreproachable life and character—his own faithful and attached servant—one who had watched over his interests for many years with ceaseless vigilance—whose age was now “falling into the sear and yellow leaf”—above all, one who had saved his life?

Yet, if the whole dream were not the work of chance, or of some juggling fiend, was he at liberty to pass it over?—was he not imperatively called upon to proceed and ascertain the truth? His only

relief, in this wretched perplexity, was to talk the whole matter over freely with his wife, and she strongly urged him to confide the circumstances to Mr. Forrester, the Rector of the parish. He was a man who combined high principle with clear sound sense and the best feelings; one who would judge wisely and act kindly. But so reluctant did Walton feel to make the disclosure, that not until he had been again and again visited by the same dream, and his health and spirits began to sink under its pressure, did he resolve to adopt her advice.

Mr. Forrester listened to the relation with deep interest.

"Perhaps," added Walton, "you will be inclined to think that I discover a great deal of childish credulity in being thus forcibly impressed by a dream; but I have struggled with the feeling in vain."

"No, my dear sir," replied Mr. Forrester, thoughtfully; and after a pause of some minutes,—  
"I should not envy the man who could readily dismiss such a dream; it would be, in my opinion, a far greater proof of presumption than of wisdom. From what is termed vulgar superstition, I hope we are equally free. It has pleased God, of His unspeakable mercy, to furnish us with a revelation of His will, containing a clear rule of faith and prac-

tice; and we have certainly the highest authority for concluding, that departed spirits are not permitted to revisit this earth—or, at least, to assume a visible form, and hold personal communion with its inhabitants, either to confirm the faith of the wavering, or alarm the conscience of the wicked; but I would by no means affirm, that even such visitations may not be permitted, for the discovery or prevention of atrocious crime; and with respect to dreams, who would have the hardihood to assert that the High and Holy Being, who breathed a portion of His spirit into man, cannot direct and control the action of that spirit, in order to accomplish any purpose of justice or of mercy? Nor do I see any reason, why a dream may not be made the medium of such agency. It is consonant with the recorded dealings of God in the olden time. But, of course, in such matters the exercise of nice discrimination and sound judgment is in the highest degree essential. I believe, that special interferences of this nature are extremely rare,—and that, where they do occur, the importance of the end justifies the unusual nature of the means. We must be upon our guard, too, against the freaks both of the body and the mind; for man is a curious compound; and the nerves and imagination, when

stimulated to unusual action, are apt to be somewhat unmanageable. Nervous excitement, and a morbid state of mind, often produce strange imaginings. But, in your case, I see no proof either of physical or mental disease. The connected tenor of your dream—the strange identity of the spot—are so remarkable, that we appear to me to be imperatively called upon to investigate the matter further. As secrecy, however, is of the last importance, we will admit no person to our confidence. This very night, if you please, we will repair to the spot; if the examination should afford any confirmation of the circumstances of this most singular dream, we must then consider what course it will be wise to adopt."

In pursuance of this arrangement, when the evening sounds had gradually died away, and only a light here and there was seen to twinkle from the cottage windows of Ashgrove, Mr. Forrester and Walton pursued their intended way. There was no moon, but the stars shone softly amidst the still, summer twilight, and they reached the lane about midnight.

During the evening Walton had conveyed the necessary implements; and, pointing to the exact spot, so tragically marked in his dream, they begun

their dreary task. They had continued their work for more than an hour, pausing only occasionally to rest, and exchange a few low whispers, when Walton, feeling his labours suddenly impeded, stopped, and throwing the light of the lantern full on the ground, exclaimed, after a few moments examination—

“Gracious God!—all is then true—it is no illusion!”

He leaned on Mr. Forrester for support, as he pointed to the earth, where the remains of a human form were distinctly visible.

Awe-struck and trembling, they stood for some minutes by the yawning grave in silence. Here a deed of darkness had been done. Here had been the fierce and fearful struggle, the groan of mortal agony, and then the deep unbroken silence of death. Years must have rolled away since, amidst the darkness and hush of night, the murderer had committed his victim to the cold silent earth. No human eye beheld that work—no human ear heard the quick throbbing of that guilty heart—no human being witnessed the startled terror of his glance, as he gazed wildly around, though his eye rested only on the dimpling brook, and the foliage sleeping softly beneath the calm moonbeam. No busy feet

had trod that lone and unfrequented path—only the wandering gypsy now and then fixed his tent beneath the old oak, tempted by the sheltered quietness of the spot. For many a year had the harebell and pale primrose

“ Unheeded shed their blossoms,”

and the violet breathed its rich fragrance over that unsuspected grave. But the Eye of that Holy Being, which “slumbereth not, neither sleepeth,” beheld the ruthless deed—in His book the dark deed was inscribed, and now, at the same hour, amidst the *darkness and the hush* of night, at his bidding, the grave again gave up its dead, and the secret stood revealed.

“ Dreadful! most dreadful!” exclaimed Walton ; “ too surely the murderous deed was done—and by whom? Oh! the agony of that horrid thought! ”

“ This appears, indeed, to be a conjunction as strange as it is fearful,” observed Mr. Forrester, endeavouring to quiet his own feelings and those of his agitated companion ; “ but we must take courage. He who has so obviously willed the discovery of this crime, has doubtless some hidden purpose of mercy to accomplish : to Him let us commit our way, in humble and holy confidence, assured that He will direct our path.”

In haste and trepidation they again filled up the untimely grave, and returned to Ashgrove: much time, however, elapsed in the completion of their task; and ere they reached home, "fair Hesperus had spent his lamp." Faint streaks of red tinted the grey mists with morning light, growing brighter and more bright, till the sky was rich with burnished gold; then

"Up rose the gallant sun,"

the jewelled earth glittered and sparkled in his beam; the fresh flowers, decked in living lustre, filled the air with fragrance, and a thousand notes of joy rung out from every thicket.

"Who can doubt," exclaimed Mr. Forrester, as he paused for a minute to look around on the bright and lovely scene, "that the mighty Hand which thus clothes the visible world in the splendour of light; which in a moment changes the dim and colourless earth into a scene of such surpassing beauty, can as easily unveil the hidden things of darkness, and bring to light the secret counsels of the heart? The Creator of ten thousand times ten thousand worlds disdains not to watch over that feeble insect," continued he, pointing to one which was just unfolding its new-born wings, and flutter-

ing away its little hour of life beneath the morning beam. "He 'who calleth the stars by their names,' clothes the lily of the field, counts the leaves of the forest, and has declared that even the hairs of our head are numbered. And can the children of men hope to elude his vigilance, to veil their dark secrets from his piercing gaze? Is there a thought, a feeling, a wish framed in the human heart, which he perceiveth not? Oh! the inconceivable weakness, the utter folly of wickedness! 'He who made the eye, shall he not see? He who formed the ear, shall he not hear?'"

As he said this, they reached the gate of the rectory, and letting themselves in, passed into Mr. Forrester's study. There, Walton gave free scope to his agitated feelings.

"My perplexity is but increased by this dreadful discovery," said he; "my suspicions are darker and deeper than ever; but how can I act? Is it for me to denounce the man, who perilled his life for mine—who has spent the prime and vigour of his life in my service? Is it for me to bring his grey hairs with shame and ignominy to a dishonoured grave? No, never will I stir in the business—let it remain in all the darkness of mystery: yet I cannot see him without a shudder, without a feeling of indefinable

horror and dread. Oh that he could be removed to some far distant land, where my eyes might never more behold him!"

"My dear Sir," returned Mr. Forrester, "had our suspicions been excited by circumstances purely, or apparently accidental, we might perhaps have felt at liberty to proceed, or not, with the investigation; but certainly I may say without hesitation or superstition, that the more immediate hand of God is to be traced in this affair. We have yet no proof whatever of Cumming's guilt; we have only what appears strong presumption against him: but I have something to communicate, which I forbore to mention when I first listened to your dream, because I was unwilling to strengthen its impression unless corroborating proofs were obtained, though the circumstance recurred to my mind at the time with the most vivid and painful force.

"More than twenty-five years ago, Susan Wilmot, the young person whom Cumming loved, lived in my service. She was a sprightly, gay, good humoured girl, with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes—the belle and coquette of the village; and when the gossips of the parish let me into the secret that John Cumming was her suitor, he found warm advocates both with Mrs. Forrester and myself. We thought

his steadiness and industry would form a happy counterpoise to the thoughtless simplicity of Susan; therefore John's lingering in the poultry yard or leaning over the gate for a long chat with her, appeared to us to be very happy omens. Every thing went on prosperously, till a young stranger came to our village, on a visit to some distant relations. Frank Gordon was an orphan; but gay, good-humoured, and careless as Susan herself, and soon rivalled John Cumming in her favour. Strange to say," continued Mr. Forrester, in a still lower tone, "this successful rival was a sailor."

Walton started, and shuddered.

"Well do I remember him!" resumed Mr. Forrester; "his countenance so full of youth, life, and glee! Imprudent as the whole business was, and while I gravely remonstrated, I could scarcely wonder at Susan. Though only twenty-one, he had made three voyages; and his talk of parrots and palm-trees, of bread-fruit and wild Indians, made the village annals of John Cumming appear stale, flat, and unprofitable.

"The lovers had golden hopes—he was to take a voyage,

'To make the crown a pound,'

and in six months to return, and marry. Poor

Susan wept abundantly when they parted; but her tears were 'forgot as soon as shed,' in the joyful hope of his return.

"Gradually, however, fear began to mingle with hope; for month after month passed—not a line, not a word reached her. No tidings cheered the long, dull winter. Spring, summer, autumn, returned; then another long, dreary winter; and her bright hopes gradually faded into deep melancholy—she never doubted his truth—but

' Her fancy followed him through foaming waves  
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers.'

"At length the hope that kept alive despair was all that remained to her. I made repeated inquiries, but it appeared that he had not sailed in the vessel which he had mentioned to Susan.

"It was concluded that he had entered on board another; but when or where, could never be ascertained. She became languid and dejected, and her health so visibly suffered, that it was thought desirable she should return to her friends, who lived in a distant county. For some months, we expected that she would be able to resume her place in our family, but her spirits were so entirely saddened, that it was considered best for her to remain

at home—and many years have elapsed since we lost sight of her.

“All these circumstances considered—as a magistrate, I do not think myself justified in passing over the discovery of the body. I will not, however, act on my own judgment; this day a letter shall be dispatched to the Home Secretary, stating the circumstances, without mentioning names, and requesting advice upon the subject.”

“He saved my life,” reiterated Walton, covering his face with his hands, in unutterable anguish, “and I shall bring him to a shameful death!”

“Take courage, Walton,” said Mr. Forrester. “Endeavour to calm this emotion; human sympathies, even the kindest and the best, need control. ‘We dimly scan’ but a little part of the ways of God in this world. If Cumming be really guilty, doubt not that even the distressing circumstances, which at this moment bow your spirit to the earth, will be overruled for good. He whose mighty prerogative it is, to educe good from evil, is, no doubt, mysteriously and beautifully working out his own gracious ends. May not the repentance of the criminal need awakening or quickening? Will not agonies of shame in this world be the award of mercy, if they lead to deep contrition, if they teach

him to cling to the cross of his Redeemer, and if from the depths of humiliation his pleadings for mercy rise to the throne of the eternal God? Remember, 'duties are ours, events are His.'"

The proposed letter was forwarded the following day; and in a short time a reply was received, recommending a private examination of the suspected person. John Cumming was therefore summoned to the rectory, where Walton, pale and agitated, was already prepared to meet him. John, concluding that the Rector had sent to talk to him on the subject of crops and cattle, entered the room, and stood before them in fearless confidence. His figure was tall, his cheek bronzed with health; but his grey locks, and a slight bend in the shoulders, shewed that age was touching him, though gently.

"You and I are old acquaintance, John;" said Mr. Forrester; "many a year has passed since we first met."

"It is just five-and-twenty years since your reverence came to the rectory," returned John. "I remember it as well as if it was but yesterday."

"I am glad to find your memory so tenacious," said Mr. Forrester, "for I have some important questions to put to you, about years long ago. Pray, have you any recollection of a young sailor, who

passed some weeks here twenty-five years since, and who was never afterwards heard of?"

Mr. Forrester paused, but Cumming could not speak; he leaned for support on the back of a chair, grasping it eagerly with his hands.

"Your master has had a very extraordinary dream, which we believe to be connected with that individual," said the Rector; and without appearing to notice the emotion of his auditor, he proceeded to relate the circumstance, while Walton gazed on the changing countenance of Cumming, with agonizing intèntness. John listened to the recital with breathless interest. At first, the convulsive quivering of his lip was all that indicated his secret emotion; but when the scene of the murder was detailed, and the spot and the struggle were described, his whole frame shook with agony; a mortal paleness spread over his face, his hands relaxed their grasp, and he fell into a death-like swoon.

Mr. Forrester and Walton placed him on a couch, and after the application of various remedies, a deep-drawn sigh evinced the return of consciousness; he opened his eyes, looked fearfully around, and in vain tried to speak. A cordial was administered, and after swallowing a few drops, he exclaimed—

"I am a doomed man ! the hand of God is upon me."

"Stop, Cumming, and listen to me," said Walton, eagerly. "I would give all I have in the world, to believe you innocent ; but make no rash confession, and fear nothing from me. I solemnly pledge myself never to appear against you in this matter !"

"The hand of God is upon me," repeated Cumming, with a shudder, "and who can hinder it ? My crime must be known to the whole world. I give myself up to justice. You shall hear all."

It was a dark tale of jealousy and revenge.—He had followed the lovers secretly to their trysting-place, overheard the tender parting, the vow of constancy, the warm fond hope of a happy meeting. Maddened with fury, he breathed a vow that such a day of joy should never rise for them, and in a few hours sealed it by a deed of blood. He described the sort of malignant triumph, which mingled even in the keen agony of his remorse, when his victim lay motionless before him ; the sudden, dreadful calm, which succeeded the tempest of his passion ; the shuddering recoil with which he shrunk from the object of his love, and the dread of detection, which for years had haunted him, as a grim and fearful spectre.

To leave the neighbourhood had been his first impulse ; but the fear of awakening suspicion determined him to remain, and endure conjectures, wonderings, and allusions, which made him sick at heart. He seemed barred and shut out from the sympathies and humanities of social life. But years rolled away, and pity and wonder died away also. That a sailor should perish off some distant coast, and be heard of no more, was no new event in the annals of human suffering ; and except in the faithful heart of poor Susan, scarcely any remembrance of Frank Gordon was retained.

Gradually, the fears of Cumming had subsided, and a comparative calm had stolen over his feelings and conscience. True, it was a fearful crime, committed in an hour of intense passion ; but he lived in the esteem and confidence of his fellow men, and no vial of wrath had been poured on his devoted head by the avenging hand of Providence. Every day, the remembrance of his crime became less acute and oppressive ; and at length he began to look with something like complacency, on the honest industry, regularity, and usefulness of his life.

Mr. Forrester listened to the tale of his feelings with strong emotion. Never had he been more

keenly sensible of his deep responsibility, as an "ambassador from God to guilty man." The comparative peace of Cumming's mind was exchanged for the agony, not only of remorse, but of terror; he believed that his earthly doom was fixed, as irrevocably as that of the guilty King, who saw his fearful condemnation inscribed by no mortal hand on the walls of his palace; and he fancied that a decree of eternal vengeance had gone forth against him. With desperate eagerness he surrendered himself to justice, repeating his confession to a neighbouring magistrate; and in a few days he had exchanged the cheerful home of his master for the dreary cell of a felon's prison.

Some weeks intervened before the trial came on. In spite of Walton's reiterated entreaties, Cumming resolved to plead guilty. His mind continued in a state of deep despondency: he believed, that like Cain, the first murderer, he was an object of abhorrence to God and man, branded by the hand of the Eternal; and that the shame and ignominy awaiting him on earth, were but preludes to the everlasting shame and contempt which would be poured on his devoted head hereafter.

Day after day, did Mr. Forrester devote hours to the unhappy man, listening with deep sympathy

and patient tenderness, to the out-pourings of his harassed spirit. It was the Pastor's earnest desire to change the feelings and language of despair, to those of humble penitence: to prove, that in the midst of judgment, God remembers mercy; that even in this moment of utter desolation, amidst the chill and dreary darkness of that dungeon, a beam of heaven's own light could penetrate. Again, and again, he represented to the stricken man, that the judgments of God in this world, however severe, and though they may appear in a measure retributive, are still tempered with loving kindness and tender mercy; that correction, not vengeance, is their object; that they are intended, while they declare in the most emphatic language the watchful providence of God and his hatred of sin, to excite in the heart of the sinner, that repentance which shall not be repented of,—that they are, in fact, the work of love, that wondrous love, which willeth not that any should perish — which attaches unspeakable value to one immortal soul!

It was long, ere hope shed a beam over the tossed and troubled spirit of the criminal. Mr. Forrester, indeed, had no desire to check the salutary workings of penitence, to lull the soul with anodynes, which at once deaden the sense of sin, and bewilder

rather than strengthen the mind. It was when this sense of sin was felt in all its intenseness and poignancy—when, sunk in the depths of humiliation, the penitent scarcely dared to raise his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, exclaiming, “God be merciful to me, a sinner;” it was then that the Pastor dwelt upon the ineffable goodness of Him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, “to seek and to save that which was lost;” it was then that he expatiated upon the touching instances of grace and mercy, recorded for our consolation and instruction in the book of Truth; that he pointed to the welcomed prodigal, to the dying thief, to the heavenly host rejoicing amidst the glory by which they are encircled, “over one sinner that repenteth.”

Hope at length dawned upon the soul of the criminal; comfort visited his heart. It was, however, a hope chastened by humility; a touching sense of the Redeemer's love, melting the heart to gratitude, but not kindling it to rapture.

Mr. Forrester did not desire to hear from his lips the language of that triumphant faith, which beholds the radiant crown prepared by the Lord, the righteous Judge: he did not desire to see the martyr's rapture, the saint's ecstatic joy: it was enough for him, that

while his penitent was humbled under a consciousness of guilt, he was soothed by a sense of pardon.

On the awful day of trial, Cumming pleaded guilty. In vain did the Judge remonstrate, and declare that the law of England secured every possible indulgence to the accused.

"I am a murderer!" exclaimed Cumming. "God himself has borne witness to my crime, and I can say nothing but, Guilty!"

The sentence of the law was pronounced—and meekly did the criminal prepare for his awful doom. From that hour, his master scarcely ever left him: to talk with him, to read, and to pray by his side, were the only occupations that could at all soothe his own perturbed spirit. Confinement, and mental anguish, had wrought a considerable change on the frame of the prisoner; his form was bent, his cheek pale and thin, his eye dim; but the peace of a patient spirit sat upon his brow. He spoke of past days—of Walton's constant kindness—of the children, to whom his heart still clung; then his voice faltered, and a tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"They loved me," said he; "but the name of old John Cumming must now be a forbidden sound; it must never pollute their innocent lips. May God bless them!" continued he, clasping his withered

hands; "may God bless them! now, and for ever!"

Then he spoke of the future,—calmly, hopefully. He could now recognise the hand of Mercy in the discovery of his crime. Had any vague suspicion been awakened, he felt that he might have plunged still deeper into guilt; had he been cut off suddenly by any fearful accident, some rapid disease, the future would have been all darkness and horror; and now he felt that there was hope—hope even for him.

"Yes, my poor friend," said Walton, fervently pressing his hand, during the last evening they were to pass together on earth, "we shall meet again, I trust, where anguish, such as I now feel, will be unknown,—where 'tears will be wiped from off all faces.'" Together they partook of the holy communion—and Cumming, exhausted by the emotions of the day, fell into a calm sleep.

With feelings of solemn awe, but not of terror, he awakened from that sleep; and after joining with Mr. Forrester in devout prayer, awaited with fortitude the last awful summons. The moment arrived, and he was conducted to a spot at a short distance from the prison. A stillness, as of death, pervaded the immense concourse gathered around the scaffold.—

Not a sound was breathed, as the old man slowly advanced, and cast a farewell glance around.

Once more he beheld the bright and blessed sun, careering through the joyous sky; once more the morning air, laden with fragrance, blew freshly round his temples,—and a thought of the past, of the smiling earth, the green hills and woods, where his footsteps would tread no more, was for a moment busy; it was but for a moment.—He felt the parting pressure of the good Pastor's hand; he heard his voice in fervent and sweet solemnity, pronounce the words—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord." Then did this world, its joys, and woes, fade from before his eyes; and the future, with its blessed hopes, its glorious certainties, opened to his view, and calmed and sustained his parting soul.

A few minutes elapsed, and all was over—the awful penalty claimed by human and Divine justice, was paid; and the repentant and ransomed spirit returned to the God who gave it.

THE  
PROTESTANT'S 'KYRIE ELEËSON.'

I.

God ! whose throne of living light  
Burns beyond the starry sky,  
Where the hosts of Seraphs bright  
Avert the dazzled eye ;—  
By a Father's tender name,  
By thine own unchanging Word ;  
By the Saviour's holiest claim—  
' HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

II.

Thou, in equal Majesty,  
Seated on the Father's throne,  
Far withdrawn from human eye,  
Yet still the' Incarnate SON ;—  
By the scourge, the shame, the scorn,  
By the blood of ransom poured,  
By the curse for sinners borne—  
' HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

## III.

Thou, who shar'st the Father's throne,  
Spirit holy, pure, divine !  
Thou, who with the' Incarnate Son,  
Once dwelt in mortal shrine!—  
By the strength to sinners given!  
By the Book, thy victor-sword !  
By the panoply of Heaven—  
' HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

## IV.

Holy, holy, holy Three !  
Pure and undivided One !  
God in perfect Trinity,  
We pray to **THEE** alone !  
Saviour ! by the Father given !  
Father, by the Son restored !  
Spirit ! guide from earth to Heaven,  
' HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.'

## TOO OFT IN PURE RELIGION'S NAME.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

### I.

Too oft in pure Religion's name  
Hath human blood been spilt ;  
And Pride hath claimed a Patriot's fame,  
To crown a deed of guilt !  
Oh ! look not on the field of blood —  
Religion is not *there* ;  
Her battle-field is solitude —  
Her only watch-word, Prayer !

### II.

The sable cowl Ambition wears  
To hide his laurel wreath ;  
The spotless sword that Virtue bears,  
Will slumber in its sheath :  
The truly brave fight not for fame,  
Though fearless they go forth ;  
They war not in Religion's name —  
They pray for peace on earth !

## III.

By them, that fear is never felt  
Which weakly clings to life,  
If shrines, by which their Fathers knelt,  
Be perilled in the strife :  
Not theirs the heart, that spiritless  
From threatened wrong withdraws ;  
Not theirs the vaunted holiness  
That veils an earthly cause.

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## THE DEPARTED YEAR.

BY H. C. DEAKIN.

## I.

THE parted year! the parted year!  
How many joys are fled and gone,  
How many feelings disappear  
Like shadows o'er a summer's sun!  
The parted year!—and is there none  
To mourn o'er thine expiring form?  
Yes! there's a heart—a faithful one,  
Will pour the death-dirge true and warm.

## II.

Come, recollections of the Past,  
Come, like mild perfumes from the shore  
The happy vessel nears at last,  
When storms and perils all are o'er!—  
Are all your cherished hours no more,  
Mere creatures of deluding dreams?  
Visions of bliss! again restore  
The beauty of your morning beams.

## III.

It cannot be;—ye 're perished all,  
Save in pale Memory's silent bower;  
And I may now alone recal  
The presence of your parting hour.  
Come, beautiful and lost! thy power,  
Like music down a lonely river,  
Clings to the soul as bee to flower;—  
Oh! it will linger there for ever!

## IV.

Friends have I had—the year flew by;  
How many hath it borne away?  
Man, like the hours, is born to die;  
The last year's hours! O, where are they?  
The world's pulse doth the world obey,  
Heaving like ocean's turbid wave;  
But ah! it beats but to convey  
Creation nearer to its grave!

## V.

Last summer, how the flowers all bloomed,  
Fresh as the dreams of young desire ;—  
Now those sweet flowers are all entombed,  
And but their memory lives entire !  
Man's thoughts in summer soar the higher,  
More ardent than the burning hours ;  
Alas ! do chainless thoughts expire,  
Transient as ye, last summer flowers ?

## VI.

I look upon the midnight dome,  
And the same blessed lights are there ;  
Bright clustering stars are all at home,  
Smiling like Love on lady fair :—  
Ye glorious creatures ! thus ye were  
Showering pale splendour upon earth ;—  
But ah ! no more the perished year  
Will hail with joy your welcome birth.

## VII.

I gaze upon the gliding stream,  
Its diamond waters onward flow,  
And over it the morning beam  
Shines as it did a year ago :—  
“ Out upon Time's ” destructive blow !  
Do the same murmuring waters wave ?  
Alas ! sad Memory answers, “ No : ”  
They 're buried in their ocean grave !

## VIII.

The plains are clad with verdure new,  
And the green leaf is on the tree ;  
The mountains bold burst on my view,  
But they are not the same to me ;—  
Old friends with faces new ye be,  
But not with lovelier looks appear ;  
Leafless and naked all were ye,  
Ere fled the last departed year !

## IX.

The blithe bird now is on the wing,  
Floating on seas of airy bliss ;  
I own it is a sunny spring,  
But last spring was as bright as this !  
What birds and flowers do I not miss—  
What hues of beauty, sounds of love ;  
Though other flowers the streamlet kiss,  
And other warblers haunt the grove ?

## X.

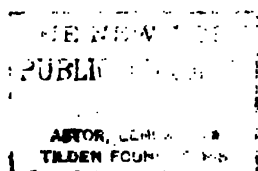
Last year ! last year ! O startling words,  
Solemn as deep sea-sounds ye come,  
Sadly ye sweep the bosom's chords—  
The beautiful are in the tomb !  
O Mary ! where is all thy bloom,  
Thy brow, so bright—thine eye, so clear ?  
Where are they ? Ask the fatal doom,  
That shrouded the departed year !

## XI.

O thou art gone! and yet I see  
Thee still in every orb of night;  
They look so calmly down on me,  
I think it is thine own love-light.  
And ah! there is no zephyr's flight  
But what 't is Mary's voice I deem;  
Away! ye visions of delight,  
Ye are but Passion's faithless dream!

## XII.

No more! no more,—I cannot sing  
With words so sad upon my tongue;  
Memory! thou frail, dejected thing,  
Why promptest thou my mournful song?  
Down to the dust ye feelings strong,  
Dust as ye are, despite of tears;—  
For lo! pale shadows sweep along,  
Shades of the sad departed years!





## NATHAN AND DAVID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF JEROBOAM."

"FATHER, your songs are not as the songs of the land;—when you join your voice to the sweet strings of the harp, your psalm is not in honour of the shining Mazaroth, nor to Arcturus and his sons. When you worship, you do not spread abroad your hands to the Moon, walking in brightness, neither do you court the sweet influences of the Pleiades; but your hymn is to the Lord Jehovah, and you bid me mingle my voice with the choral Hallel in His praise. Who is the Lord? my father,—and where did you learn to call upon His name?"

Such was the question that the son of Mahadi first asked of his father concerning the Truth. Mahadi was an Arab poet—a convert to the law of Jehovah—who led a settled though pastoral life on the rich borders of Chaldea. The father had waited till the opening reason of his son led him to inquire

into the spiritual worship that he saw paid to the Almighty and Invisible Lord of all.

"It was in the walled cities of Israel, my son, where I spent my youth in captivity, that I learned to call upon the Lord Jehovah, the God of our father Ishmael—it was He who made all things. Ourselves below, and the heavenly host walking in brightness above, whom the men of this land ignorantly and sinfully worship, are equally His creatures."

"But wherefore did you leave the minstrel land, and dwell apart from the true worshippers?"

"Because I found, that where many men abound much sin and temptation prevail, even among the most highly favoured of them; therefore I withdrew from courts and cities. Listen to the tale of my early days, and judge whether the camp and royal palace, or the quiet pasture and peaceful sheepfold is safest abiding-place for man. I was the first-born son of the Chief of a powerful Arab tribe, a lineal descendant of Ishmael, the elder, but disinherited son of Abraham. We led a wandering life, partly as shepherds and partly as robbers, in the desert that stretches from the borders of Damascus to the Dead Sea, implicitly fulfilling the prophecy of the Lord, which declared, that 'our hand should be against every man, and every man's

hand against us.' It was the only part of His Word our tribes ever did follow,—for we had lost all remembrances of the God of our Father Ishmael, except a few faint traditions. It is true, we were unstained by the abominations of the Canaanite,—we offered no human sacrifices to demons; but we paid the ignorant adoration of savages to the Stars that guided us across the pathless waste, to the stately Pillars of sand that moved before us, to the fierce Simoom, and even to the Mirage of the desert. We carried on predatory warfare equally against the ancient possessors of the Promised Land and the Israelites themselves; yet there was a more rancorous feeling manifested towards the last,—for we not only viewed their growing power and enlarged border, under Saul and David, with jealousy, but we recalled the old tradition, that their father Isaac had supplanted ours in his birthright, which made bitter war between the descendants of the same brethren. Our Arab tribes forgot, or knew not, that the children of Isaac adhered to the pure faith of Abraham's God, while Idolatry prevailed in the black tents of Kedar.

"A youth who has pursued the harmless occupation of a shepherd, can as little imagine the life of a child of the desert as the dog that watches his flock

knows of the breeding of the wolf's whelp. Strife and rapine were considered as warlike virtues in my father's tent. I was early inured to draw the bow and aim the javelin, either in advance or retreat. The playfellows of my infancy were my father's favourite mare and her foals. As soon as I could walk, my mother suffered me to play between the feet of the noble and sagacious animal, who treated me with the tenderness she did her young, suffered me to share her milk with her foals, and let me climb her back by her white and flowing mane, that nearly touched the ground. Her wildest colts were used to bear my light weight, and would traverse the waste with the speed of an arrow, unencumbered by bridle and saddle, never failing to snuff the distant tents, and bear me back safely from my excursions in chasing the swift little gazelles that inhabit the desert. Thus reared, I had attained my fourteenth year, and should have been a mighty hunter both of man and beast, before the Lord, like Nimrod of old, had not Providence led me to those who called upon the name of Jehovah.

"I had succeeded, with some difficulty, in taming one of the most ungovernable young steeds that ever was backed by an Arab boy. Mounted on this fleet creature, I had followed the steps of the light

gazelle, and the windings of the subtle jerboa, till evening fell around, not clear and starry, but overcast with sweeping mists and blinding sand-wreaths. The deceiving mirage of the desert spread its watery appearance around, and my steed seemed as much bewildered as myself. Instead of taking the northern direction of our encampment, unguided by moon or stars, we took a contrary path, and, verging to the south-east, were captured about sunrise by some scouts of the Israelitish army, then marching to subdue a frontier town of the Ammonites.

“After receiving the refreshment of food and water, of which my horse and I stood greatly in need, I was preparing to depart, that I might regain the camp of my tribe, when I found that it was the intention of the Israelites to detain me captive. When they brought me to their tents, nothing could exceed the rage and despair I manifested;—when, finding me intractable, they loaded my free-born limbs with fetters, I strove frantically, bit my chains, and made such noisy and desperate efforts to regain my freedom, that I attracted the attention of the leader of the army, then in council with the captains of his host, in his tent, who ordered me to be brought before him. Two mailed warriors lifted me between them, and held me up, struggling as I

was, before the door of the tent, to the view of the warlike son of Zeruiah, as ye would shew the newly caught young of the tiger cat.

"In after times, I could observe the warlike beauty of Joab, his brow of command, and eye of fire. Child and savage as I was, and agitated by rage and despair, at the first glance, I well remember, I felt an impression that he was deceitful and cruel. After taking a few moments' malignant pleasure in beholding my desperate struggles for liberty, he said, with a smile,—

" 'Stand aside, my warriors, while I thrust the rebellious son of Kedar through with my javelin. It is wisdom to crush the serpent and crocodile while yet in the egg.'

"They sate me down, as he told them, and I reclined exhausted on the earth, wearied with my frantic efforts. Joab threatened with his javelin, but I did not shrink—my rage was too great for fear.

" 'Is it an act worthy of the renowned son of Zeruiah, to slay a defenceless child whom chance has thrown on his hospitality?' observed a stately captain of the host.

" 'Hear him!' cried Joab, in a taunting tone. 'Lo! my captains! behold, if the warlike Uriah

doth not adopt this young Apollyon of the Wilderness, to carry down to posterity the name and honours of his line!’

“ ‘Vex not the free-born soul of the young child of the desert with gibing and injurious words, my Lord General,’ said Uriah. ‘I feel a yearning of pity to the lad; and, if you will give him to me, I will make him, if not the son of my adoption, my page, and the bearer of my shield and arrows. I will teach him the art of war, and he shall follow me in the day of battle.’

“ The General scoffingly agreed to the proposal. The noble Uriah unbound my chains. I crept sullenly to the side of my protector, in whom I found I had a friend, and tacitly agreed to a compact, that was never broken between us but by death.

“ The commands of my new lord were not conveyed in an unknown tongue, for enough of likeness existed between my own language and the Hebrew to render his speech familiar to mine ear. I became fondly attached to him, forgot my father’s tents and my tribe, and cared for nothing but his favour and approbation. Although pre-eminent for majesty of person, Uriah was in the wane of life, and the snows of time were visible on the hair that

appeared from beneath his helmet. His wife, the daughter of Eliam, was, on the contrary, in the first bloom of beauty; beloved by him with the most passionate tenderness. Uriah often employed me in carrying letters and messages to his adored spouse, then abiding at Jerusalem.

“ No painting of poet's words, or limner's pencil, could do justice to the charms of the young wife of Uriah, the fairest of a beautiful people. The large dark eyes, bright and tender, as those of a gazelle languishing in the desert with thirst; the clear and pearly complexion, soft as swan's feathers; the rounded limbs and slender shape, graceful as the waving branches of an arbour of ban,\* powerfully drew my boyish imagination, even then tintured by poetic fire; yet I declare to you, that her poet son, the royal Solomon, in his Canticles, never described female beauty equal to that of his mother Bathsheba.

“ I had followed the steps of my lord for more than three years, when the army of Israel conquered the country, and besieged Rabbah, the chief city of the Ammonites. While we lay before the ‘city of waters,’ tales from Jerusalem, of infidelity and dishonour, reached the ears of my noble master. He

\* The weeping willow, a favourite Arab comparison.

received a summons from the King, to the royal city. He left me in the camp, contrary to his usual practice. On his return his worst fears had been confirmed—the stern sadness of despair sat on his noble brow ; nor did I see a gleam of satisfaction on his face till the morning on which he was ordered by Joab, to lead the forlorn hope in an attack on the city, of extreme danger to the assailants. As I buckled on his armour, he commanded me not to follow him as usual, but to tarry in the tents that one day.

“ ‘As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth,’ was my reply, ‘thy servant Mahadi will follow his lord, even to the death.’

“Then Uriah lifted up his voice and wept aloud ; he prayed earnestly, kissed and blessed me, and said :—

“ ‘Wherefore should thy young life be wasted? Tarry, I beseech thee once more.’

“Yet I would not hearken. I buckled his warlike harness about him, and followed him with his warriors to the field.

“When the men of Rabbah perceived the perilous state in which a troop of the besiegers had placed themselves, they made a sally from the walls. As soon as Uriah was deeply engaged in the contest, on a signal from the second in command, the men

of Israel suddenly retreated, and left their captain in the midst of the press, combating against many foemen. He fell, mortally wounded; and the Ammonites, thinking the retreat of the besiegers a stratagem to lure them to destruction, withdrew behind their ramparts. Though involved in the thickest of the fray, and but slightly armed, by some miracle I remained unhurt after the skirmish, and was left alone with my dying lord.

"I unfastened his casque, and wiped the death-damp from his brow, and lamented over him aloud.

" 'Mahadi,' he gasped, 'I die; but it is well for me, although I fall by ungrateful treachery. Carry my belt, stained with my life-blood, to Nathan the Seer;—he will protect thee, and vindicate my memory.'

"My beloved lord soon breathed his last; and, after seeing him laid in the sepulchre, I sought the prophet of the Lord. The awful man received the token and heard my tidings, nor did he make comment thereon, saving a few words of comfort to myself, when, in the course of my narrative, mine agony of heart broke forth in cries and tears. With a pale cheek and flashing eyes, Nathan arose, and taking his staff in his hand, and wrapping his prophet's mantle around him, he bade me follow him to the house of the King.

“ ‘ And he came unto him, and said unto him,—  
 There were two men in one city; the one rich, and  
 the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many  
 flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing,  
 save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and  
 nourished up: and it grew up together with him,  
 and with his children: it did eat of his own meat,  
 and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom,  
 and was unto him as a daughter. And there came  
 a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take  
 of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for  
 the way-faring man that was come unto him: but  
 took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the  
 man that was come to him. And David's anger  
 was greatly kindled against the man: and he said  
 to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath  
 done this thing shall surely die: and he shall restore  
 the lamb four-fold, because he did this thing, and  
 because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David,  
 THOU ART THE MAN!—2 *Samuel*, chap. xii.

\* \* \* \*

“ ‘ And this,’ I said, after musing on these events,  
 ‘ this is the man after God's own heart, the highly-  
 favoured among mankind, the royal prophet David!’

“ ‘ Such,’ replied the sage Nathan, ‘ is the erring  
 nature of the best of men, when exposed to the

fiery shafts of temptation, and invested with the dangerous gift of unbounded power. It were easier for the shivered crystal to unite without a flaw, than for a great prince to pass unspotted by sin into the presence of his God. Yet a time will come, although even the eyes of the Prophet can see it but dimly and darkly at a far distance, when the power of the Evil One will be fettered and restrained; when a guiding light shall be vouchsafed to the children of men; and when the Kings of the earth will shame to act even as the best of them in these unhallowed days.'

"I dwelt for a few years in the house of Nathan, among the Sons of the Prophets. I became a convert to the Law of Moses, and a poet and musician of great fame; but I dreaded the shoals and quicksands of public life; and, having obtained the hand of thy mother Sheluma, a maiden of Judah whom I loved, I withdrew with the wealth which I had acquired into this fruitful land, where I have dwelt in tranquillity, and hope to die in peace."

## **“ FEAR NOT.”**

**BY JOSIAH CONDER.**

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**“ Fear not.—I have the keys of the Grave and of Death.”**

*Rev. i. 17, 18.*

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### **I.**

O cling not, Trembler, to life's fragile bark ;  
It fills — it soon must sink !  
Look not below, where all is chill and dark :  
'Tis agony to think  
Of that wild waste. But look, O look above,  
And see the outstretched arm of Love !

### **II.**

Cling not to this poor life. Unlock thy clasp  
Of fleeting, vapoury air.  
The world, receding, soon will mock thy grasp :  
But let the wings of prayer  
Take Heaven's own blessed breeze, and upward flee,  
And life from God shall enter thee.

## III.

O fear not Him who walks the stormy wave :  
'T is not a Spectre, but the Lord !  
Trust thou in Him who overcame the Grave,  
Who holds in captive-ward  
The powers of Death. Heed not the monster grim,  
Nor fear to go through death to Him.

## IV.

Look not so fondly back on this false earth ;  
Let hope not linger here.  
Say, would the worm forego its second birth,  
Or the transition fear,  
That gives it wings to try a world unknown,  
Although it wakes and mounts alone ?

## V.

But thou art not alone ; on either side  
The portal, friends stand guard ;  
And the kind spirits wait, thy course to guide.  
Why, why should it be hard  
To trust our Maker with the soul he gave,  
Or Him who died that soul to save ?

## VI.

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit,  
Who gave His life for thine.  
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit ;  
To Him thy heart resign.  
Oh ! give Him love for love, and sweetly fall  
Into His hands who is thy All.

## A REFLECTION.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

### I.

THE beryl, in its secret bed,  
As free from stain would shine,  
Though human foot forbore to tread  
The dark and pathless mine :—  
As fair the purple morn would break  
O'er hill and glistening stream,  
Though mortal eye should never wake  
To hail that sportive beam !

### II.

On many an unfrequented shore,  
The flowers of beauty rise,  
And rocks, which flame with golden ore,  
And shells like evening's dyes ;  
Nor smiles the bow of peace the less,  
When parts the storm on high,  
O'er the green ocean's loneliness,  
Or in the desert sky.

## III.

Is there no music in the blast,  
Though none that voice may hear ?  
Sweeps not the breeze as freshly past,  
When wastes alone are near ?  
Shine not as free the sons of night,  
In changeless splendour dressed,—  
Though, spread before our wearied sight,  
Low hangs the veil of rest ?

## IV.

Inscribed upon the rolling sea,  
And on the tempest's bands,  
A witness still proclaims of Thee —  
A deathless record stands !  
Nor seeks our frail, perceptive view,  
Nor needs our faint acclaim,—  
The glory infinitely new,  
Which robes thine awful Name !

## V.

These, in unaltering strength arrayed,  
Oh King of endless days !  
These wonders which thine hands have made,  
Have best proclaimed thy praise ;  
These, in thy wide magnificence,  
Shall hymn Thy perfect will ;  
When Death has veiled our fading sense,  
And man's weak voice is still !

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A MURDERER.

OUR counsel was taken together—the plan was at my instigation—the measures for accomplishing it were chiefly directed by me. But on the horrible night, when my fellow-ruffian accomplished our joint purpose, I stood aloof through cowardice or caution; and when subsequently he was arrested for the murder which he had committed, avarice absorbed all other feelings, and my evidence in a court of justice doomed him to death.

We had been schoolfellows, and he once had traits of character which rendered him a choice companion and gentle friend: even in his debasement, a vein of that original purity remained; and as I went down from the witness-box, his eye fell upon me, and I read on his suffering countenance, a tale of other days. There was no vindictive passion towards his betrayer; he was sorrowful, but calm; and in silence he gave me a token that he had pardoned his treacherous comrade.

I skulked about the city, scarce knowing whether I should be applauded or hated for my conduct. There was a hope that men's curiosity would soon turn into admiration, and I calculated on a golden harvest for my pains. I had a mother too, who had not seen me for many weeks—I dared not seek her, yet I could not bear to depart without one word of love and benediction from her aged lips. So, when the morning came that my associate perished for our common crime, my restlessness carried me near to the throng that looked breathlessly on his execution; and I heard the air rent with shouts of indignant appeal for another victim, and *my* name was clamoured for. Some one on the outskirts of the mob looked as though he recognised me, and I fled without food, though I had worldly riches enough to purchase it, in the relics of our plunder from the old woman, which we had not yet squandered, as had been our wont, in riot and in revelry!

The day was in midsummer.—How long, how parching hot it seemed! My feet dragged heavily along the dust of the bye-road, but my heart was still heavier. Some, whom I met, saluted me with a kind of welcome—they were strangers, or they would not have done so. Did it not seem strange that the field labourers should pursue with so little

weariness their harassing duties, singing merry songs all the while, and laughing with one another, while the sun stood just over them in heaven, so pitilessly bright and hot? Shall I take shelter, I thought, in this rude tavern, and forget myself in the hospitable garrulity of its master? Stop! I see the figures of other men within the doorway, and how can I stand amongst them?

On, on, on!—The sun surely will not stand still on *this* day only of the latter ages; kind twilight, and the happy shades of night, must befriend me soon. On! far from my home—my hopes—my remembrances! A desert cannot so imprison me, as that home. Despair itself is more cheerful than my present hope,—oblivion, vacancy, madness, would be dearer to me than my recollections!

Far enough from the scene of my disgrace, I might now, it seemed, betake myself to a resting-place for the night. I looked timidly at the people, but they returned my look without suspicion, and I sate down in the midst of them.—I ate food for the first time since day-break. I listened to their discourse, and tried to join in it, but my heart sickened, for they began to prate about the late murder and its expiation. They gave me a newspaper, and bade me read for their entertainment the full story of that

morning's horrible scene; and the crowds collected, and by their expressions evinced at once their interest in the tale, and their hatred of the unpunished criminal. They thought, perhaps, I might share in these emotions!

And thus, for days I wandered, without one tranquil hour of thought or slumber; sometimes known by my chance companions, and hooted down, and taunted as a double malefactor, whose penalty could only be inflicted by themselves. Sometimes, self-discovered by excess of fear or excitement; but never free from the spectre of self-accusation, whose features grew more and more tangible; whose airy dress had almost lost its transparency, to be replaced by stronger, and grosser, and more definite attributes. What refuge was there for a heart so houseless? Mankind pronounced themselves leagued to render it an eternal outcast.

One event, that even now would curdle up the blood in a thousand veins, if for a moment thought upon, was, as it were, the seal set upon my misery. I entered into a vulgar alehouse, and seated myself in a side parlour, to be away whilst it was possible, from the ordinary haunt of village tipplers. The furniture or arrangement of the room did not provoke my observation. The boy brought me what I

ordered, and as he left the room, loitered in the doorway to examine my appearance, as I afterwards discovered, though I was then unconscious of his motive. When I looked up, he retreated; but his stupid eye was glistening with unwonted significance. Presently, another came into the apartment, for some foolish pretence; sauntered here and there, and went away in much the same manner. Lastly, the master of the house himself advanced, and stood full fronting me for a minute or two, with his eyes raised above my head, and uttering a few words to me about ordinary matters, as if to allay my suspicions, and concluding with some such sentence as this, with which he broke forth, abruptly and incoherently—"Nonsense!—It cannot be! I said so before; it cannot be the same!"—he left me to myself, and I rose, to ascertain if possible the meaning of this mystery. It was soon apparent. Suspended against the wall, immediately above my head, was a rude, harsh print, freshly fitted to an old frame, and my own name was under it in huge letters, with a sentence lower down, in smaller characters, announcing the particulars of my recent life. The lineaments were coarse and ill-favoured, as the artist would naturally ascribe to such a character; but the resemblance might be confidently

traced. My soul sunk into its uttermost depths, for I knew that my concealment could no longer be hoped for ; I knew that my label was on my forehead—my curse was every where !

Yet I went on ; and as the phrase goes, lived well : some of the gold still remained, and more of the jewellery, which had been generously allotted to me as my share in the plunder, though I gave no assistance in the act which procured it. The former was spent freely, and the latter could be available only with much caution. I passed through a large and commercial town, and discovered one, perhaps as wicked as myself, who gave me a compensation in money for the jewels which he could not but believe to have been stolen. My purse was weighed down with the price of this barter : I ate, drank, and lived well. But the knave who provided me with the means of riot, thought to do himself a further service, and plotted to deliver me into the hands of justice for a presumed crime. But I foiled him ; for I was by this time an experienced, and therefore a cautious fugitive. Still, the further I went, the more securely I could employ my money, and consequently mix with others as a fellow creature. They wondered at my wealth—they wondered at my misery,—they thought that a man should be

merry who could live so well. It was not for *them* to know that every morsel of food I so purchased tasted to me like poison. The old woman's money fell from me like the drops of her own blood, which I was *spilling* at each fresh expenditure. It was not strange, therefore, that I still kept apart from these companions, and went alone over the face of the country, dreading all the common ways of men; but most of all, the thoughts of rest and of home.

Days went by unnoticed, undistinguished. The endings and the beginnings of time's various divisions were all confused. One evening, covered with the dust and mire of a long journey, with my bundle in my hand, and altogether wearing the aspect of a wayfarer, I entered a calm and happy village. The slender spire rose from a bosom of rich forest trees; its bell was ringing a soothing and solemn cadence; the country people were collecting in front of the open door, in their cleanly attire; and contentment rested on the face of all nature. The poor houses, scattered about with little uniformity of size or arrangement, were for the most part closed. A few only seemed yet to retain their tenants, and at the threshold of these I saw the elders of the family, half impatiently looking backward and forward, till they were joined by the young people,

whose tardiness kept them thus late within doors. Then, hastily proceeding, they also fell in with the general procession, and by amended speed made up for the time they had so lost. Presently, the whole village was like a solitude. The stragglers had ceased to follow, one by one, in rear of the more punctual portion of their little community; the church bell had ended its summons; not a door or shutter but seemed closed; and on the margin of the central pond, which was the resort of many a holiday beast,—now that their masters were elsewhere occupied, the very animals, to my fancy, seemed touched by a gentler spirit, and moved themselves with some instinct of reverence for the ceremony which that day renewed.

I was alone there! No footsteps but mine startled the chirping birds from their hereditary boughs; the brute creatures gazed at me as something strange, for every one besides had left them to their peace. What sudden feeling stole upon me in that solemn hour? *Who* turned my feet from their old path? I followed the track which I had seen so many others pursue, and the wicker gate at which it terminated opened easily on its hinges, even to *my* touch; and, through an avenue of yew trees and aged elms, I sauntered in a composed mood to the very

church door:—no one opposed my entrance,—I advanced, and was in the midst of the congregation. The sight of so strange a figure disturbed many a one, I think, from their pious thoughts; and when I raised my eyes, I saw the looks of contempt, or pity still less pleasing, on their countenances; and they moved backward, as if to avoid a contact with one so foul; so that I stood once more alone, in the centre of the sacred and full house of God—unreached by charity, even at a time when its exercise was most encouraged. My heart drooped as of old—my social spirit left me, and I was shrinking back again to the door, which I had so lately entered with the calmness of restored health, when some one—a single creature of them all—held forth to me the hand of human fellowship.

It was a lady, young and most beautiful. Her years were few, to have taught her resistance to the vanities of our nature; her beauty was heavenly enough to have cherished them in others. She leant forward, and whispering in the sexton's ear something unheard and unnoticed by the rest, her command was made known to me, and I was conducted to a separate seat. I gazed upon the fair lady—I marked her countenance, and its heavenward expression; to me it was an unknown pleasure to

contemplate one so innocent; and the atmosphere in which she lived could not, it seemed, give birth to other than meek thoughts and aspirations. For I—even I myself, in my foulness and blackness, and depth of deserved misery, felt the dew of heaven falling upon my soul, to refresh it after its long toil, and purify the vapours which darkened its innermost chambers!

From that hour my mind fled its old employments; and I lived in dreams of the future, whose sweetness was cheaply bought by all the woe I had hitherto undergone. With my remaining wealth I purchased land: I laboured in a thousand ways to advance myself, and fortune did not frown upon me. The lady was a near relation—they said, a niece, of the clergyman who officiated on that momentous Sunday in the village church. Amongst his parishioners there happened to arise a feud respecting the payment of tithe; and the little commonwealth, so peaceable when I first came to it, was soon afterwards rent with all the violence of civil commotion. The malcontents increased in number and obstinacy; and perhaps the more so because a stranger, who had scarcely yet become one of the actual population, dared to espouse the cause to which they were opposed. That stranger was myself; and whatever

malignity on their part was caused by this conduct I was more than repaid by the familiarity which it was the means of promoting, between myself and the family at the vicarage. Then, the more I knew of the sweet lady, whose countenance had acted as a charm to draw me into this quiet existence, and disperse the dreary recollections of my past career; the more also was my heart filled with a love which I did not then confess, but which afterwards, when my prosperous course permitted it, I did not, because I could not, utterly conceal!

It was a strange thing, that one so rude and so wicked as myself, could move the kindness of that gentle maiden. Perhaps she knew, by the secret consciousness which stirs the pulses of woman's heart, that she had exercised no mean control over my fortunes; that my spirit had bowed to her influence; and that to make itself worthy of her, a reformation most wonderful must be effected, of whose present progress she was the human instrument.

Perhaps, too, she discerned under the rough exterior of bad habits and early debasement, something that was not wholly vile; something generous, that came from a line of honourable ancestry whom I had disgraced. She conversed—she loitered with me when we met by chance—she almost sought

occasions of meeting, when they were not given otherwise ; and once—once only—she permitted me to make with her an engagement to meet by stealth.

On that evening, most sweet, most rapturous were the words that passed between us. I spoke freely of my passion, and I was heard without sorrow or rebuke. I tried to learn what were my hopes of success, not only with herself, but with those in whose guardianship she had lived. She told me that there existed no chance of my suit being listened to by her relations with anything but discountenance, for that they had persisted long before in anticipating her own choice ; and had destined her to be wedded to a neighbouring gentleman who had worldly qualifications, with which mine could not vie. She spoke, as I thought, sorrowfully. Her hand, which lay in my own, trembled, while she indicated her distaste for the man who was selected to claim it by a better title. An inarticulate sound—perhaps of some word which she could not utter, perchance a soft sigh—filled up the measure of her implied confessions. I asked her if she loved me, or if she could love me hereafter?—and silence was my only answer.

She despaired of the assent of her kindred to the proposal, if made to them, and with the heartlessness

which was natural to me, I suggested another plan by way of substitute. Cold, selfish being! well wast thou rewarded! I entreated her to forget the wishes of those, whose control over her was that of accident, not of nature. I urged her to obey the dictates of her own heart. I assured her that we could be happy together, under whatever circumstances, and that flight would give us the instant means of becoming so.

She listened mutely; but my words, so quick and earnest, and so like her own impulses, could not fail of their purpose. She breathed a low acquiescence, and we were locked in a close and affectionate embrace. The tumult of thought that succeeded this determination, gave way to the necessary schemes of action which immediately engaged our whole thoughts. In a little while our project was formed, or at least tangibly sketched out. I was to sell, or otherwise convert into money, all the land and goods that belonged to me—the fruits of my former crime and my latter industry. The simple girl possessed some fortune, and expected more; and what wealth she could then boast was to be thrown into the common stock. It may be supposed she was not very minutely acquainted with the means of claiming what she had a right

to, nor even with the amount of this possessed or withheld property. Yet she spoke with energy, unlike a mere love-sick puppet, and looked to the future good as well as the present enjoyment.

"I am ignorant," she said, "how my uncle derives his supply for my expenditure. I know my father's small estate descended to me; and my mother—my poor mother—could not have intended any one but myself to succeed to all she had; but I know not in whose hands it is, or whether I can now command it."

"Be persuaded, dearest," I replied, "that you are all I need on earth; and nothing could add to my riches, if I were so blest as to call you mine."

But still she proceeded in her former vein.

"Even the few trinkets which I have," she said, "are scarcely worth carrying away. The more valuable jewels—"

I shuddered at the bare word.

"Oh! forget," I said, interrupting her, "forget that you are speaking with a man whom you may have some reason to consider avaricious and worldly. Think for me, as you would for yourself. And these baubles—"

"Nay," she added, with the simplicity of a mere child, "if they were really valueless, I should not

remember them; but I know that they constituted a dowry for more than one of my mother's family; and she herself proved too well how highly they were estimated. But when the barbarians shed her blood to gain possession of them, it was not likely they would leave behind them any thing of real value."

"Her blood!—her blood! What do you mean, my dearest Rachel?—speak—speak quickly."

"Did you not know then that she was murdered?"

"When?—by whom, and where? Oh, tell me all!"

She *did* tell me all, with a fearful and fatal accuracy, which is remembered to a syllable, even at this late hour of my life. A pause—a little pause only succeeded her narrative. It was I who terminated it.

"Forgive me," I cried, "forgive the wretch hereafter, who has drawn you to this precipice. Be free—be happy! I cannot see you again in this life, for I have once done you the most tremendous of injuries; and but just now I was on the eve of sinning in a like way, though not so willingly.—Your mother, your mother was murdered at my instigation!"

I rushed from her side, deaf to the piercing shriek that followed this announcement, and was seen no more by her. I *did* dispose of my property; but for a new purpose. In a few days I had fled from my native country, and was shortly afterwards landed

on a shore to me more hospitable, where for years I struggled with remorse, that would not kill me, though most sincerely did I long for death. For ever were rising up before me those phantoms, which had once been the realities I speak of here;—the deed of crime—the wanderings and woe that followed—the short-lived dream of tranquillity—the happiness so nearly consummated—the sudden reverse, and renewal of all my old self-torture. Few and uncertain were the calm intervals of this long season. A hand more mighty was at last stretched to pacify the waters of my strife: it came in its strength, during my solitary sojourn amongst strangers; it calmed the restlessness of my spirit; it gave a holy, and therefore, a happy aim!

Many, many years elapsed, before I returned to the country of my birth. My nature and aspect were changed; but I could not then—I cannot now, recal to mind one portion of my hideous manhood, without an agitation which may have communicated something of itself to the tenor of these Recollections. May mercy be mine, in the sadness of those times!—and oh! much rather may mercy be mine hereafter, when those times will be remembered in judgment against me!

It was on such a morning as that I have before described, when I entered the village where had

dwelt my young love. The church bell was tolling now also, but with a different melody. It was the requiem of one, not yet over-borne by years or decay—but sunken under the hostility of a saddened existence. It was a lady who died, chiefly, they said, of a spirit bruised by early disappointment, and subsequent ill-treatment. She had wedded some brute who broke her heart by neglect. Had she been *mine*, I believe—perhaps I dream—that this would have been otherwise. And yet, who can say that whatever has been might have been amended? Am I the wise man who would correct the ordained course of things? or do I grieve, Rachel—my beautiful, my beloved! that thou hast gone thus early to thy grave, shrouded in thine innocence—thus early to behold and taste the joys from which I would have kept thee back?

In the darkness and loneliness of the days which are left to me on earth, when the spectres of the past stand most thickly, and with deepest horror, around me—poor solitary wretch as I am, and must be, till that funeral bell proclaims the termination of my own sad pilgrimage—when I am most hopeless, may the thought of this departed Angel point out to me a track all bright and luminous, with just anticipation of a final rest. When I am most self-debated, and wrung with anguish for my sins, may

her love and pity for me soothe the delirium of the moment, and teach me that though I could not then deserve it, yet my ways may in time be those of pleasantness, and the ruffled river may emerge at last into an ocean of eternal calm!

I know, I know that my crime is one which man should not, cannot pardon: I know that the very mention of my name must ever be followed with contempt and execration; that, like another Cain, I bear upon my brow the marks of meditated, of accomplished homicide! But to this I am resigned, by the conviction that it must soon terminate, by the hope that it may be terminated for ever: for who—who shall say that the blood of the Redeemer, which cleanseth from all sin, may not cleanse even from *this*? Who shall say that even *I* may not be heard when I offer the prayer of the Psalmist,—a murderer too, like myself,—‘Pardon mine iniquity, O Lord, for it is great! O my God! if I have remembered thee in my bed, and thought upon thee when I was waking; if I have been made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights have been appointed to me; if one hour of guilt has been followed by years and years of the deepest and bitterest repentance, grant me deliverance in the great and fearful day, for I have sought it carefully with tears!’

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THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE

JOHN RUSSELL, ESQ. OF THE COUNTY OF WILTSHIRE, AND OF THE CITY OF BATH.

## THE NATIVITY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

**A light is kindling o'er the midnight sky,  
Of broad unwonted brightness ;—the hushed air  
Is filled with sounds of strange, sweet melody,  
As though an Angel choir were hymning there  
Celestial strains ;—and each ærial Power  
Had lit the starry lamp within his beacon tower.**

**And hark! fresh sounds ; and lo ! the scattered beams  
Condense into a wreath of living light ;  
Pure as the chaste, cold moonbeams, yet more bright  
Than the full noontide blaze, behold it streams  
Above, around an earthly dwelling-place—  
Heaven sheds its purest rays on some of mortal race !**

Why shine ye thus, ye Heavens? and wherefore, Earth!

Art thou thus graced by splendours not thine own?

Say, who and where is He, at whose glad birth

Revealed, the glory of the Lord hath shone?

Not thus it kindled, when the Law was given,

And through its central caves was startled Sinai riven!

Is it the hoped Deliverer, whose dread sword

Shall smite the Heathen hosts, in holiest war?

Is it the Sceptre, now at length restored

To Judah's royal line? The Sacred Star

That shall outshine the day's proud orb, and bless

Glad Israel's rescued seed, a Sun of Righteousness?

'T is all! 't is more! Upon a lowly bed

Within a lowliest dwelling, there is One

Not earthly, though on earth; and though the Son

Of God, yet born of woman! 'Round his head

Those rays are circling, till they seem to shine

With such resplendent blaze as gilds the Throne divine!

Well may they shine! It is the promised Son

EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US; revealed on earth

The living image of the viewless One!

Well may they shine! By His auspicious birth

Peace comes to dwell on Earth—joy reigns in Heaven—

Hell trembles—Sin is chained—Death vanquished—Man

forgiven!

## DALE ABBEY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A solitary Arch, standing in the midst of an open meadow, and a small Oratory, more ancient than the dilapidated monastery itself, and now the chapel for the hamlet, are alone conspicuous, of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles south-east of Derby.

### I.

THE glory hath departed from thee, Dale!  
Thy gorgeous pageant of Monastic pride.  
—A Power, that once the power of Kings defied,  
Which truth and reason might in vain assail,  
In mock humility, usurped this vale,  
And lorded o'er the region far and wide:  
Darkness to light, evil to good, allied,  
Had wrought a charm which made all hearts to quail.

What gave that Power dominion o'er this ground,  
Age after age?—The word of God was bound.  
—At length the mighty Captive burst from thrall,  
O'er-turned the spiritual Bastile in its march,  
And left, of ancient grandeur, this sole Arch,  
Whose stones cry out, "Thus Babylon herself shall fall."

## II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,  
Methinks the frail yet firm memorial stands,  
The work of heads laid low, and buried hands :  
—Now slowly mouldering to the touch of time,  
It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,  
Where sky above, and earth below, expands :  
—And yet a nobler relic still demands  
The grateful tribute of a passing rhyme.

Beneath yon cliff, an humble roof behold !  
Poor as our Saviour's birth-place ; yet the fold,  
Where the Good Shepherd, in this quiet vale,  
Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,  
With bread from heaven :—I change my note ; All hail !  
The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale !

*Sheffield, 1830.*

## YET, "HOPE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.'

It was a sorrowful group which gathered around Henry M——, on the twentieth anniversary of his marriage, in the garden house of the little vicarage at Wilmington. It was evening—the stillness of the gentle skies, the softness of the summer breeze, the stars in their distant loveliness, the moon in her mild and tranquil radiance, all spoke the language of harmony and peace. Alas! for those whom nature has no power to soothe. That anguish must indeed be acute, which makes us loathe the face of creation beaming in beauty and brightness, and hide ourselves from its smile. Those must be moments of unimaginable bitterness, when the loveliness of nature *without*, cannot charm away the recollection of misery *within*.

Henry M——, the ex-curate of Wilmington, was

one who had preferred a life of privation and usefulness to a career of profusion and indolence. His godfather, for he was an orphan even in infancy, had, on entering him at college, set both before him, and desired he would make his election. He chose the former; and cheerfully abided by the consequences. He obtained at Cambridge high academical distinctions, obtained them *decisively*; while the abilities of his antagonists added to the honour, though not to the danger of his victory. This scene of, to him, well earned triumph, he quitted without a sigh, to become a labourer in the richest of all vineyards,—a soldier in the noblest of all armies. And bravely did he maintain his post; though, at times, pushed to the front of the battle, and, from the situation of his curacy, separated from the host.

To assert that his was a contented and an united flock is not, perhaps, saying much for it; a parish can scarcely be otherwise when its pastor is devoted to his duties. But he could affirm more. "I have not, to my knowledge, two dissenters in my district. I am quite sure there is no chapel within my beat. How delightful to be spared the task of contrasting the merits of different creeds by all my people abiding in one!"

But man is but an instrument in the hands of a

higher Power, and that Power often dashes in pieces the instrument before the work be complete; or removes what appeared an honoured and successful agent from the scene of his usefulness,—dooms him thenceforth to silence and inactivity; and finishes His work without him. Such was the case here, as if to prove the uncertain issue of human efforts, however well directed. The scourge of fever visited the village;—the parsonage was not exempt from its ravages;—and its revered inmate, after a protracted struggle, was wrested from its grasp, only to be doomed to blindness during the remainder of his days!

Beggary now appeared the inevitable portion of him and of his children: his curacy must be resigned, for he was no longer equal to its duties. And what expedient, what refuge remained for *him*, who had nothing but his profession to rely upon? Necessity makes even the timid daring. A mother will venture much, to avert want from her children; and Mrs. M——, who had been known to the Princess Charlotte in very early life, determined to lay her case before that benevolent Princess. A letter written on the very morning of her marriage—what a heart must that have been, which even in the very heyday of its happiness could remember the woes of

others and remedy them!—announced Mrs. M—'s success; \* and concluded thus :

" I am commanded by H. R. H. to assure you, that steps have *already* been taken towards carrying your wishes into effect."

The next week but one brought a presentation. Oh, what gratitude, what joy—did its receipt occasion! what bitter disappointment,—what heartfelt regret were attendant on its rejection! The event was, without delay, communicated in person by M—— to his diocesan. Bishop ——, though a mild and amiable man, was the slave of forms. " I commiserate your case," he said. " I would do anything in my power to serve or to assist you; but I cannot break through established usage, or create a mischievous precedent. Shew me how you intend to read yourself in, and I will give my Secretary the necessary instructions forthwith."

Protracted correspondence and repeated interviews, left the matter in this perplexing situation—as undecided as ever. How long affairs could have remained in this state, or whether any adjustment would ever have taken place, cannot now be decided; for one evening, when M—— himself was begin-

\* Lady S— R—, afterwards Viscountess E—, was the writer.

ing to feel the sickness of hope deferred, and the spirits of his family were deeply depressed, a new turn was given to affairs by Arthur, the eldest boy, starting up and exclaiming, "Father, since the Bishop says you must read yourself in; and Mr. — the Bishop's Secretary, says the same; and Mr. — the Proctor, says the same; and you say (truly enough) you can do nothing of the kind: suppose you were to *repeat* yourself in? I am sure, since I have heard you say the whole of the first book of Virgil, you could manage the thirty-nine Articles; and I would be with you in the desk, and stand prompter."

"Blessings on you, my dear Arthur," was the reply of the agitated parent, "you have suggested a plan which will relieve us from all our difficulties." And it did. I was not at the church myself on that eventful morning; but there sits by my side one who was. He tells me that there was scarcely a dry eye in that crowded building, when Arthur guided his blind and aged parent into the desk; that the old man's voice faltered greatly at the commencement of the morning prayers, and the services of his prompter were put into active requisition—that he gained courage as he proceeded, and made a noble ending:—that most cordial, and

hearty and sincere were the congratulations offered him at its close by his new parishioners; and that many a rough and weather-beaten hand seized his, and shook it with friendly sympathy, as he was guided through the churchyard, at the end of the service, by his dutiful and delighted son.

And, reader, upon these details you may rely. Would you know who it is that smiles as I write this, and tells me that I am spinning "a long yarn,"—but a true one? It is (bronzed with foreign service, and not altogether so choice in his expressions as I could wish) *my* Friend, and I hope, yours, Captain Arthur —.

## THE CONVERT OF THE HAREM.

Perché sempre v'ho amato, ed amo molto,  
Questo consiglio, gli dicea, vi dono;  
E quando già, signor, per me l'ho tolto,  
Creder potete ch'io l'estimo buono.  
Cristo conobbi Dio, Maumetto stolto;  
E bramo voi por nella via in ch'io sono;  
Nella via di salute, signor, bramo  
Che siate meco, e tutti gli altri ch'amo.

*Orl. Fur. Canto. 41.*

ZARA. " I sought thee;—'t was to say ' Forget!'  
Loved, Selim, as thou wast, and art,  
Farewell! we part to-night; but yet,  
Without one word 't was hard to part.  
Farewell;—forget me!"

SELIM. " Words like these  
From Zara's lips to Selim's ear!  
Oh, she is far too prompt to tease,  
Or he is far too quick to fear."

ZAR. " Then must I speak the word again ;  
Farewell, dear Selim ! *it must* be—  
Poor Zara may not wear the chain  
That links to guilt, though guilt with thee."

SEL. " Guilt,—guilt and Zara, didst thou say ?  
Now by the Prophet's holy shrine  
I had not brooked those sounds to-day  
So joined by any lips but thine.  
Nay, smile, dissembler ! art not thou  
My garden's rose, my bosom's wife ?  
Didst thou,—or wilt thou,—hear my vow  
To prize, guard, worship thee through life ?  
Hast thou not all thy fancy craves,  
The rarest birds, the brightest flowers,—  
The songs and lutes of beauteous slaves  
Torn trembling from the craven Giaours,  
Are they not thine ? My heart and hall  
Obey thee ! at thy feet I throw  
White pearls, rich rubies ; but they all  
Beside thee with less lustre glow."

ZAR. " Alas ! and canst thou deem my soul  
So snared by riches or by power,  
That here they lure me and control,  
Here, in my own, my Selim's bower ?  
Or think'st thou that thine honoured bride  
Could wound thee in the mere delight

And waywardness of woman's pride?  
Oh, deem not, dream not thus to-night!  
Her who 'so loved, so loves thee still,  
Thy playmate in life's joyous spring,  
Thou didst not, Selim,—come what will,  
Thou canst not think so vile a thing.  
Oh no! but thoughts are still before me,  
By day, by night, more deeply fair;  
The only spells whose influence o'er me  
Thou canst not banish, wilt not share."

SEL. "Ha! saidst thou?—hath another sought  
The love I fondly fancied won?  
Name him, false traitress!—maddening thought!  
Ay, name him!—Oh thou glorious Sun!  
I will confront him, ere thy glow  
To-morrow on the hill grows dim;  
And Eblis hath no fiercer throe  
Than those my hate shall wring from him!  
She speaks not: but that faithless sigh,—  
It rose for him she dares not name.  
Speak; thou *wast* dear! thou shalt not die:  
To slay were mercy;—Live in shame!"

ZAR. "Oh no,—not thus! it is above  
The torn heart's strength!—it was my fate,  
I felt it, to resign his love;—  
Kind Heaven, I cannot bear his hate!

Nay, frown not with those looks of light;  
Thou shouldst be still my friend, my brother  
If I forget thee—would I might!  
How should I ever love another?  
Selim! the queen rose does not weep  
For her loved minstrel on the bough  
With faith more pure, or love more deep,  
Than I for thee, dear Selim! now."

SEL. "I wronged thee, gentle one! I sinned  
Madly, to doubt thee!—it is past:  
Though I be wilder than the wind,  
Sweet! thou wilt pardon,—yea, thou hast!  
And thou shalt hear me swear, but vain  
Are oaths from one by passion driven;  
And I should surely sin again,  
It is such joy to be forgiven.  
Yet something, Zara, thou didst say  
Of parting, and a long farewell,  
And how thy spirit bowed to-day  
To brighter charm, and purer spell.  
Why wouldst thou mock me?"

ZAR. "Oh no, no;  
It was the truth, the blessed truth!  
Hear me, yet hear me, ere I go!—  
In our sweet paradise of youth,

While still to us affection's fount  
Ran fresh, and all its streams were bliss,  
I loved thee!—needs it to recount  
By what fond arts I whispered this?  
I worked the turban for thy head,  
The belt where hung thy virgin sword;  
I spread thy board with dates; I led  
The charger to his laughing lord:  
And when my own, my hero, went  
To mock the rebel Bey's Amaun,  
My voice was raised, my knee was bent,  
In prayer for him at dusk and dawn.  
Then, every night, as I was kneeling  
Within my bower's most secret shade,  
A hymn upon my ear came stealing,  
Whose tones,—you might have thought them made  
By those unearthly lutes of gold  
Of which our sinless childhood dreamed;  
And as I listened, oh! how cold,  
How faint my own devotion seemed.  
Strange was that song; it told of joy,  
Of vanquished death, of ransomed sin,  
Of treasures which no worms destroy,  
Of gates where sorrow comes not in;  
And then of One who lived in pain,  
In poverty, in scorn, on earth,  
Though Prophet lips foretold his reign,  
And Angel lyres proclaimed his birth.

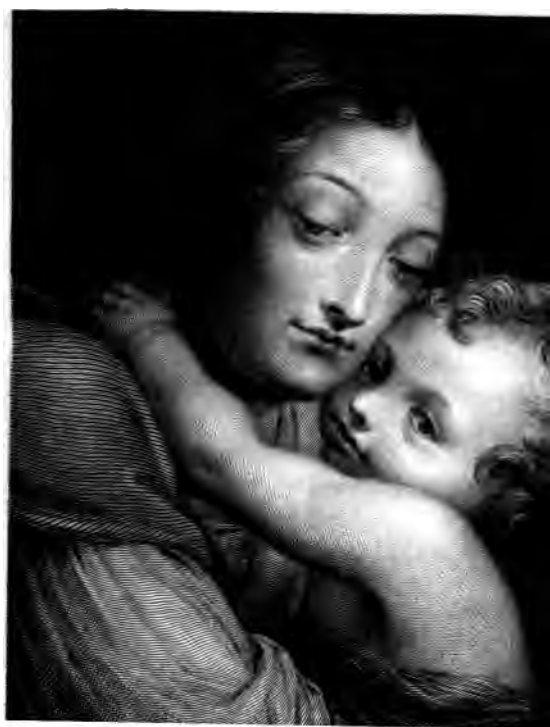
The music ceased ; I sought the bower ;  
I deemed some Peri there was singing  
Her tales of Eden, such deep power  
Those echoes on my sense were flinging.  
There, on the ground, Ianthé lay,  
The dark-eyed Greek, my favourite slave,  
Whom that stern Pirate brought away  
From her far home across the wave.  
She heard me not ; for she was lying,  
In holy contemplation lost !  
Her head thrown back, her long locks flying  
On the faint air ; her white arms crost  
So meekly,—Oh ! I held my breath,  
And feared lest every wind that rose  
Might break that trance, more calm than death,  
More beauteous than a child's repose.  
At last, again her lute she swept ;  
I could have listened there for years !  
And while she sang, I wept, I wept,—  
What rapture there may be in tears !  
'Saviour,'—for since that precious night,  
Beside my slave, my mistress, seated,  
I've lingered with revived delight  
To hear those heavenly strains repeated :  
'Saviour ! I bring to Thee my chain,  
For heavier bonds on Thee were flung ;  
I bare to Thee my bosom's pain,  
For bitterer pangs from Thee were wrung.

I think upon that awful hour,  
When Thou, the Shepherd of the flock,  
The Prince of peace, the Lord of power,  
Wert the priest's scorn, the soldier's mock ;  
And bleeding from the Roman rod,  
And scoffed at by the heartless Jew,  
I hear Thee plead for them to God,—  
Father ! they know not what they do !  
And then I lift my trembling eyes  
To that bright seat, where placed on high  
The great, the' atoning Sacrifice,  
For me, for all, is ever nigh.  
Be thou my guard on peril's brink,  
Be thou my guide through weal or woe,  
And teach me of thy cup to drink ;  
And make me in thy path to go !  
For what is earthly change or loss ?  
Thy promises are still my own :  
The feeblest frame may bear thy cross,  
The lowliest spirit share thy throne !'  
I turned away ; but in my mind  
There was a new and troubled thrill ;  
Dark dread, and longings undefined,  
I knew not whence, perplexed me still.  
I called the slave ; I asked what spell  
Could nerve a thing so fair and frail,  
In exile, slavery, all that well  
Might make a strong man's cheek grow pale.

And then she told me of the fate  
That tore her from her own loved land ;  
And how her home was desolate  
By riving axe and burning brand :  
She told me of the struggle vain,  
The tears, alas ! as vainly shed ;  
The father at the altar slain,  
The brother cold on glory's bed.  
'T was a sad tale ; but she would kneel  
And pray, till pure from earth's alloy  
She felt, be sure, as women feel,  
But joyed as only Christians joy.  
Me too she taught, how here on earth,—  
Selim, dear Selim ! hear me speak,—  
Cares, torments, have an after birth  
Of blessing to the pure and meek :  
She taught me to be firm and mute,  
When pleasures tempt, when sufferings try ;  
And gave me of that precious fruit,  
Which, Selim, none can taste and die.  
Doom me the dungeon or the grave ;  
I cannot be what I have been ;  
And thou wilt loathe the' Apostate slave,  
The handmaid of the Nazarene.  
Strike ! if thou wilt ; I wait thee now ;—  
Already is the blow forgiven :  
Oh, would I so might die, that thou,  
Dear Selim, might'st have life in heaven !''"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
JUL 19 1961

1961  
TALDEN







## MADONNA AND CHILD.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

### I.

HE came not from on high  
    Arrayed in splendour bright ;  
He threw aside the attributes  
    Of majesty and might :  
A gentle Child—the virgin breast  
Of Woman was his place of rest.

### II.

No loud avenging Voice  
    Proclaimed Messiah's birth ;  
The Son of God came down to teach  
    Humility on Earth !  
And by his sufferings to efface  
The errors of a sinful race.

## III.

Not on a purple throne,  
With gold and jewels crowned,  
But in the meanest dwelling-place  
The precious Babe was found :  
Yet star-directed Sages came,  
And kneeling, glorified His name.

## IV.

To Shepherds first was shewn  
The promised boon of Heaven,  
Who cried, " To us a Child is born —  
To us a Son is given !"  
DEATH from his mighty throne was hurled,  
FAITH hailed SALVATION to the world.

## V.

Lord ! may thy holy Cross  
Bear Peace from clime to clime,  
Till all mankind at length are freed  
From sorrow born of crime ;  
Dispel the Unbeliever's gloom,  
And end the terrors of the Tomb !

THE REFORMER OF SWITZERLAND,  
AND THE FAMILY OF ZELL.

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A HISTORICAL TALE.

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BY THE REV. F. A. COX, LL. D.  
LIBRARIAN TO THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE great Swiss Reformer, Ulrich Zwingli (or Zuinglius), was in the full vigour of his age, and in the midst of his usefulness, when the hostilities of the Cantons, which on the one side abetted, and on the other opposed, the Reformation, were at the highest pitch. The political tempest which religious animosities had engendered, threatened every moment to burst on the country; and Zurich, the centre of Protestantism, became a scene of ceaseless activity. The Pastor, it might be supposed, were we to judge according to the usages of modern times and the true design of religion, would have been exempted from the services of the council and the camp; but it was not then deemed inconsistent with pastoral

relations, to combine the functions of the ministry with the military duties of the patriot. Zuinglius was not of a character to shrink from any hazards or toils, which either the spiritual or temporal interests of his country might seem to require of her sons; but while multitudes had learned to admire and embrace his principles, comparatively few were imbued with his fervent and self-devoted zeal.

The personal qualities, however, of this eminent man, did not fail to attract around him some devoted friends, with whom he held continual and delightful intercourse; nor did his public character less avail to give him a commanding influence in the State. Still it was difficult for him to exercise that entire control, even over inferior minds, which the common weal demanded; and, in spite of every effort on his part, he was long unable to inspire wise and determined measures in that motley assemblage of individuals which constituted the vacillating Council of Zurich.

It is not our design to trace the history, but to represent the crisis, which may, perhaps, be best accomplished by introducing the reader to a conference in the house of Zuinglius. Drawn together by the common bonds of friendship and of danger, behold, on the 6th of October 1531, a band

of distinguished followers surrounding their illustrious leader, and looking to him for counsel and encouragement. His persuasive eloquence, his affectionate spirit, his kind and conciliating manners, had always charmed them; while his comprehensiveness of mind and firmness of purpose, had, in moments of hesitation, filled them with confidence. Zingg, Oechslin, and Leo Jude, were of the number of his earliest friends before he came to reside in Zurich; Conrad Pellican, and Rodolph Collinus, had been promoted by his means to important situations,—the former to the Professorship of Theology, the latter to that of Greek Literature; Oswald Myconius was also a successful teacher of the learned languages in the city. All were worthy of his friendship, and of the cause.

“I perceive most clearly,” said Leo Jude, “that the treaty of peace, as it was termed, concluded at Cappel, in September, 1529, was merely a manœuvre on the part of the Catholic Cantons, to gain time. Their object was to secure an opportunity for a more determined attempt to overthrow the liberties of those who had maintained the Protestant faith. They were well aware, not only of their defective state of preparation for striking the meditated blow, but of the recent conversion of many

among them to our opinions. These would not easily have been dragged into the field, to butcher their countrymen for adhering to the very principles, which involved more particularly the rights of conscience, which they had themselves espoused."

"Ah! my dear Leo," replied the Reformer, "those are the rights for which it is worth while to shed our blood, and the establishment of which can alone render our distracted and oppressed country happy. The struggle may be severe, but truth must be ultimately triumphant."

"Accustomed as I am," said Collinus, "to cherish a deep interest in the temporal liberties for which Greece so often strove, and concerning which so much is recorded in the pages of her noble authors, I hold infinitely dearer those liberties of thought, and that freedom of religious action, which the best of her patriots knew not how to appreciate,—which the enslaving influence of popish superstition and tyranny cannot allow within its precincts,—and which you, my friend, have so gloriously laboured to secure for Switzerland."

ZUINGLIUS.—And so fully, my beloved Rodolph, do I participate in these sentiments, that, at this moment, when five of the Cantons are preparing for a sanguinary contest in support of their spiritual

domination over free-born souls, I am ready to encounter every danger for our religious emancipation; and, beloved as ye all are, even the death which separates me from your society should not deter me from persevering to the last, while I consider the present and future welfare of mankind as implicated in the contest. We fight not for territory, but for principles. The struggle for Cæsar would be noble, but the conflict for Christ is divine!

PELLICAN. — Ah, beloved friend, your zeal is ominous, and we dread the result.

ZUINGLIUS. — We ought to regard ourselves as instruments in the hand of the Most High. We may be broken, but His will shall nevertheless be accomplished. Let us shun neither the dangers nor the sufferings necessary to re-establish Christianity in its ancient purity, even though we ourselves should never enjoy its restoration, but should resemble those warriors whose eyes have closed for ever before they have beheld the victory purchased by their blood. There is a God in heaven, who beholds and judges the combatants; there are men on earth who will reap the fruit of our labours, when we shall have obtained their recompense in a better world."

Anxious to preserve Zuinglius amongst them,

his friends endeavoured to persuade him that it would be honourable to withdraw, should he be appointed to any perilous post, while the Reformation required his continual interference and support. They urged the public good, in connexion with their private feelings, and spoke of others who had fallen, and the prolongation of whose lives by evading danger, might have been eminently subservient to the cause which they had espoused.—His reply was firm.

“In vain do you attempt to divert me from my career, by reminding me of the tragical end of those who have preceded me. Your predictions cannot inspire me with dismay; I will not deny my Saviour before men, that he may not deny me before my Heavenly Father and the Angels. He also died for the truth, who was truth itself. Shall I remind you of the Apostles,—the crowd of Martyrs among the first Christians? They all fell under the stroke of their enemies, but what they taught will nevertheless remain eternally true. Whatever may be my fate, I know that truth will triumph, even when my bones shall long have been reduced to dust.”

MYCONIUS.—You have been unhappily circumstanced, my Ulrich, in having had to contend at once with enemies and friends; with the Catholics of the

Cantons, and the Reformers of Saxony. The obstinacy of Luther at the conferences at Marburg, in despite of the success of your argument on the sacrament, was as lamentable as it was notorious. But for his fury, the foolish notion of consubstantiation would have been for ever abandoned. I admire his zeal indeed, but cannot cease to condemn his dogmatism; and on this point, his error.

ZUINGLIUS.—My dear Myconius, Luther is a great man, and a mighty instrument of good. I cherish no resentment on account of his unwarrantable personalities. My object, like his, is the emancipation of essential truth from the bondage and oppression of centuries. He is, in the highest sense, a Reformer; but he is not blameless, nor does he see some things in the proper light. We must make allowances for the circumstances in which he has been placed. I think Melancthon leans to our views; I feel confident they are scriptural. That is the only test; and hence I believe to be deduced the commemorative character of the Sacred Supper: and I rejoice, that although it is not entirely rescued from misconception and abuse in Germany, we have done something in Switzerland towards illustrating its genuine character. And now, my dear friends, why should we not, even while con-

versing on the subject, blend our affections and devotions together at the solemn festival? Why should we not hasten, at this eventful crisis, and even at this midnight hour, to celebrate this blessed communion? The next celebration,"—and he added it in a manner expressive of deep feeling and tenderness,—“the next we are privileged to enjoy together may be—not in Zurich—but, in Heaven!”

Every heart echoed the proposal. The civil commotions that agitated their country; the jeopardy for the truth's sake, in which they were individually placed; the ardour of their natural friendship; the tone of the hallowed feeling to which every mind had been elevated; the consciousness of the exalted privilege to which they were introduced under the sanction of that Volume, whose meaning they had been wonderfully led to ascertain by the guiding light of heaven itself;—all conspired, with the awful silence of the hour, to impress unwonted solemnity upon the scene. While the world was slumbering, or faction was caballing around them, their simple abode was the dwelling-place of peace and love. There was no pomp nor ceremony; nothing to attract a human eye, had human witnesses, ignorant of their principles, been there. It was a scene for superior spirits, and a place for the Redeemer's pre-

sence. They partook of the bread and the wine, as the disciples in the upper room at Jerusalem received these memorials, in the primitive times, from the hands of their Master himself; they prayed, to their own consciousness, as they never prayed before, and loved, as they never loved before. Their moral strength seemed to increase at the very sight of their numerical inferiority; and here they found the renewed spirit, the re-inspired energy, to go forth at the call of duty and the command of God, to avow and spread abroad their principles in the face of difficulty, danger, and death! The errors which infected their country and debased it, never appeared so monstrous, and the simple majesty of religion never seemed so glorious before. Ceremonies there were none; they "remembered" their Lord and Saviour! They saw the grace of his sufferings; they caught the glory of his transfiguration. Had the Son of God personally visited them as he did his disciples after the resurrection, it may be conceived that he would have addressed these devoted servants, as he addressed his disciples on that memorable occasion, "Peace be unto you!"

But the sound of many footsteps was abroad. The little band of brotherhood, however, was too intent to regard at first the indications of external tumult,

and too tenacious of their present happiness, to allow it to suffer interruption from what might be a temporary disturbance. But the tide of noise and bustle flowed from street to street, and compelled them at length to feel that something extraordinary had occurred. These apprehensions were speedily realized by the entrance of an officer with the following message: "The presence of the venerable Pastor is required at the Council."

The occasion of this communication, made at such an unseasonable hour, was soon told, and the probable consequences easily comprehended. A manifesto had been published on that very day, by five of the Cantons, who had seconded it by uniting their troops, and dispatching 1500 men in the service of Lucern to Bremgarten, in order to prevent the junction of the forces of Zurich and Bern. This intelligence had arrived in the night, and filled the town with consternation. The fears of the people, however, were greatly augmented by the irresolution of the council, whose solicitude for the visit of Zuínglius was rather caused by a desire to enjoy the sanction of his presence, than to be led by the guidance of his wisdom. He was able, indeed, to bring them to one point, that of never yielding up liberty of conscience; in all others they resisted and conceded

by turns. The indecision of the government, and division of opinion amongst themselves, very naturally impressed a character of feebleness upon their measures, and destroyed public confidence. Orders were given, but imperfectly obeyed; for those whose business it was to enforce them, calculating on the probability of their being speedily rescinded, relaxed their exertions. Awful as was the crisis, the senate could not be induced to do more than to dispatch two commissioners to Cappel and Bremgarten to reconnoitre. There they remained, but sent a messenger to announce the approach of the enemy; when, for the first time, they became fully convinced of the fallacy of their expectations of peace and harmony. The imminence of the danger roused them into action, and the tocsin was sounded to assemble the militia.

It was decreed that four thousand men should be dispatched on the 10th to Cappel; but when the day arrived, only seven hundred assembled at noon. At the very moment information was communicated that the division at Cappel was continually enfeebled by skirmishes, and could not resist the meditated attack. Notwithstanding the deficiency of troops, horses and artillery, the commander determined to march, and Zuinglius was ordered to

accompany him to the field. The farewell which he took of his friends was serious, calm, and even prophetic. "Our cause is good, but it is ill defended. It will cost my life, and that of a number of excellent men, who would wish to restore religion to its primitive simplicity, and our country to its ancient manners. No matter! God will not abandon his servants; He will come to their assistance when you think all lost. My confidence rests upon Him alone, and not upon men; I submit myself to his will." (Bull. Schw. Chr. T. iv. H.).

The road to Cappel, three leagues distant from Zurich, lies across Mount Albis; and whilst the Protestant troops are crossing it, we will introduce the reader to one of its woody recesses.

The cottage of John Zell was romantically situated on the declivity of the mountain, and had lately been the scene of domestic events of importance. Himself, his wife, and two children, a son and daughter, had all been educated in the Catholic church, whose principles had been adopted and whose services had been religiously observed by their ancestors, for many generations. Recently, however, a change had occurred in three of them, of a remarkable character, and in the following manner. The daughter, an interesting girl of twenty,

upon occasion of a visit to Zurich, had been induced by the celebrity of Zuinglius to listen to one of his discourses. The principal subject of it was the then much controverted doctrine of the Sacrament, which he represented in its true light, as commemorative, in contradiction both to the Catholic Mass and the Lutheran notion of consubstantiation. But from this he diverged into the consideration of other points of difference with the Catholic church, and not only riveted the attention, but convinced the mind and affected the heart of this young mountaineer with the simple realities of religion. The prejudice of early education, indeed, did not immediately yield to the influence of better principles; but the result of frequent thought and long deliberation, such as her limited knowledge and retired habits enabled her to exercise, was a secret, and ultimately, an avowed abandonment of the superstitions of her early years. The light of the Reformation had, in fact, gradually diffused itself over her mind; and, through her instrumentality, it cheered the humble residence of her parents. They listened, at first, with surprise and apprehension to her words, not unintermingled with indignation at her presumptuous appeals, as they deemed them, to other authority than the church and the priest; till

they, too, imbibed the spirit of Protestantism, and learned the truth of Scripture.

There was one circumstance, however, which gave the venerable parents and the pious daughter inexpressible pain, and afforded an illustration of the Saviour's statement—"I am come, not to send peace, but a sword." The son, Frederick Zell, was alike invulnerable by the force of argument, the kind assiduities of domestic love, and the power of real religion. He remained a determined Catholic, an adherent to the worst superstitions of that church, and an example of its most persecuting spirit. The Protestants, in general, he regarded as the basest of mankind. His own family—father, mother, and sister, he persisted in denominating heretics, and in treating with marked contumely and scorn. On one memorable day, after a brief debate, this pertinacity and fierceness issued in an open rupture and separation. He had just returned from the ceremony of absolution.

"And so," said his Father, "you believe, Frederick, that the Priest has forgiven your sins?"

"Yes," replied he, sternly; "and if you do not receive absolution, I tell you, Father, as I have told you before, that you will eternally perish."

"I believe it," returned the Father; "but I look

for absolution from God only, for Christ's sake, and not from the Priest. What is the Priest but a sinful man, like myself; and who can forgive sins, but God only?"

"The Priest is my confessor," answered the son, "by the laws of God and man. The Church has power to save, and the Priest to absolve me. Thank God, I am clean. I am no heretic. I have confessed and said my Ave-Marias;—but curse upon all heretics and blasphemers who despise the true church, her infallible Head, and holy Priests!"

"Ah! my son," interposed the Mother, "is it thus you treat your dearest friends? Your religion teaches you to believe what, in fact, you now express; that we, your parents, are heretics, and deserve the cruel punishment your church is so ready to inflict."

"Dear Frederick," exclaimed his sister, "can that be a true religion which destroys by its principles the very kindness of nature, sets at nought the relationships of life, and leads one man to hate, and even burn another, because he differs in opinion, or thinks religion an affair between his conscience and his God? Is not the religion of Jesus a religion of love? And is not he the only Ruler in his church? Oh, Frederick! I love you, I only wish you to

forsake your awful errors, and exchange the mummery of the false religion for the simplicity of the true!"

The poor youth's indignation was here uncontrollable. *Error—falsehood—mummery!*—he reiterated the terms. And these applied to his religion—to the Catholic church! "Well, then," said he, "I have finally done with this contention. I will not any longer endure the reproaches I hear, of the worship of the blessed Virgin and the holy mass, and the blasphemous denial of the Pope's infallibility, and the setting up of Scripture against the priest and the church, and all the thousand heresies that make my very ears tingle every day. No; I will honour my church—the true church. I will fight for her, and die for her, if necessary. I hear the rumours of war. I will go and join our good Catholic cantons, and enlist under their banners. I call God to witness I am the enemy of heresy, and therefore," — but his voice faltered, and was scarcely audible while he dared to add, "of *you*;" —and, spurning the parental roof, trampling in the madness of his superstition on the sensibilities of nature; the devotee of ignorance, and the dupe of falsehood, he rushed out to join the Catholic army.

The sorrows of that humble household, at such a

moment, it would be vain to attempt to describe. The silence of death seemed to have fallen upon them, and they could only, for a time, interchange looks of inexpressible agony, while tears flowed in burning streams from every eye. One resource, however, remained, which seemed the only one; it was in prayer to heaven. The secret appeal of each on behalf of the hapless wanderer, was probably made with accompanying fervours of thought and expression, surpassing any which either had ever felt before. The heart in each bosom was throbbing with its own unutterable intercessions.

Month after month rolled away, but no tidings came of him whom the demons of superstition and impiety seemed to have entirely possessed, and under whose malignant guidance he was hurried from the scene of affection and pious solicitude. Tranquillity, indeed, had been restored to that afflicted family, for religion there was powerful in its influence, as it was simple and sincere in its principle; but the remembrance of the conduct and spirit of the infuriated youth hung like a cloud over their minds, and cast a shade over the brightest day of their happiness. The paroxysm of grief had subsided; but what the feeling lost in outward violence, it gained in inward depth. Retired as

this little family was amongst the solitudes of the mountain, they had from time to time ascertained the general progress of events, and were conscious that their personal anxieties were in a degree diminished by their solicitude for the public proceedings of the Reformed cause. They ceased not to pray and to hope, though against hope, for the departed fugitive; but they had a hard and frequent struggle with despair.

On the morning to which we have brought the narrative of public affairs, Zell, and his family, were in hourly expectation of some messenger to summon him, though rather advanced in years, to the field of conflict. The knowledge of the unprepared state of the Protestants at Zurich, increased the probability that every possible aid would be required from even the remotest places on the road of their march. It was not, therefore, with any strong emotions of surprise, that they saw, as they conceived, a messenger approaching their neighbourhood at an early hour, to summon them to the muster. John calculated, from the distance at which he was at first observed, allowing for the windings of the path among the rocks and precipitous declivities, that it would require nearly half an hour for his arrival. He determined to devote this interval to family

devotion. There was, however, a flutter and an agitation about him, in the discharge of this duty, which surpassed even his usual discomposure when under the influence of powerful emotions; and he referred with more than customary pathos and frequency to his fugitive son. His last petitions were, "God of mercy, for Christ's sake, save him! Save poor Frederick! Let not the poor lad perish! Save him from Popery! Save him from vice! Save him from ruin!"

At this moment the stranger who had been seen at a distance, having traversed the mountain path, softly lifted the latch of the cottage door, and threw himself, half fainting, before the venerable saint, just as he uttered the concluding word. It was indeed Frederick himself,—"T'was he! but, O how changed!" The conflict of feeling was violent. It was long ere he could force his quivering tongue to exclaim,—and then in feeble accents, and with lengthened pauses,—"Father, forgive! Heaven has heard your prayers. I have not perished—am not ruined—am not—am not"—and he sobbed it forth, "a Papist, but a Protestant—a believer—a Christian!"

The rush of joy, at these words, was more nearly breaking the parental heart than even the full tide

of sorrow had been. It was a moment of unutterable feeling, not for verbal expression;—and all that could be heard, for a few minutes, was, “Thanks be to God! Thanks be to God!” again and again re-echoed from every tongue. We shall not attempt to tell the tale of Frederick in his own manner, the powerful effect of which was additionally enhanced by the time, the place, and the dramatic character of the existing circumstances. Suffice it to compress the leading facts into a few words.

On the day when Frederick so suddenly left his home, he wandered up and down in the regions of the mountain, till exhausted nature compelled him to take refuge for the night in a deep untraversed dell. The morning found him infirm of purpose; and after various conflicts with himself, he resolved to abandon the plan upon which he had at first determined. Pride and rage would not permit him to retrace his steps, and for some days he continued to pursue the same wretched, solitary, and unsettled life. Emerging, at length, from the forest, he strolled almost unconsciously in the direction of Zurich; and while reclining on a flowery bank, to obtain, if possible, a little temporary repose, he was accosted by a stranger, who kindly inquired into

the cause of his melancholy appearance. It is seldom that real kindness does not produce some effect, even on the most guilty of beings, especially when they are in a forlorn state, and in circumstances of destitution. So it proved in the present instance; and though the outcast was unwilling at first, he was finally drawn into a full explanation of his private history. The stranger then appeared to take a deeper interest in his case, and encouraged, but gradually and cautiously, a conversation on some of the points of difference between the Catholics and Protestants. Frederick spoke with great vehemence in disparagement of Zuinglius and his proceedings; denouncing him and his adherents as heretics and monsters, whose only object was their own glory and the ruin of the Church. The stranger inquired, if he had ever heard Zuinglius preach? This was answered by a start of astonishment and indignation; and the inquirer, perceiving that exasperation rather than benefit seemed likely to result, allowed the conversation to drop. The good Samaritan, however, took care to provide for his temporal comfort, by procuring him an asylum in the house of a friend; but with all the delicacy and judgment of one under the combined influence of a benevolent feeling and a penetrating knowledge of

human nature, avoided allusions to the points of religious difference. Frederick could not appreciate the motive, but noticed the forbearing silence. Day after day he was the object of an assiduous kindness, which he scarcely knew how to comprehend—and that from heretics! His necessities compelled him to lean upon them, till the virulence of his detestation of their principles was subdued by the amiable virtues of their conduct. It was long ere he could admit to himself that there was any good thing in the Nazareth of Protestantism; but even *his* inveteracy could not controvert, in his own mind, unquestionable evidences. He was the subject of something like incipient convictions; but he contended against them, and resolved all into a personal attachment, which grew up in his bosom, to his disinterested benefactors. He overheard, on more than one occasion, prayers which contained delicate allusions, couched in fervent supplications for his welfare. He was, in fact, compelled to admire the practical influence of the Protestant faith, though he continued to make himself believe that he hated the doctrine itself. Yet were there times when the thoughts of home, and a home where the new religion had acquired ascendancy,—that very religion which was developing so imposing

a character of goodness every day before his eyes—which his tongue had denounced as heresy, but which his heart felt to be benevolence,—there were times when these thoughts tended to conciliate him even to what he deemed himself bound to despise. After the lapse of many weeks, in a moment of extreme agitation, he brought himself at last to resume the discourse from which he had turned indignantly away.

“You inquired, if I had ever heard Zuinglius preach.”

Astonishment and pleasure dictated the reply. “I did so; but, as the subject was unwelcome, I dropped it.”

“Well, but I wish to hear him, as he is your friend; and it is due to your exceeding kindness to a forlorn stranger. Besides, I have some touch of nature about me after all, and I will hear him for my mother’s sake.”

“I assure you,” rejoined his friend, “you will neither hear the doctrine of devils, nor discover a spirit at variance with the holy gospel.”

Having, in a subsequent interview, determined the time and place, they proceeded together to the appointed assembly.

A crowd of persons were convened, whose coun-

tenances manifested the most anxious expectation. All awaited the preacher's appearance, in silence and reverence; but every one seemed engaged in mental devotion. Frederick was too much engrossed with the novelty of the scene to notice the contrived withdrawment of his friend from his side, when Zuinglius, in the person of his unknown benefactor, suddenly and solemnly ascended the pulpit! Gratitude and personal regard had induced Frederick to go; incipient convictions, already produced, inclined him to listen; till the sound argument, pathetic eloquence, and pointed appeals, both to the conscience and judgment of his hearers, which are subsequently followed up by the assiduities of pastoral solicitude, won him entirely over to the Protestant cause and to true religion.

On the morning of the memorable day to which we brought our narrative, he hastened — with what feelings are better imagined than described — to his father's cottage, from which he had so long been an alien; and there, in the broken accents already recorded, told the joyful news of his extraordinary change. He expatiated, with peculiar satisfaction, on the peace of mind which his new sentiments had produced, while he exchanged the crucifix for the cross, and found in the reputed heresies of the Pro-

testant Church, the celestial consolations of truth, and the scriptural wells of salvation. He said, emphatically, "As a Papist I indulged a confidence in man which could not have saved me,—as a Protestant, I rely on the merits of the Son of God, and am prepared alike for the trials of this world, or the happiness of another!"

Meanwhile the little band of soldiers that had been collected at Zurich, pursued their course across Mount Albis. The senate had given directions to Zuinglius to accompany their march, wisely calculating that his presence would inspirit the troops. Before their arrival, the battle had already begun. Zuinglius had fervently hoped for an opportunity in passing, to pay a temporary visit to the cottage of Zell, and had appointed Frederick, who, as we have seen, preceded, to meet him at his father's humble abode. The convert watched eagerly for the advance of the army; and, just as he hailed his benefactor, the distant roar of the cannon broke upon their ears, and kindled afresh the irrepressible zeal of the pastor. Frederick, too, was urged on alike by love to his benefactor and the cause, while Zuinglius exclaimed,—“Let us hasten our march, or we shall perhaps arrive too late. As for me, I will go and join my brethren—I will assist in saving them, or we will die together!”

At three o'clock they arrived on the field. The Catholics, to the number of eight thousand, hastened to meet the Zurichers, who were only fifteen hundred. The latter at first repulsed the enemy, but lost their advantage by the removal of a battery. Their opponents penetrated a wood, and turned their position. Part of the rear-guard instantly fled, and were joined by some of the spies of the enemy, who raised the cry of treachery. In vain was every effort made to turn the tide of battle and restore order: the foremost ranks were slain; the rest fled in confusion.

Zuinglius received a wound at the commencement of this sanguinary conflict, and fell senseless in the field. Frederick witnessed the infliction of the mortal stroke, while pressing forward to interpose between his friend and death. His effort was repaid by a thrust from the same foe, which brought him also to the ground. One consolation, however, awaited him, he was close to the Reformer, and able, though with extreme difficulty, to sustain the head of his dying friend on his bosom.

"Zell," said he, faintly, "I foresaw it. I have fallen in a good cause. All—all is well!"

Frederick would have spoken, but he could not rally sufficient strength, or stem the torrent of his

emotions. He beheld, however, with a fixed and deep attention, the devotional soul that flashed in the uplifted eyes of the expiring pastor, while his hands were crossed in the attitude of a silent appeal to Heaven. In this situation they were found by some Catholic soldiers, who, without knowing Zuinglius, offered him a confessor. Unable to speak, he shook his head in denial. The soldiers then exhorted him to recommend his soul to the Holy Virgin. He gave another sign of refusal. "Die, then, obstinate heretic!" said one of them, and instantly pierced him with his sword.

Frederick beheld with agony, in that infatuated soldier, a specimen of his former self, and with his own departing life prayed for the murderer. The death-wound in **each bosom**, like a gate suddenly opened into **paradise**, freed the disincarcerated spirit; and each ascended to accompany the other's upward flight, and to share a glorious immortality!

## THE DELUGE.

BY MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.

Visions of the years gone by  
Flash upon my mental eye ;  
Ages Time no longer numbers,  
Forms that share Oblivion's slumbers,—  
Creatures of that elder world  
Now in dust and darkness hurled,  
Crushed beneath the heavy rod,  
Of a long-forsaken God !

Hark ! what Spirit moves the crowd ?  
Like the voice of waters loud,  
Through the open city gate,  
Urged by wonder, fear, or hate,  
Onward rolls the mighty tide—  
Spreads the tumult far and wide :



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Heedless of the noontide glare,  
Infancy and age are there,—  
Joyous youth and matron staid,  
Blooming bride and blushing maid,—  
Manhood with his fiery glance,  
War-chief with his lifted lance,—  
Beauty with her jewelled brow,  
Hoary eld with locks of snow,—  
Prince and peer, and statesman grave,  
White-stoled priest and dark-browed slave ;  
Plumed helm, and crowned head,  
By one mighty impulse led,  
Mingle in the living mass,  
That onward to the desert pass !

With song and shout and impious glee,  
What rush earth's myriads forth to see ?  
Hark ! the sultry air is rent  
With their boisterous merriment !  
Are they to the vineyards rushing,  
Where the grape's rich blood is gushing ?  
Or hurrying to the bridal rite  
Of warrior brave and beauty bright ?  
Ah no ! those heads in mockery crowned,  
Those pennons gay with roses bound,  
Hie not to a scene of gladness—  
Theirs is mirth that ends in madness !

All recklessly they rush to hear  
The dark words of that gifted Seer,  
Who amid a guilty race  
Favour found and saving grace ;  
Rescued from the doom that hurled  
To chaos back a sinful world.—  
Self-polluted, lost, debased,  
Every noble trait effaced,  
To rapine, lust, and murder given,  
Denying God! defying heaven!  
Spoilers of the shrine and hearth,  
Behold the impious sons of earth!—  
Alas! all fatally opposed,  
The heart of erring man is closed  
Against that warning, and he deems  
The Prophet's counsel idle dreams,  
And laughs to hear the Preacher rave  
Of bursting cloud and whelming wave!

Tremble, Earth! the awful doom  
That sweeps thy millions to the tomb  
Hangs darkly o'er thee,—and the train  
That gaily throng the open plain,  
Shall never raise those laughing eyes  
To welcome summer's cloudless skies;  
Shall never see the golden beam  
Of daylight up the wood and stream,

Or the rich and ripened corn  
Waving in the breath of morn,  
Or their rosy children twine  
Chaplets of the clustering vine.  
The bow is bent! the shaft is sped!  
Who shall wail above the dead!

What arrests their frantic course?  
Back recoils the startled horse,  
And the stifling sob of fear  
Like a knell appals the ear!  
Lips are quivering—cheeks are pale—  
Palsied limbs all trembling fail—  
Eyes with bursting terror gaze  
On the sun's portentous blaze,  
Through the wide horizon gleaming,  
Like a blood-red banner streaming;  
While, like chariots from afar,  
Armed for elemental war,  
Clouds in quick succession rise;  
Darkness spreads o'er all the skies;  
And a lurid twilight gloom  
Closes o'er earth's living tomb!

Nature's pulse has ceased to play—  
Night usurps the crown of day,—  
Every quaking heart is still,  
Conscious of the coming ill.

Lo! the fearful pause is past—  
The awful tempest bursts at last!  
Torrents sweeping down amain  
With a deluge flood the plain;  
The rocks are rent, the mountains reel,  
Earth's yawning caves their depths reveal;  
The forests groan,—the heavy gale  
Shrieks out Creation's funeral wail.  
Hark! that loud, tremendous roar!  
Ocean overleaps the shore,  
Pouring all his giant waves  
O'er the fated land of graves;  
Where his white-robed spirit glides,  
Death the advancing billow rides,  
And the mighty Conqueror smiles  
In triumph o'er the sinking Isles!

Hollow murmurs fill the air,  
Thunders roll and lightnings glare;  
Shrieks of woe and fearful cries,  
Mingled sounds of horror rise;  
Dire confusion, frantic grief,  
Agony that mocks relief:  
Like a tempest heaves the crowd,  
While in accents fierce and loud,  
With pallid lips and curdled blood,  
Each trembling cries, "THE FLOOD! THE F

## STANZAS.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M. A.

### I.

BENEATH thy lorn palm by the thunderbolt riven,  
Weep, Daughter of Judah ! thy sorrows alone ;  
Thy sons to each wind of the firmament driven,  
Thine altars profaned, and thy ramparts o'erthrown.

### II.

Weep, desolate Queen ! if that tear may remove  
The bloodstain that darkens thy stormwithered brow ;  
Pale symbol of hearts that in bitterness rove,  
As darkling, as cold, as deserted as thou.

### III.

Hope's fabrics are bright as thine innermost shrine :  
The tempest hath swept—the Shechinah hath past .  
And Love, from a region resplendent as thine,  
Is driven to the stranger, the wild, and the blast.

## IV.

Fallen spouse of the Highest! Heaven's consort dethroned!

Go, read thy dark tale to each wanderer bereaved;

His sin thy rejection—a Saviour disowned:

Thy hope his salvation—a Saviour received.

## V.

Turn, Husband of Israel! O turn, and renew

Thine Image divine from earth's contact impure;

O wean our weak hearts from all love but the true!

O rein our wild hopes from all joy but the sure!

## VI.

The severed, the dead, to thy love we entrust,

Too blest to repose in thy bosom alone;—

Yet oh! if one sigh for the treasures of dust

May breathe on the incense that floats to thy throne;—

## VII.

If earth have some hopes which not heaven will condemn,

Some ties which aspire the High Presence to see;

The friends past to glory—O raise us to them!

The friends left in sorrow—O guide them to Thee!

*Rectory, Writington. August 6, 1830.*

## PASSAGES.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."  
*Matthew, v. 4.*

YE! who with tearful eyes  
Walk through the devious ways of life and mourn,  
'Neath ever changing skies;—  
Plucking few roses where there lurks no thorn;  
And from whose hastening hours few sunny gleams are  
born :

Ye! whose rejoicing wave  
Of early life, with bitter tides did blend;  
Who, in the all-voiceless grave,  
Have laid the kind of earth — lover and friend;  
Burying with them the joy that other years might lend;—

And ye! whom sicknesses  
And heaviness of heart have chastened down;  
Like the autumnal trees,  
Stript of the glory of their Summer crown,  
While sullen winds fly sad, o'er meadows sere and  
brown :

Come ye! and from THE WORD  
Receive deep comfort as your days go by;  
Weep not the unrestored;  
But looking upward, with Faith's steady eye,  
Restrain the unbidden tear, and check the restless sigh.

For blest are they that mourn,  
Though dark and sunless all their paths may be;  
Though o'er the mouldering urn  
They pour the voice of wail, while Memory  
Paints all the vanished years which they no more may see.

Thrice blest are they who mourn,  
Sorrowing, but with a hope which cheers them on;—  
Though friend from friend be torn;  
Though the heart yearns for sweet enjoyments flown,  
Stirred by remembered smiles, and love's confiding tone.

Oh! 't is but for a day  
Before these phantoms, like the pall of night,  
Will fade and pass away;—  
Then Heaven will break on the believer's sight,  
And earth's dull clouds be lost in blaze of endless light!

*Philadelphia, United States, 1829.*

## A VISIT TO BEACHY HEAD.

BY THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, M.A.

I had never seen Beachy Head. It was near the close of a fine autumn day that this monarch of our English cliffs was pointed out to me by the driver of the coach, on the roof of which I was travelling towards Eastbourne. Probable as it is that my reader may have seen Beachy Head, I will yet describe its peculiar appearance; for I know, by my own feelings, that it is far more pleasant to read the description of a place one *has*, than that of a place one has *not* seen. With what delight the inhabitants of our metropolis throng to the panorama of London itself, while each complacently discovers his own house, or at least his own street! A representation of Pekin would not be half so attractive.

Beachy Head, then, is only the seaward termination of that vast ridge, known by the name of the South Downs, which boldly presents its forehead

to the British Channel, and runs back through the interior of Sussex, till it blends with the high ranges of the Kent and Surrey hills. I now beheld this ridge in all its inland length, skirting the horizon with a line which was grand only from its continuity and the elevation at which it was drawn; for it presented no striking inequalities, and in two places alone rose into abruptness; the one near the centre,—the other just before its descent into the ocean, then hidden by intervening headlands. At the time I speak of, the whole range was overspread with a tint of the deepest blue, strongly contrasted with the orange hues of the setting sun.

“Well, that’s a fine sight and a grand one!” ejaculated the coachman, as he pointed his whip towards the half-sunk Orb.

I was a little surprised at his sensibility to the beauties of nature; for in all my stage-coach journeyings, I had observed that the extreme indifference with which any striking spectacle of heaven or earth was beheld by the lower orders, could compete with the most chilling apathy of any child of fashion;—sad proof that the human mind, under all circumstances, is disinclined to regard the operations of the Almighty Hand! In the present instance our coachman’s enthusiasm soon exhausted

itself, and dropped into the bathos of, "He looks rare and red. I don't think we shall have any dirty weather yet!"

Long after the Sun had set, I continued to gaze upon the West, attracted by the fantastic appearance of a grove of clouds, which seemed to grow out of the blue hill into the clear amber sky; and I thought of Shakspeare's enumeration of aerial illusions:—

"—— A forked mountain, or blue promontory,  
With trees upon 't that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air."

It was long since I had seen the Sea, and I was expecting the first burst of its grandeur—not quite with the impatience of the Ten Thousand certainly—but still with some curious feelings;—I did not know that I had actually been looking at it for the last half hour! A uniform colouring of misty gray so entirely mingled ocean with sky, that my sight was completely baffled, until I saw an object resembling, as I imagined, a balloon in the air. I rubbed my eyes, and looking more intensely, perceived that it was a ship with full sails set, which, like Munchausen's famous vessel in its visit to the moon, had all the appearance of skimming along several degrees above the horizon.—I wish that

some scientific person would explain to me (poor ignoramus that I am!) why it is that the Sea, when one looks at it from an eminence, should seem to stand on a heap, as if it were preparing to form once more the glassy wall which it built for the children of Israel, so that one's eye undershoots its level, and finds it at last, like a poet's wreath, in the clouds. Is it on account of the convexity of this mundane sphere? I speak with trembling, and (be it understood) in a whisper; so, Mr. Philosopher, pray do not reward my modesty with a horse-laugh!

The morning after my arrival in Eastbourne, I like all new-comers to a sea-place, hastened down to the beach, and there satiated myself with the boundless motion and the eternal voice of the mighty element. Many an unexpected aspersion did I receive from the thoughtless impatience with which I pressed closer and closer to the very edge of the waves; as if the nearer I drew to them, the more would their power and freshness melt into me. Who has not felt how delightful it is to crush the wet pebbles under the foot, or to find a soft, yet firm, footing upon the moist sand? Who has not acknowledged the beauty of what the gifted and unfortunate Keats has named "the

rainbow of the salt sea-spray," I mean that bordering of foam which perpetually trembles to the breeze, as if its lighter bubbles, tinged with the prismatic colours, were about to take flight every moment?

Of all God's works, the sea has ever raised in me the most awful sense of Almighty Power. Mountains are sublime, but they are immovable; while the sea obeys, in all its fluctuations, the biddings of an energy more stupendous than its own. The noblest descriptions, as well as the finest metaphors of Scripture, are drawn from the treasury of the deep. When the Almighty speaks, the ineffable sound is likened unto the "voice of many waters," and, as a climax to the wonders of Creation, the Psalmist hymns the "great and wide Sea."

I had quite forgotten Beachy Head, when raising my eyes, I saw the pyramidal point of its cliff, on which stands the guard-house of the Preventive Service; and with all the versatility of the human mind, which flies to a new object even before it has exhausted the pleasures of the last, I hurried forward in the direction of the Headland. With the same human inconsistency I suddenly turned back, being pleased perhaps with exerting so many successive acts of self-will, each of which was an

apparent proof that I was my own master, while in fact my own caprices were mastering *me*.

"I will not go to Beachy Head till the evening," I said to myself; "for then I may possibly see the sun go down behind the world of waters in his rich autumnal colouring. Besides, however poetically inclined, I have had no breakfast, and the walk is by no means a short one!" So back I went to the dingy town of Eastbourne, from which the sea seems to have retreated in disdain and hate, and exchanged for a time my more romantic feelings for the comfortable substantialities of ham and eggs. The day was hot enough, although in the latter end of September, to keep me in an idle saunter on the beach, from which I occasionally rested altogether on the steps of a bathing machine. At length the cooler evening air braced me into exertion, and I set my face towards Beachy Head. The narrow chalky path, at first but little raised above the strand, by degrees winds to a considerable elevation; sometimes approaching to the very brink of the abrupt descent; sometimes entirely effaced by a fragment having fallen away, and then again retreating to a safe distance from the crumbling edge. Soon growing weary of the more circuitous track, I struck off upon the pathless turf, where the

breezy down, like the ample train of an old dowager, sweeps backward from the tall cliff. Having passed the guard-house, I reached the highest part of Beachy Head; and creeping cautiously to the verge, threw myself prone, so that my head should project beyond the precipice. The "beam of sight" fell at once to the depth of seven hundred feet. So sheer is the descent, that a plummet-line reaching from the summit to the foot, would scarcely be turned from its perpendicular through its whole length; while the wonderfully even surface of the cliff in this part, veined by alternate strata of flint and chalk, almost suggests the idea of battlements constructed by human art; and yet we know that human art has never found a footing here. The Almighty alone could have planned, and the elements alone have executed, so wondrous a work. Having at length ascertained by personal experience,

\* "How fearful and how dizzy 'tis  
To cast one's eyes so low,"

I arose, and retreated a little from the awful gulf. Looking inland, the eye wanders over a wild and undulating region; and glancing sideways along the coast, follows the sinuous maze of bay and headland, the latter jutting forth less and less boldly, till the prospect flattens into distance. As

soon as my brain had ceased to swim, I remarked the grand masses of light and shade, which spread over the surface of the ocean. The sky also was such as a painter would have chosen for such a scene—wild, gloomy, mysterious. The westward clouds, interpenetrated with the light, to which they served as a veil, seemed in their yellow radiance almost like a dilated Sun; while eastward lay a body of streaky ash-coloured vapour, which a sailor would have said betokened a scud. At length my attention was caught by the figure of a man, strongly relieved against the glowing portion of the sky, and standing on the most insulated pinnacle which rose over the sea, at no great distance from the spot where I then was. The appearance of this figure was picturesque and striking: it was that of a tall man standing, with folded arms, in an attitude which, from its very ease, seemed intrepid upon a spot so awful. He was dressed in a jacket and long loose trousers, confined round the waist with a broad leathern belt, in which were stuck a dirk and a brace of pistols. There was not the slightest motion in the whole figure: it seemed to partake of the immovable nature of the pedestal whereby it was supported. I turned my steps towards the man, and as I approached him, saw that he was young and

of a prepossessing countenance. Standing a little below the point, on which there was scarcely space for more than his single footing, I made some common-place observation aloud, on the height of the cliff. The man started slightly at first (for he had not observed my approach), and then replied to me cautiously, and in a pleasing tone of voice. By degrees, we entered into conversation, and I learned from him a good many particulars respecting the Preventive Service, to which he belonged.

"A wild life it is, Sir, as you may suppose," he said; "almost as wild as the lives of the smugglers whom we are set to watch. Not that we often have any desperate work with them, for since I have been here (which is now nearly three years), they have been scared away as soon as they have heard the sound of our fire-arms. But it is the loneliness, Sir, the loneliness, which is so dreadful. I trust that I can now look above, and find comfort in knowing, that He, in whom 'we live and move and have our being,' is always near me. But there are times when nature will have her way, and surely, let us take ever so much pleasure in religion, we were made for the society of our fellow-creatures. But you will say that I *have* companions here:—yes, Sir, I have companions, but I can scarcely say

friends; for I believe that the lonely situation sours all our tempers, and when we are together we have no heart to talk. There is such a dislike and ill-will going on amongst our men"—

"Which you, I hope, endeavour to check," said I.

"I take shame to myself," he replied, "that I have hitherto contented myself with keeping silence. Oh, Sir, you must not think that I have done more than just *begun* to feel to what little advantage I have turned my long solitary hours. At first I did nothing but fret, and think from morning till night that no life could be so dreadful as ours. Indeed it is a sore trial; for all through the winter we see none but our own men, and in our hours of duty we stand alone, as you see me here, with no voice but the sea to speak to us, and no sight for our eyes but the sky and the water. If the sentinel on one station were known to exchange a word with his comrade on the next, he would be severely punished. Oh, it is very awful to keep watch in the winter's night, when a man can scarcely stand against the wind, and when all that he sees is by the flash of the lightning! One may fancy a thousand dreadful things in the darkness, and in the strange noises one hears. You may suppose, Sir, what a weary and woful life it is, when I tell you

that many of the men go mad from it. The only man that I ever liked in this place went mad. At first he began to talk wildly whenever he came back from his night-watch, and often told us that he could plainly see his wife and his two young children, whom he had left far off in the country, when distress compelled him to enter this hateful service, and that they beckoned to him from the bottom of the cliff, and that he thought he should reach them and be happy with them, if he could only jump over.

"The other men tried to laugh him out of his fancies, and I reasoned with him, and at last he said no more about what he had seen ; but he looked wilder than ever, and his eyes were always fixed upon the air. His body moved about as if it were a corpse, and you might have supposed that some such evil spirit as those we read of in Scripture, had got into it and was looking out at his eyes. One morning I went to relieve him on his station ; it was just about this time two years, in autumn-time, and the light was dim, yet I could see him distinctly where he stood—just here, Sir,—come this way, and I will shew you the very place ; it was just where those two great rocks rise upon each side yonder gap, like the posts of a giant's doorway. I

saw him draw back a few paces. In an instant he held up his hand before his eyes, as if to screen them from the sight of what he was going to do, and quick as light, with a run, he leaped over the cliff! If I had gone forward ever so fast, I could not have been in time to stop him; but indeed, Sir, at the moment I could not move at all, for I felt as if I were in a dream, and my feet seemed glued to the earth. I *did* try to think it was all a dream. There he stood a moment before!—where was he now? I strove to believe that I had never seen him. At last I dragged myself to the edge of the cliff and looked over. Oh, Sir! there lay something dark, but I could see nothing stir; and when I called the other men and we went down to the beach, there was poor Tom found, with his hand over his eyes, just as he flung himself over—in the very same attitude: he must have died before he reached the bottom. For a long time I feared that I should have gone mad too.”

While the man was speaking, I had unconsciously drawn nearer to him; and as the spirit of his story entered into me, I looked over the cliff, as with his eyes, almost searching for the lifeless body. But as his voice ceased, I suddenly became aware of my own situation. It was not that I grew dizzy,

or that my eye-sight failed—for, on the contrary, my visual perceptions became more intensely clear—the sensation which I felt was an inexplicable longing to leap at once down to the safe and level shore. Had I remained gazing a moment longer, I cannot answer for myself, but that I must have obeyed the strong and blind impulse! As it was, I instinctively sprang back to some distance from the edge of the cliff, and mastering myself by a great effort, looked towards my companion, to see whether my agitation had been observed. His abstracted eye convinced me that it had not, and I was singularly moved with the idea that I had just escaped a terrific danger, unknown to the person who was standing close at my side. However, with that sort of half-shame, sometimes experienced by persons in my situation, I determined to say nothing about my own feelings, and merely observed, with affected carelessness, “I can almost imagine that looking over such a precipice as this, must of itself put it into a man’s head to jump over.”

“I felt so when I first came here,” the young man replied; “but from use I now stand on the very edge, without thinking any more of it than if I were in the guard-room yonder.” He paused for a few moments, and then, drawing nearer to me,

betrayed the subject of his previous meditations, by saying, in a low and earnest voice, "Do you know, Sir, I have seen poor Tom very often since he leaped over the cliff!"

This strange assertion, at any other time, would have excited in me a strong disposition to laugh; but the place—the hour—the story—the man's manner had brought me to the temper of mind described by Collins in his *Ode to Fear*, the "shuddering meek-submitted thought" which bows before the wildest tale of superstition. The man continued—"You see that valley, Sir, on the land side of the cliff; you may know it by its looking so dark from being entirely covered with heath. From here you cannot see nearly to the bottom of it, for it is very deep; and a lone spot it is—and with an ugly name too, for it is called *Dead Man's Hollow*; I will tell you why. Many years ago, a dreadful murder was committed there, upon a lonely traveller, for the sake of some rich jewels which he was known to carry with him. The murderer (for there was but one concerned in the act) escaped suspicion, as it was believed that the merchant, whose body could not be found, had lost his road, and fallen over the cliff into the sea. After some time, the murderer cunningly managed to appear to grow rich by degrees, and at length

built a house, and a paper-mill upon the stream which runs through the vale, near the very spot where he had buried the body. However, his ill-gotten wealth did not prosper, and perhaps his repeated losses might have seemed to him like so many judgments from heaven; for certain it is that he pined away, and died in great tortures of mind and body; but not before he had confessed, with his last breath, the awful crime of which he had been guilty. He also gave directions where the remains of the murdered body might be found; and accordingly it was dug up from a nook in his own garden, and a power of people went to see it buried in the holy church-yard. He also pointed out a secret place contrived in the wall of his bed-room, where he had hidden the casket which had contained the jewels. Thus, for many a long year, he had kept watch over these awful mysteries, with the restlessness of a burthened conscience, hiding the foul secret in his house and in his heart, and amongst the innocent flowers of his garden! Oh Sir, what that man's feelings must have been!—But let us hope that the confession he made at last, sprang from a true faith, and that his agonies had led him to the foot of the cross, where the worst sinner may find safety."

"My good friend," I said, "is not that rather a dangerous doctrine?"

"Not, Sir, if we take it rightly," replied my companion, "not as I heard it explained by our good clergyman at Eastbourne, who said, and I hope I shall never forget it, that *one* sinner, the thief upon the cross, had been pardoned even in the moment of death, in order that none might despair; but that *only one* sinner had been so pardoned, lest any might presume."

"May you always thus mingle humility in yourself with confidence in God," I replied, "but I beg pardon for interrupting you; now go on with your story."

"Well," he continued, "I was going to have told you, that after the murderer's death many persons in succession occupied the mill, but no one who took it ever prospered; and so at length the very walls became hateful to every one, and the mill was pulled down, and the house got the name of the Accursed House, and was deserted, and is now a desolate ruin! After what I have told you, you may suppose that no one has much fancy to be in Dead Man's Hollow after dusk; but the smugglers are a bold race, and on that very account used to make a practice of frequenting this spot, and of stowing their cargoes amongst the ruins. As soon

as this was suspected, a guard was ordered to patrol there during the long winter nights. It was in the winter of the very year I lost poor Tom, that I went to take my first turn there. There was just enough twilight left to see what was near you, and no more. I was walking backwards and forwards through the whole length of the valley, when, just as I reached the middle of it, I saw my old comrade, looking exactly as he did for the last few weeks of his life. He seemed to walk out of the darkness and to pass me. I felt as if I could not turn round to follow him; neither could I speak; yet I was not frightened. I had long expected to see his spirit. Some strange power seemed to be upon me, and to take away all will of my own; so I continued to walk up and down, and as long as the light lasted, I saw him pass and repass me, as if he was keeping watch on his old station. I should have told you, that at the time he talked so much of jumping over the cliff, our men used to send him to the valley as often as they could, to keep him out of harm's way. At last, the evening being cloudy, it grew quite dark, and then I began to feel my flesh stir, and my hair move upon my head, for though I could see nothing, yet I seemed to know, as I reached the middle of the hollow, that the dead man was still passing me; and always just there a little cold, creeping wind blew

softly in my face. I knew that the moon would rise shortly, soon after which I should be relieved from my watch, and I cannot tell you with what an odd sort of feeling I waited for the light. It seemed to me, that as long as I saw my poor comrade, I did not fear him; but there was something shocking in the thought, that I had been all alone in the darkness with a dead man's spirit. The light came at last, very dimly—I scarcely should have known that it was less dark than before, had I not seen a shadow, as it were, pass me at the very place where I had felt the cold, creeping wind. Just then, such a horror came all over me that I swooned away, and was found lying on the ground by the man who came to relieve guard. This was the first time I saw poor Tom's ghost; and after that, it never appeared to me in the hollow again, nor did it ever come so near me as on that evening; but frequently I have beheld it at a distance, on the very point from which he threw himself down, with the hand before the eyes, just as he looked at the moment he was about to spring, and then it would vanish away, as I ran up to it, almost imagining for the moment that I should be in time to save him!"

By this time, my reader may suppose, I was fully aware that my young companion's mind had

been heated by solitude, and by the contemplation of a dreadful event, till it was in a state to see visions and to dream dreams ; but as any attempt to reason with a person under this kind of excitement, would have been altogether useless, I confined myself to observing, that "it was well when circumstances of this mysterious nature impressed our minds with serious reflections, and inclined us to meditate more deeply on the things belonging to our peace!"

The man replied, "I do indeed hope that my sufferings have been blessed to me, and that I have been led to repent sincerely of the head-strong disobedience which brought me to this place. If I had known beforehand all that I should have had to go through, I never would have left my home to come here ; but it was fitting that I should reap the fruit of my own sin and folly. How great is that mercy which has turned even my punishment to my improvement!"

"Where is your home," I asked, "and why did you leave it?"

"I was born near Ashbourne in Derbyshire," he replied. "My father and mother are good, honest country folks, who manage a small farm, and just contrive to keep out of want's way. They never had any child but me, and they constantly strove to

bring me up in the fear of God, and to give me the best education they could. My father always said, that when I came of age he would give up the farm to me; for having married late in life, he was already an old man. 'And you must look out for a good wife, James,' he used to say to me, 'one who reads her Bible, and who has been a good daughter to her own parents, and who will be kind to us in our old age; not an idle hussy, fond of dress, who would be above her station, and might perhaps despise your poor mother and myself.' Well, I have often thought that advice about marrying is always thrown away. So it proved in my case. I fell in love with the gayest girl in all the country round—in our own rank of life, I mean;—but then she was the prettiest and the cleverest by far, and very sensible she could be, when she was not thinking of being admired. The worst of it was, that she could not live contented without admiration; and although she owned that she preferred *me* to all the young men she had seen, yet she could not make up her mind to give up her flirting ways, and to settle down, just then, into a farmer's wife. She used to say, 'I am very young (it was true she was only sixteen), and very happy as I am. I do not wish to take the cares of the world upon me yet.

I like dress, and I am amused by seeing the men flatter me and sigh for me; so why should I put on an apron, learn to scold the maids, and to weigh butter and cheese, and become a good, stupid wife, till I have seen a little more of the naughty, pleasant world.' It grieved me to hear her talk so. But perhaps I should not have minded so much as I did, her wishing to be admired by the men, if she had treated them all alike; but it so happened that there was one particular person—he was valet to the Squire of the Great House, and a precious coxcomb he was I can tell you;—I doubt if he ever loved any thing but his own sweet self. Well, this man-monkey, somehow or other, flattered Susan into a belief that he was desperately fond of her; and because he could tell her about London, and play to her on the flute, and teach her to say 'How d'ye do' in French, she seemed to like his company better than that of most others: not that I believe she really preferred him to me in her heart. However, I was not to be made a fool of. All this time, my father and mother were very unhappy; but seeing me bent upon marrying Susan, they gave their unwilling consent to the match, but with this agreement, that I was to proceed no farther in the business if I could not persuade her to settle down quietly with me in a farm, as

soon as I came of age. At last the time came, and I tried to bring Susan to a resolution ; but still she would say nothing certain, and I grew very angry, and she called me very disagreeable, as I dare say I was, having so much cause, and she loved to plague me more than ever by listening to the frippery fellow I mentioned before. Just then I received a letter from a young man who had been at school with me, and who had left our part of the world some time since, to seek his fortune. He told me that he had entered into the Preventive Service through the assistance of a friend in London, and that he was stationed near Eastbourne, and that if I liked he could obtain the same situation for me. He said also that the pay was high and the work small, and that at the end of three years I should be at liberty to return home with a very comfortable sum of money. I have since found that my old school-fellow gave this fair account of his situation, in order to get me as a companion for himself amongst the other men, whom he disliked. However, after I came, we were never very good friends, for I thought he had played me a shabby trick, and as I told you before, I took to poor Tom. But at the time when he wrote, I was very well disposed to listen to what he said, for I had grown fretful and

impatient; and, as I could not persuade Susan to marry me, at any rate immediately, I could not bear the thought of settling in the farm. At first, indeed, I was not quite in earnest about going, and I only held it out to Susan as a threat, by which I hoped to bring her to a decision; but when I found that she only laughed at me, and always said that she was quite sure I should never go, and that I *could* never go, I became so much hurt and irritated, that one morning I set off, leaving a letter for Susan, which only contained these words:—‘You see that I have resolution enough to leave you.—Farewell!’ I also left a letter for my parents, asking their forgiveness for the step I had taken. They were sadly grieved, as you may suppose; but they have always been too kind to me, and they soon wrote me an affectionate letter, praying God to bless me, and enable me to do my duty in whatever station I might be. When I began to hate this place, they begged me to have patience and to suffer as a Christian. At first, my proud spirit rebelled, and often and often was I tempted to run away; but then the thought of being taken, and flogged disgracefully, held me back. Besides, if a man deserts, he forfeits all the pay which he would receive at the end of three years. If I were to desert now, I should not

be a farthing richer for having spent two years and ten months in this sad place."

"But," I asked, "have you no relaxation from this lonely life? Are you never allowed to leave this spot?"

"Only," he replied, "to fetch provisions from the town; and Heaven be praised, sometimes to visit the House of God. These duties we take by turns, in parties of three or four, for two months at a time; so that, for two whole months (and think what it must be in the winter!), one is literally confined to this wild, howling, dismal cliff and guard-house."

"What can be the reason of your being kept so strictly?" I inquired.

"That we may have no communication with the smugglers, who have sometimes entered into a league with the coast-blockade-men, to assist each other, and share whatever could be conveyed inland in safety. This makes our officers so hard upon us, God forgive them,—for they have killed many a brave fellow by inches. Well, I must not complain, for sorrow has I trust, through God's grace, softened my heart, and I really think that I shall have reason to bless my trials here to the longest day I have to live. Although I was brought up religiously, yet I never felt religion truly and deeply in my heart

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until lately. I valued myself on being free from open sin, and forgot that pride, and self-will, and disobedience to the known desires of my parents, were as truly sins in the eye of God as drunkenness or debauchery, and that these defiled the mind as much as the other the body. I am now looking happily forward to my return home; and I hope that the Almighty will help me to submit all my wishes to my parents, and to be a comfort to them as long as we all remain together on earth. My mother wrote me word only the other day, that Susan is not married and is grown steadier; so who knows but that I may win her yet?" So saying, he gave two or three bounds in the air, and wishing me good night, ran to meet a comrade, who was advancing to relieve his guard. I, musing on all that I had seen and heard, returned as quickly as I could to Eastbourne.

Ten years after my visit to Beachy Head, I was travelling near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, when an accident happened to the carriage, and I was obliged to stop at a small village until the vehicle could be repaired. I was standing near the blacksmith's shop, watching the progress of the work, when a respectable-looking man came up to me, and said, "Do you remember me, sir? You spoke to me once,

as I was looking out for smugglers on Beachy Head." Ten years had given so manly a character to the slim youth of twenty-four, that I should scarcely have recognised my friend of Beachy Head, had he not recalled the circumstances of our meeting. He had such a married look, that I felt convinced he had entered into the holy state. To my inquiries, he replied, "Susan and I have been happy together for nearly ten years. You will hardly believe it, sir; but from the moment I left home, she became as steady as a woman of forty. She has told me since, that she never believed I was in earnest about going, and that when she found I was really gone, she was sobered as it were by seeing the consequences of her light conduct, and through the blessing of God, she resolved to change entirely. So she went to live with my parents (her own had been dead some time), and said she would be a daughter to them in the room of the son, of whom she had deprived them. The cheerful piety of my dear father and mother made her see that religion was no gloomy thing, but full of peace and joy; and by degrees she was led to place her whole trust in the merits of her Saviour, and to rely on Him for power to do well. Such being the case, it is no wonder that her conduct has been ever since

admirable and consistent. A true and affectionate daughter she was to the old couple, for three long years; but she made them promise not to tell me that she had lived with them, for she felt a maidenly modesty and fear, lest I should come back changed in my regard for her. However, I soon shewed that I loved her more than ever, and my parents gave a joyful consent to our union. So you see, Sir, I owe all my happiness to that very place which I hated so much; for if I had never gone there, perhaps Susan would never have been the good wife and mother she is now. Oh, God has been very gracious unto us, and has led us by a path that we knew not! Do, Sir, come to our farm,—it is not far off,—and see how happy we are."

I went; and now let my reader imagine to himself or to herself, the delightful home, the pretty half-matron wife, the prattling rosy children (six in number), the neat tea-equipage, and the bowl of strawberries and cream; for I have no doubt but that he or she will complete the picture much more satisfactorily than I could.

## ELIAN GRAY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

“ On ! Elian Gray, rise up, rise up ! ”

His neighbours cried, “ still dost thou sleep ?  
The bloody Indians are come down,  
Flames rise from the near English town ;—  
And hark !—the warwhoop, wild and deep ! ”

“ I sleep not,” said the ancient man,

“ Fly you—but tarry not for me !—  
I dare not quit this lonely ground,  
Though the wild Indians camp around,  
For God commands me not to flee.

“ I know not what may be his will,

But when I rose up to depart,  
‘ Fly not—thou hast no cause to fear,—  
Thy place of duty still is here ; ’  
Like lightning-words passed through my heart.

"Therefore, I dare not quit this place,—  
But you, whom no commands delay,  
Haste and secure by timely flight  
'Your wives and little ones this night,—  
Fly! fly, my children! while ye may!'"

They fled like wild deer through the woods,  
And saw from each commanding height,  
Afar, and all around, aspire  
The red flames of consuming fire,  
Marking the Indians' path that night.

Alone, alone sate Elian Gray,  
With unbarred door, beside his fire,  
Thoughtful, yet cheerfully resigned,  
Awaiting with submissive mind  
What the Great Master might require.

Seven days went on, and where was he?  
A captive, travel-worn and spent  
With many marchings night and day,  
Through the far wilderness, away  
To a wild Indian settlement.

And now the old man's strength had failed,  
And powerless as a child new-born,  
Stretched in that lonely forest-place,  
Among a fierce and savage race,  
He lay, as if of God forlorn!—

Forlorn !—and yet he prayed to live  
With a wild, feverish agony;  
And fearful, doubting grew his mind,  
And for a moment he repined  
That God had brought him here to die.

When lowly murmured by the door  
Of the rude hut in which he lay,  
He heard, as if in dreams he heard,  
Mournfully many an English word  
Cast to the desert winds away.

He looked—it was an Indian woman,  
Singing, as if to soothe some woe  
Which at her very heart was strong;—  
The sad words of an English song  
That he remembered long ago,—

The ballad of a broken heart;—  
But how could *her* soul understand  
The sadness of that story old?  
How could an Indian tongue unfold  
The language of another's land?

Ere long the mystery was revealed,  
And then the old man, Elian Gray,  
Saw the great work of God was clear,  
And she was the poor stricken deer  
For whom his path through peril lay!

"No, I am not of Indian birth!"

Said she, "I have an English name,  
Though now none give it unto me ;—  
Mahontis, child of misery,

They gave me for my Indian name,  
And 'tis the only one I claim.

"And yet I love the English tongue,  
And let us two our converse hold  
In that dear, unforgotten speech,  
For it hath words my grief to reach,—  
The Indian tongue is harsh and cold.

"The place of which I scarce can think  
Thou know'st, and knowing it, art dear ;  
For thou wilt say there 's not on earth  
A spot like that which gave me birth—  
Know'st thou the Vales of Windermere ?

"And yet it matters not—thou dost !—  
There was my birth-place ; there I grew,  
Without a care my youth to dim,  
A mountain-maiden strong of limb,  
And free as the wild winds that blew.

"My step was firm, my heart was bold,  
I crossed the lake, I clomb the rock ;  
Clad in that simple country's dress,  
I was a mountain shepherdess,  
And there I kept my father's flock.

" I grew,—and I became a wife ;  
And he who was my chosen mate,  
Though midst our lonely mountains bred,  
Much knowledge had, and much had read,—  
Too much for one of his estate.

" He knew all lands, all histories old—  
He understood whate'er he saw  
His words poured out like waters free ;  
His was that native dignity  
Which could respect from all men draw.

" Wise as he was, he could not toil,  
And all went wrong about our place :  
The years were wet, we 'd nought to reap ;  
Amid the snows we lost our sheep,  
And misery stared us in the face.

" We left the land that gave us birth—  
And I, who was become a mother,  
Within my inmost heart kept deep  
My burning tears—I would not weep ;—  
'T is hard our bitterest griefs to smother !

" My parents' graves among the hills,  
We left them in their silence lying !  
My husband's hopes were high and strong,  
And with light heart he went along,  
Good omens in each thing descriing.

“ My heart was heavy as a stone,—  
And the poor children’s weary cry  
Fevered me till my brain grew wild;—  
And then I wept even as a child,  
And tears relieved my misery.

“ We came into this foreign land—  
Oh! weary is the stranger’s fate—  
He comes where none his feelings share,  
Where he may die, and no one care!  
This, this is to be desolate!

“ He died—ay, in the city street,—  
God knows why such great grief was sent!  
He died—and as the brute might die—  
The careless people passed us by;  
They were so used to misery,  
Their meanest sympathies were spent!

“ Ah me! I by his body sate,  
Stupid, as if I could not break  
The bonds of that supremest thrall;  
Nor had I roused my soul at all  
But for my little children’s sake.

“ We were indeed, those babes and I,  
Wretched, in that strange land alone;  
And yet, even then, ’t was mine to know  
More misery,—a heavier woe  
Than yet my wretched soul had known!

“ Want—total want of daily bread  
Came next;—my native pride was strong,  
And yet I begged from day to day,  
And made my miserable way  
Throughout the city's busy throng!

“ I felt that I was one debased,  
And what I was I dared not think :  
Even from myself I strove to hide  
My very name; an honest pride  
Made me from common beggary shrink.

“ Oh misery!—my homeless heart  
Grew sick of life.—I wandered out  
With my two children, far away  
Into the solitudes that lay  
The populous city round about :

“ The mother in my soul was strong,  
And I was ravenous as the beast ;  
Man's heart was hard—I stole them bread—  
And while I pined the children fed,  
And yet each day our wants increased.

“ I saw them waste, and waste away,  
I strove to think it was not so ;  
At length, one died—of want he died—  
My very brain seemed petrified—  
I wept not in that bitter woe!

“ I took the other in my arms,  
And day by day, like one amazed  
By an unutterable grief,  
I wandered on ;—I found relief  
In travel, but my brain was crazed.

“ How we were fed I cannot tell ;  
I pulled the berry from the tree,  
And we lived on,—I knew no pain  
Save a dull stupor in my brain,  
And I forgot my misery.

“ I joyed to see the little stars ;  
I joyed to see the midnight moon ;  
I felt at times a wild delight,—  
I saw my child before my sight  
As gamesome as the young racoon !

“ ’T was a strange season ; and how long  
It lasted, whether days or years,  
I know not,—it too soon went by ;—  
I woke again to agony,  
But ne’er again to human tears.

“ The Indian found me in the wood,  
He took me to his forest-home ;—  
They laid my child beneath the tree,  
They buried it, unknown to me,  
In a wild, lonely place of gloom.

“ The Indian women on me gazed  
With eyes of tenderness, and then  
Slowly came back each ‘wilder’d sense ;  
Their low tones of benevolence  
Gave me my human soul again.

“ And I have lived with them for years,  
And I have been an Indian wife ;  
And save at times, when thoughts will flow  
Back through those dreadful times of woe  
To my youth’s sunshine long ago,  
I almost like the Indian life.

“ But one thing in my soul is dark—  
I have forgot my Fathers’ God !  
I cannot pray—and yet I turn  
Toward Him, and my weak soul doth yearn  
Once more for holy, spiritual food.

“ Oh that I had an inward peace  
To cheer my soul—a hope to bless—  
A faith to strengthen and sustain  
My spirit through its mortal pain,—  
To comfort my long wretchedness !

“ But I am feeble as a child—  
I pine as one that wanteth bread ;  
And idly I repeat each word  
Of holy import I have heard,  
Or that in early creeds I said.

" But oh! my comfort cometh not!  
And whether God is fixed in wrath  
And will not heed my misery;—  
Or whether he regardeth me,  
I know not—gloomy is my path!"

With this arose old Elian Gray—  
" My daughter, God hath left thee not!  
He hath regarded thy complaint—  
Hath seen thy spirit bruised and faint!  
Thou art not of His love forgot.

" 'Tis by His arm I hither came—  
Surely for this I heard a voice  
Which bade me in my place ' be still ;'  
I came by his Almighty will,  
And greatly doth my soul rejoice!"

He gave her comfort—gave her peace,—  
And that lone daughter of despair  
For very joy of heart shed tears;  
And the dark agony of years  
Passed by, like a wild dream of care.

Thus was the old man's mission done;  
And she, who 'mong that forest race  
Was wife and mother, won his life  
From torture, from the scalping-knife,  
And sped him to his former place.

## CHRIST BLESSING THE BREAD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

### I.

ONWARD it speeds ! the awful hour from Man's first fall  
decreed,  
When the dark Serpent's wrath shall bruise the Woman's  
spotless Seed ;  
The foe He met—the desert path triumphantly He trod,  
But now a darker, deadlier strife awaits the Son of God !

### II.

Soon shall a strange and midnight gloom involve the  
conscious Heaven,  
While in Jehovah's inmost fane the mystic veil is riven !  
Soon shall one deep and dying groan the solid mountains  
rend,  
The yawning graves shall yield their dead ; the buried  
Saints ascend !



# CHILDREN'S FAIRYTALES

BY MARY W. BAKER

Illustrated by

John

When they were young

spoke the words

The two He said

But now a place

and small - a million

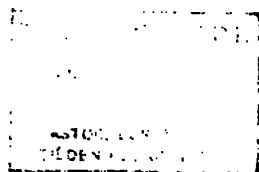
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and millions of



THE  
LAST SUPPER  
OF JESUS CHRIST  
BY J. M. W. TURNER  
1846



## III.

And yet amidst his little flock, still Jesus stands, serene,  
Unawed by suffering yet to be, unchanged by what hath  
been ;  
Still beams the light of love undimmed in that benignant  
eye,  
Nor, save his own prophetic word, aught speaks him  
soon to die !

## IV.

He pours within the votive cup the rich blood of the vine.  
And, " Drink ye all the hallowed draught " he cries,  
" This blood is mine !"  
He breaks the bread : then clasps his hands and lifts his  
eyes in prayer,  
" Receive ye this, and view by Faith my body symbolled  
there !

## V.

" For like the wine that crowns this cup, my blood shall  
soon be shed ;  
My body broken on the cross, as now I break the bread :  
For you the crimson stream shall flow—for you the Hand  
Divine  
Bares the red sword, although the heart that meets the  
blow be mine !

## VI.

“ And oft your willing vows renew around the sacred  
board,  
And break the bread and pour the wine in memory of  
your Lord :  
To drink with me the grape’s fresh blood to you shall yet  
be given,  
Fresh from the deathless Vine that blooms in blest abodes  
of Heaven ! ”

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## PARTED TWINS.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother,—he is in Elysium.

SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

“ BROTHER ! thou art come from the land of the blest ;  
Thou art come from the place of thy spirit’s rest !  
Thou art come, thou art come, dear brother, for me ;  
O ! give me thy wings, and I too shall be free ! ”

## II.

"I have wandered indeed, an Angel-guest,  
To earth—from the land of the spirit's rest ;  
I am come, dear brother,—but not for thee,  
For thine still is the chain of mortality."

## III.

"How radiant thy hair, with its golden hue !  
How bright beams thine eye of Heaven's own blue !  
And it looks as if never a tear-drop laid  
Upon the soft fringe of its silken shade."

## IV.

"Brother! I have been beyond that bright sky,  
Where no tear is shed—where is heard no sigh ;—  
Know—these belong to the *mortal* coil—  
To earth, and her children of care and toil."

## V.

"Ah ! why did thy lingering spirit not wait  
At the portal of heaven—at its golden gate ?  
I have wept—I have watched—I have waited for thee ;  
Then give me thy wings—let me soar, and be free !"

## VI.

"I may not, I may not ;—far stronger the wing  
On which thy freed spirit hereafter shall spring ;—  
On the pinion of Faith, it shall purified soar—  
The ransomed of earth—and her pilgrim no more."

INSCRIPTION  
ON A BURIAL-GROUND.

‘The resting-place of the Dead, waiting for the Living.’

BY W. M. HETHERINGTON, A. M.

I.

HERE rest the dead ! silent and deep,  
And dark and narrow is their home ;  
Here their long lonesome vigils keep,  
Waiting but till the living come :  
Morn dawns not in its beauty here,  
No lustre noon-day suns can shed,  
No star-beams through the dim night peer  
That wraps the cheerless dead.

II.

Art thou a chief of daring breast,  
Of lofty brow, and kindling eye ?  
Is thine the flaming meteor-crest  
That bursts through battle’s lurid sky ?  
O warrior ! doff thine eagle plume,  
Resign thy war-steed, brand and spear  
Disarmed, imprisoned in the tomb,  
Thy comrades wait thee here.

## III.

Art thou a king, a hero, one  
At the dread bidding of whose word  
The grizzly War-Fiend buckles on  
His panoply, and bares his sword ?  
Halt, mighty Conqueror ! blench thy cheek,  
Quell the red terrors of thine eye ;  
Here earth's proud Thunderers, silent, weak,  
To wait thy coming lie.

## IV.

Art thou a man of loftiest mind,  
Statesman, philosopher, or bard ?  
One whose great soul can only find  
In native worth its high reward ?  
Oh ! pluck the bright wreath from thy brow,  
And leave it in the hall of fame ;  
Here dwell the glorious dead, each now  
The shadow of a name.

## V.

Art thou a youth of gentle breast ?  
One fond to roam by rippling streams,  
With love's delicious woes opprest,  
And haunted with fantastic dreams ?  
Shake the soft fetters from thy heart,  
Dreamer ! the partners of thy fate,  
Struck now by no soft Cupid's dart,  
Thy coming here await.

## VI.

Woman ! young mother ! tender wife !  
Ye dearest forms of mortal birth ;  
Sweet soothers of poor human life !  
Fair angels of the happy hearth ;  
O matron grave ! O widow drear !  
Whate'er thou art, cherished or lone,  
The dead beloved await thee here—  
The grave will have its own !

## VII.

Thou too, bright blooming beauty ! thou,  
The load-star of a thousand eyes !  
That liquid eye, that marble brow,  
That cheek where smile Morn's loveliest dyes,  
Oh ! veil those charms ! they too must share,  
Alas ! the universal doom ;  
The beauteous dead, where are they ! where ?—  
They wait thee in the tomb !

## VIII.

Here rest the dead ! here wait the hour  
When the last sob of living breath  
Shall pass away beneath the power  
Of that grim phantom, mightiest Death :  
They rest in hope, waiting till He  
Who died, and lives for aye, shall come,  
To give them immortality,  
And call them to his home !

## STANZAS,

WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF KING'S-COLLEGE CHAPEL,  
CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

EXTRACTED FROM AN ALBUM IN DEVONSHIRE.

### I.

Most beautiful!—I gaze and gaze  
In silence on the glorious pile;  
And the glad thoughts of other days  
Come thronging back the while.  
To me, dim Memory makes more dear  
The perfect grandeur of the shrine;  
But if I stood a stranger here,  
The ground were still divine.

### II.

Some awe the good and wise have felt,  
As reverently their feet have trod  
On any spot where man hath knelt,  
To commune with his God;

By haunted spring, or fairy well,  
Beneath the ruined convent's gloom,  
Beside the feeble hermit's cell,  
Or the false prophet's tomb.

## III.

But when was high devotion graced  
With lovelier dwelling, loftier throne,  
Than thus the limner's art hath traced  
From the time-honoured stone?  
The spirit here of worship seems  
To hold the heart in wondrous thrall,  
And heavenward hopes, and holy dreams,  
Come at her voiceless call ;—

## IV.

At midnight, when the lonely moon  
Looks from a vapour's silvery fold ;  
Or morning, when the sun of June  
Crests the high towers with gold ;—  
For every change of hour and form  
Makes that fair scene more deeply fair ;  
And dusk and day-break, calm and storm,  
Are all religion there.

## THE CURSE OF PROPERTY.

A SKETCH OF IRISH MISMANAGEMENT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

"Poor Barry!" exclaimed Mr. Newton. "Poor Barry! it was melancholy to see that once fine property melted away, one could hardly tell how, until even the noble dwelling of his ancestors was sold in lots to a fellow who printed 'Architect' on his card, and disposed of the materials for what they would bring."

"I was his uncle's friend," sighed old Sir Charles Stanley; "and the recollection of that family—it is strange, but it is nevertheless true—the recollection of the fate of the different members of that family affords me at once the most exquisite pain and pleasure. I mourn over the love of display, and the pauperising system, pursued by poor but proud relations, through which that fine estate was utterly ruined; and I mourn over it the more, because it

is far from being a singular instance of destruction, effected by the same means. You, my dear friend, will readily believe that the pleasurable reminiscences I experience are owing to the noble conduct of that little black-eyed girl, Alice Lee, whom all the family, with the exception of Claudius, the heir at law, endeavoured to injure; and whom they even now grudge the fair name, and the fair fame she has acquired by her own industry and exertions."

"I should like to hear you tell the tale, Sir Charles," replied Mr. Newton. "I have often heard sketches of the history; but the loss of property, owing to mismanagement, is unfortunately so common in our poor country, that many similar events may have confused my memory with reference to this particular instance."

"My old friend Charles Barry," commenced the venerable baronet, "had the misfortune to inherit, with his estate, the charge of some five or six half-brothers and sisters, who married, and had a greater number of 'blessings,' in the form of children, than usually falls to the lot even of Irish gentry. The being he at that time loved most in the world, was his own sister, a young woman nothing differing from other girls of her age and rank, and who, in due time, married two thousand a year (it was

called) and a fox-hunting 'Squire. Mr. Barry's health had for some months been on the decline, and he resolved to visit Bath, then esteemed the most fashionable and health-giving place on earth.

"A little scene which occurred at Barrybrooke the evening before his departure, will best illustrate the *ménage* of an Irish bachelor's house in the year eighty-two.—I was staying with him at the time, and we had agreed to travel together. I must, however, tell you, that he had determined upon not letting any of his numerous relatives, who came for 'sea air' to Barrybrooke, with the intention of remaining, some for three, others for nine, and others again for twelve months, know any thing of his movements. In the evening he summoned Jerry Keg—valet by inheritance—and whom I always remember the same stiff, upright, honest-looking fellow, with a grave air, a twinkling eye, and a twisted nose—into his study. Jerry entered, his high shoulders propping his ears, his head projecting like that of a tortoise, his hands folded behind his back, his old-fashioned, richly-laced livery sticking out on either side like the fins of a flat-fish.

" 'Jerry,' said his master, 'I wish my valise filled with rather a better supply of things than I

require when I visit my sister ; I wish Black Nell saddled, and as you accompany me, you must take Padreen, I suppose ; have all things ready by six o'clock to-morrow morning, and tell Meg we shall not return for a month.'

" 'It's all clane impossibility, y'er Honor,' replied Jerry, bowing ; 'Black Nell, I heard the groom say, wanted shoes, and I made an oath never to cross Padreen since he flung me into the apple-tree, over the fence. As to the valise, sir,—honey ! Mrs. Mooney's little Jack cried for it to make a cart for Bran ; indeed, it 'ud surprise y'er Honor to see the 'cuteness of that child—how he settled it car-fashion behind the dog's tail, and made the neatest little harness ye ever see, out o' one of the new traces o' yer Honor's gig.'

" 'And how dare you, sir,' said my friend, incensed at this new proof of his not being master in his own house, 'how dare you suffer Mrs. Mooney, or any body else, to destroy my property in that way ?'

" 'Sure, she's y'er Honor's half-sister, and I hope I know manners too well to contradict a lady ; much less one of y'er Honor's blood relations.'

" 'Well, pack the things in a trunk, and we can all go in the carriage.'

“ ‘O, boo-boo-boo!—the carriage, is it? Sure, ye’r Honor’s own second cousin, Mr. Flinnerty, sint that off yesterday, to bring his nurse and the twins here, and his wife along wid ’em, to give ye an agreeable surprise, as he said, seeing ye’r Honor’s so fond o’ children; and it’s my own opinion, that sorra a thrunk in the house ’ud hould thegether; they’ve been all let to drop to pieces, because it’s so long since they’ve been wanting.’

“ ‘What am I to do, Stanley?’ said my friend, looking at me despairingly.

“ ‘Simply thus,’ I replied; ‘let us leave our servants to follow, put a few things into my portmantau—for I promise you, the outward man will need refitting when we arrive at our destination—and I will ride Dorton’s horse.’

“ This was agreed upon, to Jerry’s mortification, who muttered, ‘He could ride the mule any way, tho’ it was a stubborn devil, and it was no thing for a gentleman of family and fortune, like *his* master, to lave his own place without an *attendant*.’

“ ‘What do you mean to do with the horde, at present in possession of the house?’ I inquired, laughing; I always tried to laugh him out of his faults, for, like most of his countrymen, he was more proof against *reason* than *ridicule*.

“ ‘What *can* I do with them?’ he replied; ‘they are my own kith and kin; and as I am the head of the family, and a bachelor—poor creatures!—ay, it is easy for you to laugh—you English folk know nothing, and care less, about long-tailed families; with you, the junior members of a family, both males and females, contribute to their own support; with us—’

“ ‘The senior,’ I said, ‘is expected to provide for all, and is soon rendered, by that means, incapable of providing for himself. In the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you must play almoner to such a tribe, do it in a rational way;—pay them so much a year—say ten, twenty, or thirty pounds each—but I defy any income to stand the constant drains to which yours is exposed;—men, women, and children—dogs, horses, and servants—make an eternal inn of your house. My life on’t! you never know, from one year’s end to another, how many eat at your board.’

“ ‘Meg does—and she is a faithful old creature.’

“ ‘True; but she has so long been accustomed to this Castle-Rackrent system, that it is for you to commence the reform—you cannot expect *her* to do it.’

“ ‘Faith, Charles, you are right,’ he replied;

'but you cannot enter into my feelings. To tell you the simple truth, I could not afford to pay half the people I support ten pounds a year.'

" 'Permit me to ask you, how much supporting them costs you?'

" 'Eh?—oh! a mere trifle, I suppose; but seriously' (and he fixed his fine blue eyes upon me as he spoke), 'you do not suppose me capable of the meanness of calculating what people eat and drink?'

" 'I would only wish you capable of the wisdom of considering whether, in justice to others, you can literally *give* more than you possess.'

" 'Justice! what do you mean?'

" 'Forgive me, my dear Barry, but have you paid off any of the embarrassments which hung over the estate when you came of age?'

" 'I cannot say I have.'

" 'If you have not paid off the principal, I trust the interest has been punctually discharged.'

" 'I cannot say that it has. I am never pressed for it; and somehow or other, the rents slip through my fingers before I have time to think of my debts.'

" 'Of course you investigate the accounts of your agent and steward regularly?'

" 'Strange beings you Englishmen are! My agent's a glorious fellow—exact as a dial, punctual

as a dun. O, no! no necessity in the world to look after him; and as to my steward, faith! he's a clever fellow—so ingenious! cannot write much, but has a way of his own of keeping accounts—particular sort of crosses he makes—amazingly curious, I assure you.'

"I smiled and sighed. Jerry knocked at the door.

" 'I want to spake to ye'r Honor.'

" 'Speak out, then, at once.'

" 'It's Mr. Maberly, the grazier, called about the three fat bullocks he sold ye'r Honor last Christmas, to kill for the poor; and if it 'ud be convenient, jist to let him have the money now.'

" 'Tell him it is *not* convenient, and send him to Denis; why should he pester me about his dead bullocks? I thought he was paid long ago;—there, leave the room.'

" 'The widdy Rooney is below, on account that her son is kilt entirely, and as good as dead, by the Spillogue boys; and she thought, maybe, ye'd help her in her trouble.'

" 'Poor thing! there, give her that,' tossing a guinea on the table; 'tell her, I'll commit her son if he gets into any of these broils again.'

" 'God bless you, sir! I'll tell him not to brile agen—if he can help it.'

“ ‘What, is he below?’

“ ‘As much as is left of him is, ye'r Honor;’ and away went Jerry. The just creditor, therefore, was dismissed without even an apology—the rioting youth, with a reward! I said this, and more;—I urged his remaining even for a day or two longer, for the purpose of arranging his accounts. It was useless; he laughed me off, and promised, that on his return he would—‘see about it.’ Alas! how many of the bright and shining lights of this poor country have been extinguished by PROCRASTINATION!

“ His easy manners, his good-nature, and really handsome person, made him an universal favourite at Bath, and many a lady of large fortune would readily have bestowed upon him hand and heart; but Charles was no fortune-hunter—he considered the lust of gold

‘The last corruption of degenerate man,’

and fixed his affections upon a young and beautiful widow, whom he had accidentally met at the house of a mutual friend. Although his passion was violent, I saw good reason why it should be lasting. United to feminine loveliness, the lady possessed the rare endowments of judgment and gentleness;

there was a steadiness, a sobriety about her, which made Barry often say, in the words of the poet,

‘ I have a heart for her that’s kind,  
A lip for her that smiles ;  
But if her mind be like the wind,  
I’d rather foot it twenty miles.’

“ ‘ She is so uniform,’ he would add, ‘ that I almost think her too good for me, who am so volatile ; yet I love her for the contrast the more.’

“ It is exceedingly difficult to throw off the trammels that have grown with our growth ; and when he was accepted by this interesting woman, he positively wanted courage to write and inform his sister of his intended marriage.

“ ‘ Poor thing,’ said he to me, one morning, ‘ she will so grieve at my being married ; for she has even now instilled into the mind of her only son, Claudius, who is about six years of age, that he is to be sole heir to my property.’

“ ‘ If,’ I replied, ‘ she has been absurd enough to act in that way, she deserves punishment. In addition to supporting the cousin-clan, is it usual for the head of a family to remain in a state of single blessedness, to please his relations ?’

“ He smiled ; but not until after they were united, did he communicate his attachment to his sister.

He went farther;—he wrote to old Meg, to say, that grieved as he might feel, it was necessary that no visitors should remain at Barrybrooke, as Mrs. Barry disliked company. So far, so good; would that he had persevered in a course so decided!—I forgot to tell you, that Mrs. Barry had one daughter by her former marriage—a proud and silent girl of about sixteen. His dread of family jealousy first urged him to request, that his wife would agree to a plan he had formed—namely, that to prevent the discord which the addition of another young person, (who, in a degree, might be supposed to have some expectations from her step-father,) to the numerous persons who claimed kin with the Master of Barrybrooke might cause, she would introduce Harriette, as a relative certainly, but not as her daughter. As a mother, Mrs. Barry should never have consented to such a proposal; but as a wife, she thought she owed obedience to her husband. She agreed to the deception—but was miserable.

“I could not repeat, if I would, the innumerable mortifications Mrs. Barry experienced on her visiting Ireland for the first time. The manners and habits of the people ill accorded with her English feelings. From being the admired and beloved of a circle of intellectual and accomplished per-

sons, she found herself shut up in a castellated, dilapidated house, with barefooted housemaids (I write of what *was* forty years since), and other servants, to whom the English language was totally unknown. Every thing, from the kitchens to the attics of the rambling building, wanted arrangement; and she was bewildered where first to commence the reformation. Out of two-and-twenty servants, to discharge ten appeared the most likely mode of getting any thing done properly; and this step immediately made her unpopular with the peasantry. Then she blundered dreadfully as to the management of her parties,—asked Orangemen and their wives to meet the priest of the parish; and placed the rector's wife, at table, above a lady who was decidedly second-cousin to the great Earl of Ormond! These offences were not to be forgiven in a neighbourhood where every circumstance formed an event, and where, if truth must be told, the women envied her beauty,—the men feared her intellect. Then the family!—how was it to be expected that they could pardon Mr. Barry for marrying, in the first place, and for not consulting them, in the second? The thing was impossible, and they acted accordingly.

“The mystery that my friend had unfortunately

adopted, was sure ground for their malevolence to erect a palpable structure on. Some who had known Mrs. Barry in England, declared that there Harriette had ever been considered her daughter; and the persons I have spoken of, sneered and whispered, and murmured, until they excited a report that Mrs. B. had been no better than she should be, and that Miss Harriette, although certainly her daughter, might be called Miss anybody else. I have said, that Harriette was a proud and silent girl; but I have not mentioned what was equally true, that she was a girl of exquisite feeling. No one dared to allude in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Barry to the reports which family malignity had circulated; but there were not wanting those, who whispered in the young girl's ear words of staining import. She had felt most sensibly the injustice done to her in the first instance, but she loved her mother too tenderly to repeat or comment upon the blackening surmises she had heard. Poor girl! she pined, and wasted, and wept in secret; and at last, as the only way left of escaping from a place where she felt every eye glared suspiciously on her, she clandestinely married a young relative of her step-father's, who, to do him justice, was anxious to attain independence by his own exertions. The marriage, notwithstanding

ing, promised nought but misery. And her mother, enraged and bewildered at the sacrifice her child had made, betrayed the absurd secret, and cursed in bitterness of heart the weakness that prompted her to consent to such a cruel and wicked artifice.

“ Poor Barry grieved also, but to little purpose : the whisperers, it is true, were dragged forward, and exposed to the contempt they so richly merited ; but the satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Barry and her friends, was doomed to be o’erclouded by an event of melancholy interest ;— Harriette, in less than twelve months after her marriage, gave birth to a female child, and died. Mr. Barry, with the pure kindness of spirit which always characterised his impulses, gave the little orphan into his wife’s arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—

“ ‘ It is your grandchild,—it shall be also mine ; I will be unto it a true parent.’

“ You know that my friend had not been blessed with children ; so that the feeling on his part towards the helpless innocent was natural. The person most displeased, when my little friend Alice Lee took up her abode at Barrybrooke, was Mr. Barry’s sister ; her son, Claude Barry, as he was always called (his father, by the way, two years after his birth, broke his neck in a steeple-chase), was natu-

rally considered heir to his uncle's property; and it was a sad thing, in her opinion, for a stranger to take even part of the good things she wished her son exclusively to possess. Claude himself was always a truly good-natured boy, with no particular enlargement of brain, and not very fond of reflecting.

" 'I can't think why you all hate that little child,' he would say; 'she is a merry soul, and gets my uncle out of his nervous fits sooner than any one else, with her innocent prattle; she is quite a comfort to them both in the long winter evenings when the place is too dull for us to remain there.'

" 'Innocent, indeed!' replied one of the family *coterie*, when the observation was finished. 'I wonder how *she* could be *innocent*, tutored as she is by her grandmother.'

" 'I am astonished you have not more discernment, Claude, than not to see,' said his mother, 'that the little imp is brought up with mighty high notions; the very last time I was there, she cried because there was no sugar in her bread and milk.'

" 'It's a comfort,' kindly added a third, 'that the child is indisputably ugly;—a little bit of a thing, notwithstanding all the cramming she gets, with a monstrous forehead towering over her eyes, making her look as if she had water on the brain.'

“ ‘She’s as proud as Lucifer,’ subscribed a fourth, ‘and would stamp like a fury, if she had’nt a clean frock on twice a day;—fine English airs, indeed!’ ”

“ ‘We may all be obliged to her yet, for all that,’ said Claude, laughing, and making the remark more from a love of tormenting, than anything else; ‘poor thing! I shall be the only one amongst you, who never thought or said an unkind word of her!’ ”

“ ‘And more fool you!’ and ‘you’ll repent it!’ and that always safe and wise saying, ‘Time will tell!’ was echoed about, through the scandalous council, until poor Claude wished that the holidays were over, and he was fairly back at school. The following summer, many of the same party were staying at Barrybrooke; for disagreeable as they certainly were to Mrs. Barry, she bore their coarseness and insolence with praiseworthy forbearance: unfortunately, some words had arisen between her and Claude’s mother, on a very unimportant matter, and the lady was anxious for an opportunity of mortifying her sister-in-law. Mr. Barry was from home; but after dinner, when the dessert was placed on the table, Mrs. Barry desired the servant to send in Miss Alice, who was then about six years old. The little girl came, as usual, to her grandmamma’s

knee, and at the moment Claude was helping himself to some currants,

“ ‘Give a few of those to Alice, dear,’ said Mrs. Barry.

“ ‘Help yourself first, my darling,’ observed his mother; adding, in a bitter under tone, ‘It is not meet to take the children’s bread and give it to the dogs.’

“ ‘True,’ replied the lady; ‘yet the dogs do eat of the crumbs which fall from the rich man’s table.’

“ Mrs. Barry rose as she spoke; and I shall never forget the dignity with which she crossed the dining-hall, to leave the apartment in which she had suffered so gross an insult:—those who felt justly (I was one of the number), followed. Alice perfectly understood what had passed; and the little thing stood where her grandmamma had sat, swelling with rage. Claude heaped the plate with currants, and called her affectionately to his side. Alice looked at him with an expression I shall never forget. At last, swallowing her passion, she shook her head, and turning to his mother, said, very quietly,

“ ‘I am no dog; I am, as you have often called me, a little ugly girl; but the time may come, when those who hate me now, may be glad to pick crumbs from *my* table, and thank me for them too.’

"This spirited reply coming from one so young, drew forth many and various observations from the party. Claude was indignant at the insolent cruelty of his parent, and followed his aunt with apologies, and even tears. This was only one incident in a thousand of the dislike evinced to this hapless child, of whose father, I should have told you, nothing had been heard for a considerable period, as he went abroad on the death of his wife. In the meantime, the circumstances of my old friend were far from improving; his habitual neglect of money matters, and his eternal procrastination, were swiftly leading to a destruction, which, as Mrs. Barry was ignorant of its extent, she could not prevent. Indeed, the very exactness with which she conducted household matters, was attributed to her as a crime.

" 'Where's the use of painting palings, for the rain to batter against?' said one;—'such expense, indeed!'

" 'Then,' said another, 'there was an enormous bill for building two pig-styes: even if the beasts *did* get into the garden, now and then, what great matter was it? where's the good of flowers?'

" 'Couldn't she let the tenants go on as they used,' exclaimed a fourth, 'and take the spinning and duty fowls from their wives, as others did

before her? What was the time of the poor to them? Talk of extravagance! was n't it the height of extravagance to pay women for spinning, when it could be done for nothing?

"Mrs. Barry's system, whatever might have been the prejudice entertained against her by the peasantry, as 'a fine lady from foreign parts, who was come to reign over them,' was productive of so much good to the poor, that they soon regarded her as their best friend, and their gratitude and affection was the greatest consolation she possessed, for I cannot deny that increasing difficulties pressed hard upon Mr. Barry, and that he wanted resolution to tear himself away from family and party feuds. These circumstances soured his temper, and made him at times capricious and severe. It is well known, that at home or abroad, whatever goes wrong with a married man, is revenged upon his wife. Perhaps I ought not to say *revenged*, but I can hardly find a term to express the ill-temper which is too often shewn at home, when adverse circumstances are encountered out of the domestic circle.

"Your own poet has expressed in language so chaste and beautiful the peculiar feelings which this

sort of thing generates, that I will repeat you the lines :—

‘ A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken,—  
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch, like this, has shaken.’

“ ‘ Are they not beautiful?’ exclaimed the old gentleman again. Not that matters were so bad with them, either; but certainly, something was fast undermining Mrs. Barry’s constitution. I would not have said that her chief happiness arose from the consolation afforded her in the affection of her tenants, had I remembered the devoted tenderness of her grandchild, and the delight she took in attending to her education. The development of the girl’s mind was both rapid and powerful. Distant as they were from towns, no aid of masters could be obtained. Mrs. Barry knew enough of music to teach the child its rudiments; and Alice, gifted with a fine ear, and a genuine love for the charming science, made swift progress in the art she loved. French she had spoken with her grandmother from her earliest childhood. Many studies were resorted to, with the view of occupation, that would not have been thought of under other circumstances, or if the little maid had enjoyed the society

of those of her own age. Her grandfather taught her Latin, and the priest of the parish instructed her in Italian. Of what are usually called children's books, she never possessed any; but could repeat, almost by heart, the Histories of Hume, and Rollin, with many of the ancient chronicles. Her light reading varied from the Arabian Nights to the History of the Robber Freany, with odd volumes of Irish History, and now and then a romance of the Ratcliffe school. Shakspeare she loved; Milton she revered; but there was one book, that was invariably perused morning and evening, which laid the foundation of her good conduct and future prosperity. Her grandmother saw that her romantic and rambling mind needed a powerful corrective. Situated as she was, and feeling that the child was debarred from amusements suited to her age and sex,—observing also the avidity with which she swallowed information, and unable, from the increasing delicacy of her health, to guide her as she wished,—she wisely felt the necessity of strengthening her religious impressions. The imagination of my young friend readily caught at the *beauties* of Scripture, but her grandmother wished her reason to be convinced of its *truths*: this she happily effected, and the silence and solitude of her sick room often

echoed the pure doctrines of salvation, and the breathing prayers dictated by faithful hearts. Barry procured for his wife, at an immense expense, the best medical advice the country afforded. His affection had cooled, but never changed; and the prospect of losing one so dear, redoubled his attentions. It was, however, of no avail: and after a tedious illness of eleven months, I followed her to her grave. Alice had never left her sick bed: it was a touching sight, to see the expiring effort the pale but still beautiful woman made to place the hand of the weeping child within that of her husband; he fell on his knees, and solemnly swore to protect Alice Lee to the latest hour of his life, and to bestow upon her a handsome income at his death.

“ ‘ I do not want that last promise,’ she said in a trembling voice, ‘ she can make riches for herself. Protect her, but let her be independent!’ ”

“ *Independent*, was the last word this excellent woman uttered; no wonder then that it was a hallowed feeling, and a hallowed sound to the heart and the ear of her grandchild.

“ ‘ I WILL be independent,’ said the sweet girl, as she strewed the flowers in which her grandmother had delighted over the silent corpse, and placed to her cheek, the blooming roses which she had so

loved to cultivate: and then she laid her own head on the same pillow, and read in the Book of Life, of eternity, and heaven, and worlds beyond the grave—and was comforted in her affliction!

“She had watched from her chamber window the slowly pacing funeral pass from the court-yard, the coffin supported by eight of the oldest tenants, who claimed the privilege of carrying it to its resting-place, and Claude Barry, in right of kin and as his uncle’s representative (who was too ill to perform the melancholy duty), following as chief mourner. She had seen the procession attended by a multitude of people wind round the hill side, till it was concealed from her view by a dense wood that overshadowed the road, and drying her tears she entered the dark room where her grandfather was nurturing in secret, the bitterness of grief. She seated herself quietly by his side, and made a sign of silence to old Jerry, who had followed her into the apartment, and whose infirmities prevented his attending the funeral; surprised that he motioned her towards the window which looked out upon the avenue, she opened the shutter so as to peep forth and ascertain his meaning. The old porter at the second gate was engaged in evidently a fierce contention with some four or five men, who demanded free passage

to the house. Poor Alice trembled all over, for she had heard of writs and executions, as calamities threatened against her grandfather; but as he had 'managed to keep them off,' (alas! for such management), she never thought they would really arrive at Barrybrooke. The appearance of the men, the agitation of the servant, and above all their suddenly pushing past the porter, while Jerry exclaimed so loud as to startle his master: 'I'll bar the doors,' confirmed her in the feeling, that they were sheriff's officers. And she flung herself on her protector's neck, exclaiming, 'What shall we do!'

"Poor Barry looked for a moment on the men as they wheeled round the house to approach the door. 'I see who they are,' he said in a quiet voice; 'great God! and was not my heart sufficiently broken? and have I already lived to see the time when I return thanks to the Almighty for having taken from me the wife of my bosom—so that she has been spared this misery?'

"He walked to the hall, where his faithful servant, in the true spirit of Irish fidelity, had drawn the bolts, and established himself with a rusty musket on his shoulder, that had done the rooks and magpies much mischief, resolved to protect the dwelling from 'bailiff or sheriff.'

" 'Open the door, Jerry,' said my friend.

" 'What, ye'r Honor?'

" 'Open the door.'

" 'For what, plaze ye'r Honor, 'ud I do that same?'

" 'To admit these men.'

" 'Lord bless ye'r Honor, and keep ye' in ye'r right mind, which ye' are not in at this present time, or ye'd niver give way to the like o' them.'

" 'Fool,' exclaimed Mr. Barry as they thundered at the portal, 'do as I command you.'

" 'Master, darlint!' replied the poor fellow, 'you may trample on me if ye' like, and call me what ye' plaze; but I'll niver be the means of letting shame into the house, in the shape o' the law,—only the boys are all at the funeral, it's long till they'd suffer such sarpen'ts to walk the country.—Well, God help us! since ye'r determined on it, do it ye'r self, Sir. I niver opened the door to a limb of the law, nor I niver will.'

" 'Jeremiah flung down his musket, and hastily left the hall, while Alice clung closely to her grandfather's arm.

" 'Come in, gentlemen, come in,' said he, with a frightful calmness of manner; 'here I am, you see;—be seated, and tell your business.'

"The business was soon told; a writ against his person at the suit of Benjamin Maberly, *Esquire*, for cattle furnished during a period of sixteen or eighteen years—a sort of running account, with now and then a nominal settlement; bills bearing interest, and sundry other expenses;—this claim alone amounted to the enormous sum of two thousand pounds: for my poor friend had often taken it into his head to stock farms, and speculate in sheep, pigs, and oxen, which speculations always terminated badly, from the unfortunate habit he had got into of never attending to his own business, but leaving it to others to manage for him. Another of these men of law had an execution against his goods and effects, for the sum of three thousand pounds, he having bestowed upon a favourite step-nephew a bond for fifteen hundred pounds, upon his commencing professional man; the interest of this, of course, was never paid nor demanded, but on his refusing to lend the young hopeful some two or three hundred pounds, which he thought proper to require, he placed the affair in an attorney's hands, who urged immediate proceedings on the bond, the interest of which had amounted to a sum equal to the principal. Mr. Barry was very unfit to think or act; but Alice prevailed on the officer who

made the arrest, to wait until the arrival of his friends; the other proceeded calmly to take an inventory of the furniture; while the master of the mansion seemed perfectly torpid and absorbed. Claude and myself returned with three or four others from the melancholy funeral to the house of mourning. As to poor Claude, he had all the family taste for expenditure, and the property he inherited from his father, was mortgaged to its full value. This did not prevent his living in style: he had a good stud, fine dogs, and a machine to drive in, that almost broke one's neck to look at; he had given a ball on his coming of age, at the Rotunda, which cost almost as much as the fee-simple of his estate was really worth. And his mother, with her usual wisdom, observed that it was of little consequence, considering what her son's expectations were.

" Claude, therefore, could do little—except join me in bail, which was entered into immediately, and securities given for the payment of the demand; in less than an hour after our return, Jerry had the inexpressible satisfaction of banging the hall door after 'the *sarpints*,' and of drinking (a ceremony by the way the poor fellow never omitted) 'Destruction to the law,' in a bumper of pure

whisky. I remained at Barrybrooke, and endeavoured to unravel the difficulties with which my friend was encompassed. I confess they far exceeded what I anticipated. To enter into the detail would be useless. Suffice it to say that on his marriage, to pacify his relations, he had granted annuities, which had never been regularly paid, and then had given security on his property for the various sums, that went on accumulating, he knew not how; he had a decided partiality for law-suits, which he generally lost; then none of the old incumbrances had been paid off; and the fine domain, which could have supported the establishment if properly farmed, was positively nothing more than a common for the neighbours' horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry to revel on. Mrs. Barry had retrenched most considerably the household expenses; but as my friend, Alice Lee, said, 'grandmamma was never suffered to know grandpapa's affairs; and what she saved, even from her own personal comforts, was expended out of doors.' Claude's difficulties were quite as perplexing. The advice I gave to both parties was as follows;—Mr. Barry to sell off as much property as would discharge all pressing demands; (for when one creditor comes down on an estate, the rest are sure to follow); to let Barry-

brooke, and go abroad for five or six years, live on a small allowance, and thus clear perfectly what was spared. Claude we recommended to marry a rich widow, who was known to look favourably on him, and pay off his debts with her fortune, providing an annuity for her from his estate.

“ ‘Cousin Claude,’ said Alice, quietly, ‘take *my* advice; they say you have fine oratorical talents, go to the bar, and make a fortune for yourself.’ It may be easily imagined, that the advice given was not relished by either. Barry’s pride revolted at the idea of selling a single acre; and Claude did not like the widow, because he had chosen to fall in love with a girl without either character or fortune. Some accommodation was made with the creditors, and my friend resolved to go abroad. Lord Mount-cashel offered to take the house, and reside there; but no!—again family pride was up in arms:—and although the certainty that Barrybrooke could not be kept in even decent order under an immense expense was dwelt upon by his true friends, he disdained to let it; decided that three old servants should remain to take care of it, and as quickly as possible bade adieu to the halls of his ancestors, leaving the property at nurse for his creditors, and reserving only an income of three hundred a year

for himself. All his relatives objected strongly to his being accompanied only by Alice Lee. — ‘She’ll be sure to come round him,’ they exclaimed one and all, ‘and if only six pen’oth of property is left, it’s only just that right should have it.’ It was all in vain: Barry took a proud, cold leave of his ‘dear relations’ and ‘particular friends:’ his spirit had been bitterly *wounded* by his late misfortunes; but it was not by any means subdued.

“ ‘Jerry,’ said he, as the poor fellow held open the carriage door, ‘see that the widow Murphy has the milk as usual, and the children at the school their clothing at Christmas; the agent will attend to it.’ (I must tell you that I had used every exertion to prevail on him to appoint a new agent; but in vain,)—and Barry was trying to conquer his emotion, when Alice, her face swollen with weeping, sprang into the carriage. The only living thing she possessed—a pet lamb, attempted to follow her, and looked up bleating in her face. ‘Keep it, Jerry,’ she said, ‘it is all I have to give you, and I give it you as a remembrance.’

“The carriage drove on: at the gate, a concourse of tenantry, and the poor whom he had so often relieved, awaited him. They stopped the carriage: some of the men, who had grown grey on the estate,

came forward. 'We have lived and flourished under ye'r Honor, and them that's dead and gone, for many years; and ye've never distressed us, nor offered to do it. If ye'r Honor 'ill stay among us, and keep from foreign parts, we'll make an advance on our rents, and pay up at onc't to next half-year, do'nt lave us to the marcy o' strangers, and we'll work for ye', and fight for ye', and never let a writ or a sheriff come near the house.'

"'Och! do'nt go to leave us,' exclaimed a poor woman, laying her thin hand on the coach window. Oh! do'nt, agra! Miss, do'nt let him—and the mistress, God mark her soul to glory! not *could* in her grave yet!' All this was too much for my poor friend; he could only reply, covering his face with his hands, 'God bless you all! I must go now; but I will return to you in happier times.'

"Mr. Barry proceeded to France: the idea of cheap living is connected, perhaps truly, with the Continent. An Irish gentleman is sure of a kind reception abroad; and the intelligent and cheerful manners of my friend Alice, equally free from English stiffness and French levity, increased the feeling of kindness into esteem. Barry, however, could not long remain contented in the provinces, and determined on a visit to Paris. This cer-

tainly was not wise; but Alice Lee had the happy art of extracting sweets from poison. She was introduced to some persons of literary distinction there, who discovered that her powerful and clear mind was capable of great efforts, and much usefulness. They taught her to soar, and directed her flight with judgment and kindness. Her attempts were made without even the knowledge of her grandfather, who read and approved her first production without having an idea from whose pen it proceeded;—his feelings can be better imagined than described, when he discovered that ‘his little cherished child,’—the scorned, the despised one—had not only received, but merited the praise of some of the most celebrated persons in France; he was not slow in sending this intelligence over. I, indeed, heard it with far more of pleasure than surprise; but it threw every member of the long-tailed family into utter consternation. ‘The thing was impossible—what! the little pug-nosed girl, who had never been to school, to be praised in the newspapers, and thought much of by learned people,—for *her* to write a book, a whole book, who had learnt to hold her pen from a village schoolmaster!’ Fancy, my dear Sir, all the exclamations of vulgar Irish astonishment, and even

then you can hardly have an idea of the hubbub the news occasioned.—Happily for Alice, she was not one of those morbid literary ladies, who mourn at their hard fate, and pretend to sorrow because their minds are superior to their neighbours,—who sigh and sentimentalise over their being obliged to appear before the public, and yet use every justifiable and unjustifiable mode of forcing celebrity. Alice was in the purest sense of the word a Christian, and she felt the necessity of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She shrank not from the useful exercise of her abilities, and she had good sense enough to perceive that the odium, which at that time even more than now, attached to literary women, proceeded from the attention they exacted, and the airs of superiority they assumed, in society. She did not neglect the cultivation of simple flowers, because she was skilled in botany; she did not cease to charm by the exercise of her fine melodious voice, because she comprehended the nature of sound; nor did she delight less in the mazes of the dance, because she understood the laws of motion. Though she became an *author*, she had not ceased to be a *woman*: her motives were noble—her actions pure. So that she

neither needed, nor wore a mask—this was the grand secret of her popularity.

“The creditors of Mr. Barry’s estate had lately become clamorous, and declared that the sums stipulated for had not been regularly discharged. My friend found it necessary to go over to Ireland, and settle matters, the derangement of which he could not account for; even his stipend had not lately been remitted, and but for the exertions of Alice Lee, he would have suffered much pecuniary difficulty. He felt that he ought to clear himself from the imputation of connivance where evidently, on the agent’s part, mismanagement, if not dishonesty must have been practised: he came upon the man unexpectedly, and the fellow paled and trembled before him. Conscious and confused, he fixed the next morning for the explanation of his accounts, but that very night set off for America, taking with him a very considerable sum, which he had prevailed on the tenants to advance, in addition to their rents, under the idea of ministering to their landlord’s necessities. This was a dreadful blow to my friend’s feelings: Alice had suffered much from delicate health, and he would not subject her to the fatigue of a journey; but earnestly did he long for her presence, to support and cheer him. About

three weeks after he had quitted Paris on this unfortunate business, Alice Lee received the following letter, sealed with dismal black; the first page was in the hand-writing of her beloved guardian and relative. She afterwards permitted me to copy it.

‘ *Barrybrooke, December, 18—.*  
‘ MY BELOVED CHILD,

‘ I ought not to have written you so gloomy an account; it was sadly selfish of me to disturb your mind, when I know how much depends on the work you are now engaged upon. You would gladly support your poor grandfather—would you not? even if he had not an acre left. No account of that villain since he sailed from Cork. Alice, pray for me, pray that my senses may be spared. The ingratitude I meet with, is the scorpion’s sting that festers in my heart. Pray for me, Alice Lee! I suppose it must come to a sale. Sell Barrybrooke! And the trees and flowers *she* planted! but I shall have one unfading flower left—you, Alice! Poor Claude is even worse off than myself. Oh! *the curse of property*, managed as it is in this unhappy country. Would that I had been bred a common tradesman, I should then have been *independent*, and not afraid to look every man I meet in the

face, lest he should ask me for money. Do you know that my sternest creditors are those of my own kin? I am sick at heart, my child, and you are not here: do you remember the evening you left that splendid conversazione at the Count de Leonard's to come home, that you might give me the medicine with your own hand? Yet I would not have you *here* now for the world. Jerry grows young again, and Sir Charles is kind as ever: it is too late to wish now,—but if I had taken his advice,—good night, my child. You are the only being related to me who never gave me cause for anger. Good night—God bless you! to-morrow I will finish my letter.'

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Sir Charles, as he lifted his eyes from the painful record. "When the next sun rose, his spirit had met his God:—his heart indeed was broken.—The remainder was written by his old servant."—

'May it plaze ye, Miss, to put up with me to tell ye the sorrowful tidings,—that nixt morning when I wint as usual into his Honor's room, he was clean gone and as *could* as a stone; they worried the soul out o' him, that they did; and my curse, and the curse o' the poor, 'ill rest heavy on 'em to the day o' judgment for that same. I wish ye could see how

beautiful he looks this minute; jist smilin' in his coffin. So best; for he's beyant trouble now.—God be praised! they could n't keep his sowl from glory! Poor Master Claude is like one mad, and Sir Charles is forced to order the funeral: it 'ill be the thing to do honour to the name, and a grand berrin' as ever was seen in the country; priests and ministers, and all the heart's-blood o' the gentry—and it's my intention, now that the dear master's gone, to travel into foreign parts myself, and wait upon you, Miss, who must want some one to look after ye. Seeing (no offence I hope!) that ye are all as one as my own born child: and so keep up y'er heart, and God's fresh blessin' be about ye, prays y'er humble and faithful servant (till death) to command.

'JEREMIAH KEG.'

"The funeral justified Jerry's expectations. It was feared that an attempt would have been made to arrest the body, but the tenants came prepared for such an event; they were armed, and would have sacrificed their lives, sooner than suffered a sheriff's officer to lay a finger on the coffin. The scene of confusion and abuse which ensued amongst those, who notwithstanding they knew the state of em-

barrassment the property was in, quarrelled over it, like starved jackals over mouldering bones, is sickening to think upon. In about six weeks, the estates of the *late* Charles Barry, Esq. were advertised to be sold by the sheriff, for the benefit of the creditors of the said estates. The sorrow of sweet Alice Lee was agonizing to witness or think upon; and even now she has not ceased regretting that she did not accompany her grandfather on his *last* journey. Agitation brought on a nervous fever; and her friends in Paris, for more than a month, dreaded what its final effects might be. She recovered slowly; and one day I was sitting with her in the drawing-room (when I found I could be of no service in Ireland, I went to see her), when the lady she was staying with, endeavouring to divert her mind, observed with the good humoured playfulness of her country, that Alice's last work had made a conquest of an old half-Indian gentleman, a Mr. Clifton, an Englishman she believed, who wished he were young enough to make love to her.

“Clifton was my dear grandmother's name,” replied Alice; “and she had a brother once, but he died, I believe.” A vague idea, which I could neither account for nor express, took possession of

my mind. The next morning I waited on the old gentleman, and judge of my delight and astonishment, when I found, after much investigation, that Mr. Clifton was indeed the brother of her grandmother, who had gone abroad when his sister was too young to remember aught about him, and who had returned a husbandless and childless man: and the discovery of such a relative was a source of extraordinary happiness to him. He was a proud, stern man, very unlike the parent she had lost; yet he soon proved that he was anxious to bestow upon her, what the world calls substantial proofs of his affection. Being the avowed heiress of a rich Indian merchant could add nothing to the lustre of Alice Lee, but it increased her power of doing good; the idea of Barrybrooke being sold rendered her very miserable. 'Claude was always very kind to me,' she said, 'and I should like to prove that I am not ungrateful, by saving the house and domain for him.' Her uncle, who might well be proud of her, when I mentioned this wish to him caught at the idea of gratifying her with avidity, and agreed to give money for the purpose, just as if he were bestowing upon her a splendid toy. He wished to visit Dublin, and we set out for that once splendid city with many and varied feelings. But

I tire you,—a moment more, and my tale is ended. We were grieved on our arrival there, to find that the sale had been hurried forward: by the desire of Alice Lee, I wrote to the sheriff, offering terms for the house, &c., of Barrybrooke. Through some precious mistake, which could not occur in any other country, my letter miscarried. We drove down to the town of Bannis, situated on the estate, and here you must let me mention an instance of the delicacy of my favourite's mind. She positively would not travel in her uncle's carriage, but racketed the old gentleman all to pieces in an Irish post chaise.

“‘It would insult their distress,’ she said, ‘to go in splendour, when the family of my benefactor is reduced almost to want.’ The auction was going on when we drove into the town; we were ten minutes too late, the very house of Barrybrooke had been sold to the architect I spoke of! The kind and generous feelings of my young friend were thus thrown into another channel; she purchased an annuity for ‘Cousin Claude,’ and to the hour of his death he never knew from whom the income came, that enabled him to live with so much comfort during the five years he survived his uncle. She practised the revenge of a Christian: she did good to those who had despitely used her, nor were they

averse to partake of whatever *crumbs* she chose to bestow. You know the romance of her marriage, and we have often laughed at the grotesque figure Jerry exhibited at Paris;—by the way—”

Mr. Newton looked at his watch:—the kind-hearted, garrulous old gentleman took the hint, only adding, that the motto adopted by Alice, was INDEPENDENCE,—the device, a little bark passing through a stormy sea, with Hope at the helm, and the haven in view.

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## SONNET.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice upon me call,  
 As listless in desponding mood I lay,  
 Whiling the melancholy hours away,  
 Mid fears that did my fondest hopes enthrall.  
 ’T was not the trumpet voice of Fame I heard ;  
 Nor Fortune’s, nurse of impotence and care ;  
 Nor yet the moanings deep of fell Despair.  
 But O it was the voice of one that stirred  
 In every leaf ! Sweet, sweet the accents came,  
 And stole in pure affection to my heart,  
 Healing within, wounds bleeding ’neath the smart  
 Of bitterest woe. Up sprang my gladden’d frame  
 Restored, as henceforth brighter days to see ;—  
 Thy voice it was I heard, meek Piety.

EDWARD MOXON.

## THE INFANT ST. JOHN.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

### I.

Oh, where doth human beauty dwell without one taint  
of earth?

'T is on the cheek of infancy, still pure as at its birth;  
Before the lip hath learned to feign a joy unfelt within,  
Before the eye hath shed one tear of penitence for sin.

### II.

Fit subject for the painter's skill, art thou, most blessed  
Child!

On whom, in her dark hour of age, a grateful mother  
smiled;

Sent to prepare the Saviour's path, to preach his holy  
word,

To wait in meek humility the coming of thy Lord!

### III.

Salvation's "day-spring from on high," was given by  
thy breath,

To those who sat in sorrow's gloom, and in the shade of  
death:

And "Prophet of the Highest" named, thy promise did  
release

Man from sin's penalty, by words of pardon and of peace.



very air, where such injustice was committed; assuring me that a more amiable or virtuous damsel never walked a mountain path, than the youthful fugitive who was now flying from the armed men, whose company was so unwelcome in the valley.

But I must not anticipate. The catastrophe will follow soon enough; and those who are acquainted with the country in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, to use the language of the best narrator of the day, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of "AN OWER TRUE TALE." Would to heaven that it had not too many counterparts in reality and intensity of suffering! I know, that at the very moment when the feeling and the pitying are weeping over Judith's fate, other mothers may be experiencing the same unmerited anguish of mind and body, in the same region, and under the same accusation.

In the spring of 1810, a Roman Catholic family, whom I will call the Caspals, purchased a small property in a hamlet where the inhabitants were for the most part members of the reformed church, and where, from time immemorial, the Protestant Faith had prevailed. The whole region round about was peopled by a race who refused to hold communion

with Rome, and for many centuries had been a bone of contention to the ambitious Papal Hierarchy, which exerted all its influence to induce the sovereign princes of the country to efface this blot from the Italian soil. But under the shield of a protecting Providence, which had made fast the bars of their gates; and thanks to the natural bulwarks of rock and glacier, this tribe remained fixed like their vines to the soil, and twining round every stay that promised support. The temporary suspension of the old dynasties brought an æra of prosperity hitherto unknown to our Subalpines, and they had been in the enjoyment of civil and religious privileges in common with their fellow subjects of the same province, under the sceptre of Napoleon, for the space of ten years, when the Caspals took up their abode among them. No reason had the strangers to complain, that the majority of their neighbours were of a persuasion different from themselves. Rocca-rossa, one of the loveliest spots in nature, in point of scenery and productiveness, was equally distinguished by its moral charms, and resounded with the voices of joy and gladness. 'Glory to God, and good will to man,' was chanted with the same feelings of mutual kindness in the Roman Catholic church, where a handful of worshippers assembled,

and in the Protestant temple, where hundreds were congregated on the days of holy rest.

In the few level plots of this transiently happy valley, the little properties were not separated by stone walls, or thick edges, or deep ditches; but they lay close together, undistinguishable to the eye, and determined only by a straight line drawn from one point to another: when the land threw up her treasures, and the crops were ripe, the vales looked like so many carpets of rich colouring, the wheat and the maize and the clover forming the different varieties, occupying their several spaces, and blending their ears and flowers in a harmonious contiguity, without the intervention of any artificial demarcation to break the union. I have been told, that in many of the grass lands the small portions are so undivided by any real line, that in the hay-making season the proprietors would erect two stakes, and tying a piece of string from one to the other, would mow each on his own side of the string, and so collect that part of the produce which was his.

The farm of the Caspals lay thus intermixed with that of a Protestant occupant, whose family became as closely attached to the strangers, as if, like themselves, they had been of a stock which had known no other dwelling-place for twenty generations.

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Unhappily, the intercourse between the houses produced sentiments of affection between Victor a son of the new settler, and Judith the daughter of the mountaineer, which were not sufficiently understood till it was too late. In 1814, the French domination, and liberty of conscience in this department, terminated together. The former sovereigns were replaced upon their thrones, and the Protestant natives of the province were informed, that the treaty of Paris had guaranteed the continuance of religious and personal rights to the natural subjects of France only; but not to them, who had been annexed to the French empire by conquest, and whose habitation on the Eastern or Italian side of the Alps, excluded them from all participation in the reserves and stipulations of that memorable treaty. One stroke of a princely pen, one breath of a feudal lord's displeasure, dissipated the short-lived happiness of the most virtuous race under heaven; pains, penalties, prohibitions and rigorous decrees, were instantly enforced against all who conformed not with the Church of Rome. Edicts of a barbarous age were revived, and in the nineteenth century, men who had been put in possession of the common rights of human nature by the usurper Napoleon, were denounced by the legitimate —, and declared

amenable to laws, which had been enacted against professors of the reformed faith three hundred years before. In vain was an appeal made to England, in vain was that treaty, which was called the pacification of Europe, objected against such abuse of power, against such an ungrateful return for restored authority. England, in her enlarged views, while she cast an eye over the kingdoms of the earth, overlooked the vales of small extent, where her own brethren in the faith were dwelling; and the ministers of the "Defender of the Faith," forgot their religious duties in the distracting adjustment of the political balance. "Give us justice, at least," said the poor appellants, "and abide by your own regulations, ye rulers of the earth: we ask neither for political power, nor for admittance to senates, nor to seats of honour, like the agitators in another realm; we claim no place among the learned, or the chivalrous, or the noble; we only ask for security in the enjoyment of those rights which we recovered during recent events, which are ours by your recognition, and which are but the natural rights of man. In vain they reminded the arbiters of Europe of their own solemn decision: "The high contracting parties wishing to place, and to cause to be placed in entire oblivion, the divisions which have agitated Europe, declare

and promise, that in the countries restored and ceded by the present treaty, no individual of whatever class or condition shall be prevented, harassed, or disturbed in his person or property, under any pretext."—Article 16. Treaty of Paris.

The Subalpines of my tale were restored to their old masters by virtue of this treaty; and in direct violation of it, instantly were they prevented, disturbed, and harassed, by edicts affecting their persons, their property, and their consciences.

Among other things, it was announced to the terrified mountaineers, that *mixed marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants were prohibited, and that parties who should presume to violate the order, should be punished, at the pleasure of the sovereign; that the union should be dissolved, and the progeny declared to be illegitimate.*

Out of this one edict only, enforced since the events of 1814, has arisen a train of domestic calamities, prolonged, galling, and unendurable. The Caspals and their neighbours were among its earliest victims. The parents of Victor and Judith in vain represented to each the hopelessness of an affection upon which the authorities of their country frowned. That which was before a spark, was now blown into a flame; the breath of opposition only caused it to

burn more fiercely, and the young people vowed and cherished reciprocal love, which nothing but death should divide. Victor Caspal, hating the priesthood, whom he accused of persuading the restored government to re-enact such obsolete and odious laws, began to hate the mode of faith in which he had been educated, and avowed his resolution to become a Protestant. Perhaps he was moved to this determination by the hope, that his change of religion would place himself and Judith beyond the operation of the edict; that both being Protestants, they might wed in peace. But a more alarming obstacle presented itself. Another edict denounced death against any of the Reformed faith who should persuade a Roman Catholic to forsake his church. "If it become known that you have apostatised, as they term it," said the father of Judith, "my daughter will be accused of converting you, and her blood will be the sacrifice. Who now can protect a victim from priestly hatred and suspicion?" The youth was convinced, and concealed his sentiments; and none but the two families were aware of his secret. Several years passed; the betrothed couple dared not complete their espousals, and two fond hearts sickened under hope deferred. About three years ago, the elder Caspal died: and when Victor

found himself no longer controlled by parental prudence and advice, he bethought him of some expedient by which he might make Judith his wife without hazarding the safety of either. He decided upon selling his property, and settling in France or Switzerland. A contract was made, and the terms of the sale were agreed upon; but difficulties arose in the way of completing the arrangement and securing the purchase money. The faithful couple did not wait the settlement of this question of property, but crossed the frontier into France, and there they were married. After a few weeks they returned to Rocca-rossa; but the legal deeds, necessary to the alienation of Victor's property in the hamlet, not having been made perfect, the sale was postponed; and the want of means to live elsewhere obliged them to remain on the spot, under the hope that no notice would be taken of their transgression of the edict. Their friends assured them, that as the law had not been violated in the province where it was in force, they might rest secure; and that at the worst, Victor would have time enough to take refuge on the other side of the mountain, in case any judicial process should threaten his personal liberty. In countries like that of which this unfortunate couple were natural subjects, an evasion of the order which

was meant to extend the influence of the priesthood, and to resist the advance of Protestantism, was equivalent to an infraction. The local authorities at first took no notice of the circumstance, and it is possible that they would have continued to shut their eyes, had not their attention been drawn to it by the Curé of the parish. He had long missed Victor at mass, and at the confessional; and it must be acknowledged that a single stray sheep out of a flock of twenty or thirty at the most, was likely to cause some disquietude, and feelings of resentment in the Ecclesiastic's mind. But the storm did not burst till after the birth of a child. Judith became the mother of a boy, and the Curé then lodged an information against Victor, as having either married or lived in concubinage with a Protestant woman. This was no time for flight: the husband was cited to appear before the officers appointed to institute an inquiry, and to save the honour of his wife, was obliged to admit that he was married to her. He was committed to the prison at —, the chief town of the province; the marriage was declared null and void; all further intercourse between him and Judith was judicially interdicted, and their child was pronounced to be illegitimate!

This terrible condemnation produced a brain fever

in the wretched mother, and for many weeks her spirit hovered between life and death. But she recovered her senses, and with them she was restored to the consciousness, that her husband was languishing in a dungeon; that her own character was sullied; that her son was a proclaimed bastard, and that she was separated for ever from the object of her most tender affection!

But the cup of Judith's anguish was not yet full. She was just beginning to gain strength, when the Curé of Rocca-rossa intruded his presence, and insisted upon baptizing her child, and receiving him into the Roman church. "He is illegitimate," said the unfeeling man of zeal, "and as such he belongs to the state, and must be initiated and educated in the religion of the state." The whole truth now burst upon the mind of the distracted parent. She knew that the priest, after having had the rite administered according to his own forms, would claim the child as a Roman Catholic, and send him to the Foundling Hospital at ——. But she boldly refused to comply with the first demand, and the Curé left her chamber with threats of bitter vengeance.

The language of romance and sentiment would ill become a tale, in which the stern hand of truth has to write events, in themselves too deeply affecting to

require embellishment. Judith's education, plain and simple; her habits of life from early childhood, those of a peasant, of the daughter of a mountaineer, who had watched her father's flocks upon the highest crags, where a blade of herbage could be found,—whose arm and voice had often been raised to scare the wolf and the eagle from their intended prey;—Judith's character furnishes no materials for the poetical or romantic. This is not the history of a tender and delicate woman, nurtured amid luxuries, and in the lap of softness, whose youth and beauty rendered every incident more touching. It is not from any borrowed interest of this kind, that the relation of her sorrows is expected to derive attraction. It is because the very age in which we live has been dishonoured by such deeds of darkness; it is because the tears are not yet dry, which fell when her wrongs were first inflicted, and that similar occurrences will again make the same mountains ring with shrieks of dismay, unless a voice, loud and peremptory, proclaims: "These things shall not be!"—it is upon these considerations, that I feel I have no ordinary demand upon the attention and sympathy of my readers.

As soon as the Curé had left her, Judith hastened with her child in her arms to the Pastor of the Commune, and detailed what had happened.

"Alas, my poor woman," exclaimed her venerable friend, "I have no comfort, no help for you! The Curé will make his own statement to the Magistrate, and will claim the privilege which our rulers have accorded to the Romish priesthood. We have no redress when children are declared illegitimate; they can be seized at the will of the Curé, and immured in the hospital."

"But is there no hope for me?—Is there none?" cried the unhappy mother.

"There is not any, Judith, if the order be once signed, and the Carabineers are dispatched to carry away your boy. Had the priest been merciful and silent, the government and the authorities here would not have interfered. We are never harassed thus, but at the instigation of the Curé. The old laws are permitted to be a dead letter, till our adversaries of the other church revive them."

"Laws! is there any law sanctioned by the state, which would sever the child from its mother?"

"Written law there is none;—we know of none so rigorous;—but the influence of the Romish clergy is too powerful to be resisted, and it is said that prescription, or the custom of former times, constitutes the law in this case."

"Merciful Father! will they do, as the most

savage of our ancient oppressors did, and rule us with a rod of scorpions, after we have been permitted to live under the protection of an equitable Code? Think, kind Sir, for a moment, and tell me that a mother will find compassion somewhere."

The Pastor looked mournfully at the poor sufferer, and from the treasures of his own heart he drew an expedient, which he hoped might be successful. 'Judith,' said he, "take your child—make the best of your way to ——, ask to see the Bishop: explain your case, and entreat him to be your advocate. One little word from the Bishop will quiet the Curé, and prevent his taking any hostile measures. A Christian prelate cannot turn a deaf ear to a mother's prayers. We may differ in points of doctrine and discipline; but whether Romanists or Protestants, we ought to agree in loving one another."

Judith's countenance brightened up, she wiped her tears, and hurried to —— in the full assurance that she should find compassion and succour in the episcopal palace. The Bishop was at home, and received her without any delay. He accosted her in tones of kindness,—and gracious were the words that fell from his lips. Judith's heart beat with confident hope: she told her tale.—The Bishop heard it with patience and urbanity. She urged her maternal

alarms: her afflictions, caused by separation from her husband, and by the reflection that he was pining in confinement: she hugged her infant to her bosom, and prayed that he might not be torn from her. She looked earnestly in the Bishop's face;—it expressed the most immovable composure. The calm eye which was fixed upon her was worse than petrification—all further utterance was denied her. Had the Prelate frowned, or turned away from her, she would have persisted in the attempt to move him. But the placid gaze bespoke the determined mind, and the suppliant's whole frame was chilled. When the Bishop perceived that she had nothing more to say, he commenced an harangue in measured language, and with a voice of the most perfect self-command. It was too long for Judith to remember—further than that in substance it was to this effect; “that he pitied her, even as a father hath pity on his own children: that he felt deeply for the eternal interests of herself, her deluded lover, and her child of sin,—and that her trials here were intended for her good hereafter.” He concluded by saying “that he could not interpose, that the church never meddled with matters belonging to the secular powers.”

“Interpose! my Lord,” exclaimed Judith, to

whom despair had restored courage—"Your church and its ministers are always interposing to do us evil. Are we never to have the benefit of your interference to do us good? The state would not trouble itself with our domestic concerns, if the church did not insist upon our being put to the ban. In the name of your Father and my Father, of your God and my God, I implore you to intercede for me."

"My daughter, it is impossible!" said the Bishop. The miserable woman forgot herself. She knelt down and prayed, and she afterwards acknowledged to her Pastor, that she was afraid her prayers to heaven for her infant and her husband, had been mingled with imprecations against her oppressors.

The Bishop commanded her to leave the room, and as she approached the door she exclaimed: "Fool that I was, to look for sympathy here! What feeling for a mother's sorrows can *they* have, who have cut asunder all that binds husband and wife, parent and child; whose very virtue consists in forswearing all that is most tender and holy in human compacts?"

"Remove that frantic woman," said the Prelate to his servants, in the same imperturbed tone as before, "and see that she come to no harm."

Judith was conducted out of the palace, and

returned towards Rocca-rossa. When she reached the chestnut grove, whose thick foliage conceals her native hamlet from the view of those who approach it from —, she met her Pastor. "I have been watching for you," said he, "and I see by your troubled countenance that you have not been successful. You must not go home; but fly to the mountain, and conceal yourself as well as you can. The order is signed, and the Carabineers are waiting to seize your child, and to convey him to the hospital. No time is to be lost. Keep beyond the limits of our own Commune, and avoid the chalets of our own people. The search after you will be made principally among them. Cast yourself, therefore, upon the generosity and kindness of our brethren of the other church. I will answer for it, that not one of them will betray you. There is not a Roman Catholic family between the three torrents, which does not secretly condemn the monkish oppressors of our race. Remain no longer than is necessary under the same roof, lest you expose your protectors to suspicion!" He put a basket of provisions into her hand, directed her to keep under covert of the thicket, and to commit her cause to the God of the fatherless and the widow.

When the poor forlorn creature had advanced as

far into the depth of the forest, which covers the hill-side, as her exhausted strength would permit, she sat down, and opened the basket which the Pastor had given her. In it she found a Bible, with one of those copies of the Psalms of David in verse, which are among the few books of devotion that the Protestant borderers of Italy are able or permitted to obtain. She blessed the kind hand which had thus furnished relief at once to her spiritual and temporal wants, and after a short rest, began to thread her way to the summits that rose above her. When she was asked afterwards, what she did, and what was the state of her mind, while she was sitting with her child in that gloomy labyrinth; she replied, that she had composed her own mind, and had lulled her infant to sleep, by singing in an under voice the 137th Psalm.—It happened, that after hearing this lamentable narrative, the 137th Psalm was sung by the congregation in the church at Rocca-rossa, on the day when I chanced to be present. Who will not comprehend the feelings with which I listened to its plaintive words and music; feelings so deep and overpowering, that, as a female voice swelled occasionally above the rest, I found it difficult to refrain from giving audible vent to my emotions! When the wanderer had attained

the level of the chalets, or temporary cottages built among the Alpine pasturages, (whither the mountaineers drive their cattle during the three summer months), she approached the first which she judged to belong to a Roman Catholic. There are many little distinguishing marks by which the members of the two persuasions may be known in these regions; among the women especially. The use of ornaments, such as crosses and small hearts, of gold, silver, or meaner materials, hanging from the neck, and higher and more ample caps, are infallible distinctions, by which to recognise the females of the Romish faith. Judith frankly and fearlessly accosted the mistress of the chalet, and having communicated the cause of her distress, begged protection for the night. It was readily accorded, and never did stranger receive a kinder welcome. Every member of the family vied with each other in shewing attention to the outcast mother and child, and in pouring oil and wine into the wounds inflicted by the priesthood of their church.

As was the reception of the first evening, so were those of the following, for many successive days; and Judith, as she crossed from one mountain ridge to another, had manifold reason to bless the Christian charity of the shepherds and their wives, who were

tending their flocks and herds. Where one administered to her own wants, another furnished her with linen and necessaries for her child ; and every prayer which she breathed for herself, ascended to heaven with the name of some benevolent Catholic, who loved mercy and justice, and would rather do one act of charity to a persecuted sister, than contribute to the proselytism of a thousand unwilling converts.

It was on the eighth day from that of her flight, when Judith entered beneath a roof, where she expected, as usual, to find a welcome ; but the mountaineer bade her begone. There was something in his manner which expressed constraint and reluctance, and the fugitive earnestly begged to be told the reason of his inhospitality.

"My priest," said he, "has made me promise, under threats of the severest censure, not to open my door to you, and not to give you either meat or drink. It is suspected that you have been harboured among some of us."

Judith presented her infant to the man's wife, and entreated her to give shelter to that innocent for the night, if she herself must be excluded. The woman looked piteously at her husband, and pleaded for the wanderer ; but he seemed terror-struck, and still refused.

"But I have made no promise," cried the tender-hearted woman. "Remain with us, poor Christian, and what Baptist is forbidden to do, I will take upon myself." The shepherd smiled at this compromise between the obligation of a promise and that of charity, and offered no further impediment: but Judith observed that he cautiously abstained from performing any kind office himself, and left the duties of hospitality wholly to his wife.

The fugitive's heart was heavy within her the whole of the evening. She now anticipated that every door might be shut against her, and often and solemnly did she consult her Bible for passages of comfort. Some of these she read aloud at the request of the hostess. They amazed her.

"Is that the Book we are prohibited from reading?"

"It is," said Judith.

The shepherd and his wife looked incredulous.

"I will not believe it. It is not the Bible!" exclaimed the former. "If the Bible contained such good things as those you have just read, our reverend Curé would command, and not forbid us to use it. I will go down the mountain to-morrow, and ask to see some other Bibles, that I may compare with them that which I have now heard."

"My good friend," replied Judith, "do you not know that our people are prevented, under pain of the severest penalties, from 'giving, selling, or lending a Bible' to any of your persuasion?" The man frowned, and became thoughtful, but said no more.

The next morning Judith left the chalet, with her basket well replenished. As she was sitting under a projecting crag, to shade her infant from the noon-day sun, the mountaineer, whose hut had received her the night before, came to her in manifest agitation, and advised her to leave those parts as quickly as possible, for the Carabineers were searching every chalet and hiding-place on the Col Bianca. The rocks and the forests were from this time her only shelter: and she made her disturbed bed under a tree, or in a cavern. For the most part she pursued her way from one mountain-chain to another during the night, and took her feverish rest while the light continued, that her movements might be less exposed to observation. But who can describe, or even imagine her sufferings? The alternations of heat and cold, and the want of sufficient sustenance, were nothing to her terrors,—to her constant state of alarm. Every leaf that moved, every gust of wind that sounded through the fissure of a rock; every moving shadow, was to her frightened

imagination, a Carabineer preparing to tear her infant from her bosom. In the extremity of her troubles she drew nigh to Rocca-rossa, with the faint hope of seeing some one who might give her tidings of her husband; but she dared not approach nearer to the hamlet than the pine-wood, which darkens the ridge at many hundred feet above the village. Here she obtained an occasional supply from the shepherds and goatherds, who, being aware that the fugitive was reduced to the last extremity, often ran every risk, and sought opportunities to relieve her. But this could not last long; her strength gradually failed, and every alarm gave an additional shock to her constitution. At times she was roused to extraordinary efforts, by finding herself at no great distance from her pursuers, and then there was no path so rugged, no precipice so fearful, which she would not dare, rather than not escape from them.

Upon one occasion, at the turn of a rock, she suddenly found herself within sight of two of her pursuers. They were immediately below her, in the traverse of the same path. Her capture appeared inevitable, both to them and to herself. She looked around in wild despair. To her practised eye, as the daughter of one of the boldest hunters of the Alps, who had often accompanied her father in the

chase, a dizzy ledge appeared capable of barely sustaining her weight; it might bear her, or it might crumble under her feet, and plunge her into the depth below! Should it uphold her, she would gain another path, utterly inaccessible to the armed men who were at hand.

The cast was for life or death; the mother's feelings nerved heart and limb; she would rather perish with her child, than surrender him. The spring was made, the ledge was gained, and in an instant the daring woman was placed beyond the reach of the astonished Carabineers. At first, when they saw her foot upon the frail and tottering steep, they shrieked with horror at the sight; but, when the peril was over, one of the men pointed his carabine, and declared he would fire, unless she stopped. The mother who had no fears of precipices, had none of the soldier or his menaces; she refused to stop, and hastened on.—Again the man protested he would discharge his piece, and took deadly aim at the fugitive. At this crisis his comrade struck down the levelled carabine, exclaiming, "Our orders are to take alive, and not to kill." Judith saw and heard what passed, and kneeling down, she praised God aloud for her wonderful preservation, and implored mercy for her pursuers, as they had shewn

mercy to her. Doubtless they were glad at heart that this painful duty had not been done, and that the victim had escaped them.

Although the fugitive had escaped this danger, yet her situation was as critical as ever. When it was known in what part of the mountains she was taking refuge, the pursuit was more warm; the circle drawn around her was narrowed; the nets were spread in every direction; and she was compelled to seek for an asylum among the most inhospitable of the crags that formed the barriers of the valley. Higher and higher she ascended; oftentimes nothing but the clouds that capped the mountain tops, concealed her from those who continued the search. Her strength gradually diminished, but not her resolution. The third day after the incident with the Carabineers, she was sitting in a cleft in the rocks, which, like a watch tower, commanded the only practicable path towards the summit of the Col. Benedetto, where she was found by a young goat-herd, half dead with exhaustion.

He relieved her in that drooping condition, by the only means in his power,—by milking his goats, and giving her the precious draught, which appeased both hunger and thirst at the same time. He then persuaded her to take some sleep, and

engaged to watch during her slumbers. But her repose was soon disturbed by the fearful intelligence, that a soldier was advancing from below, and that by a track which would certainly bring him to the spot where she was lying. She was scarcely able to support herself upon her feet, but she declared her intention to make a last effort, and to die of fatigue, rather than be deprived of the object which became dearer to her every hour of her existence.

"God," said she, "will preserve those who trust in him, and into his hands do I commit myself."

The boy looked on Judith with admiration, bordering on reverence. Excited beyond himself, a sudden thought crossed his mind.—

"I will be your deliverer," he exclaimed: "I will run and meet the soldier. I will get below him, and as he is passing yon narrow, slippery path, scarce a foot's length in width, on the brink of the precipice, I will whistle my goats. They will rush down the steep at my call, and tumble him into the chasm, in their headlong career. I once met a chamois, pursued by a hunter, in a path like that; and had I not flung myself on my face, I should have perished, as that slave of our oppressors shall perish."

Judith seized the boy by his arm. Firm in her purpose of compassion as of daring, she held him fast.

"It shall not be," she cried. "He may be one of those who might have shot me when I fled from them; or he may have a mother, who loves *him* as I doat on my boy. I will not preserve my infant, precious as he is, at the cost even of the spoiler's life."

The boy was awed by her manner, and felt ashamed of his bold but cruel project. Again he conceived a mode of defeating the pursuer's purpose.

"Give me your child. I will bind him to the back of my strongest goat. At my signal, the whole flock will scamper up the crags, and soon be out of sight. When the Carabineer comes, confront him fearlessly. Seeing you without your child, he will not know that you are the object of his search, and will leave you unmolested."

Judith smiled faintly at the enthusiastic boy's wild scheme; but assured him, that though she might confidently trust her infant to the sagacity of his goat, she could not venture to expose him to the projecting points of the craggy rock, in such a perilous mode of conveyance up the mountain side.

"Then confide him to me. I will sit here, surrounded by my flock, and hide him from the soldier's eye. In the meantime, do you go, and fearlessly meet the man, as if you were descending towards Rocca-rossa. He will suspect nothing, and let you pass."

This contrivance promised better success; and the fugitive, having delivered her little treasure to the goatherd's nursing care, advanced towards the soldier. Whether he recognised Judith or not, is uncertain: he did not offer to detain her; and my informants, in the true Christian spirit of hoping all things, and believing all things in charity, were of opinion, that the man, inwardly abhorring his errand, was readily inclined to consider that he had nothing to do but with the infant, and therefore contented himself with a slight search of Judith's person, and went on his way.

The suspense in which the anxious mother was held, was of no long continuance;—as soon as the Carabineer was out of sight, the boy overtook her, and delivered up his tender charge in safety.

Many more were the adventures of the poor fugitive during her flight; but why need I prolong the melancholy relation? The heroic lad, of whom I have just spoken, succeeded in conducting her to

a grotto, which was known to a few only, and to which there was no approach but through many an entangled brake and intricate labyrinth of path. Here she remained, subsisting upon such supplies as the boy's persevering kindness and ingenuity succeeded in providing for her, until her persecutors became ashamed of pursuing her any longer. Her uncommon fortitude, extraordinary escapes, and determination to encounter any thing rather than surrender her infant to the Curé and the Directors of the Foundling Hospital, became matter of such notoriety and admiration, that persons of influence among the Roman Catholic population of the province, made strong representations in her behalf.

In consequence of these, a mandate came from Court, that the order for the child's seizure should be 'suspended,' and that the unhappy mother should not be further molested. The lad, who had been Judith's preserver, was the first to announce the intelligence, and to invite her to return to her home.

"I will remain where I am," said Judith; "the order is only suspended, and the mandate brings no security to me. Should my boy survive, they will institute their proceedings again at some future period; and when he is dearer to me than ever, then they

will take me by surprise, and tear him from my bosom. I am a dishonoured woman, and a divorced wife. Let them revoke the cruel sentence which has imprisoned my husband, annulled my marriage, and pronounced the illegitimacy of my son, and then I will return home, but not before. But what avails their tardy mercy? My own days are numbered, and my child is drawing to his end!"

Her presages were but too well founded. The little innocent had been drooping for many days. He died in the grotto, and Judith then consented to leave her dismal asylum. She herself was the bearer of his remains to the Protestant burial-ground of Rocca-rossa, and no hands but her own laid him in his grave. The tearless eye and the flushed cheek of the wretched mother, told the pangs of a heart which could not be comforted. But they were of short duration. She was laid beside her infant, before the sods that covered him were level in their place!

Though Judith is removed beyond reach of the sympathies and kind offices of those, who might have been disposed to interpose in her behalf, other disconsolate mothers and separated wives may be found, in the same region, to whom intercession might be availing. The system which divides

husbands and wives, parents and children, is still in force; and Rachels, weeping for their children, are crying aloud to Heaven for vengeance against a baneful influence, which stains the history of the nineteenth century with barbarities, which would have blackened even the dark ages. The emancipated Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland could not make a more gracious return for the boon which has been granted to them, than by interceding for oppressed communities, which are groaning under the yoke imposed at the instigation of the Triple Mitre.

## JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY PIECES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

### I.

STILL echoed through the dark divan  
The shouts that hailed the doom of blood ;  
When lo ! a pale and haggard man  
Before the stern tribunal stood !  
He strove to speak—awhile his breath  
Came fitful as the gasp of death ;  
Nor aught those hollow sounds express—  
Save guilt and utter wretchedness !

### II.

Yet in his wildly-glaring eye  
Such fierce unnatural brightness shone ;  
They deemed some outcast Maniac nigh,  
Some victim of the Evil One :  
Even the High Priest, in mute amaze,  
Fixed on that form a shuddering gaze ;  
As if a Spectre near him stood  
That chained his eye and chilled his blood !







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III.

An instant—and the stern old man  
 Grew cold and reckless as before—  
 A moment flushed his aspect wan ;  
 It past as in a moment o'er.  
 He knew the form that trembled there —  
 Knew whence that madness and despair—  
 And the brief awe his brow had worn  
 Changed to a smile of withering scorn.

IV.

There, on his knees, the Traitor fell—  
 There dashed to earth the price of blood —  
 And twice essayed his tale to tell,  
 And twice th' o'ermastering Fiend withstood.  
 Faltering, at length, his accents came,  
 Words, more than anguish, worse than shame—  
 " Oh ! I have sinnèd—I have sold  
 The guiltless blood for guilty gold !"

V.

Then curled that proud Priest's lip of scorn—  
 Hate flashed from his indignant eye—  
 " And go," he cried, " thou wretch forsworn—  
 Accursed live ! unpardoned die !  
 The deed is done—the price is paid  
 For Him thy coward-soul betrayed ;  
 His blood may sate the wrath divine—  
 But who, foul traitor, recks of *thine* ? "

## VI.

He heard—and with a frantic yell  
Of agony and wild despair—  
With guilt, that not a Cain could tell;  
Remorse, that not a Cain could bear,  
He rushed—Oh! whither?—Human eye  
Saw not the doomed Apostate die;  
He fell—unpitied—unforgiven—  
Outcast alike of Earth and Heaven!

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## THE COMET.

BY EDWARD W. COX, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL," &amp;c.

## I.

THOU of the fiery face,  
Where is thy dwelling-place?  
Whence, thou mysterious one, whence is thy roaming?  
Why, on thy red-flame wings,  
Thus in thy wanderings,  
Over the way of our world art thou coming?

## II.

Oh ! art not thou the sign—  
Symbol of wrath divine—  
Say, fearful minister of the Most High;  
Who can look up to thee,  
Being of mystery !  
Heedless of Him whose dread home is the sky ?

## III.

Far doth thy flag of flame  
To trembling man proclaim,  
How some Almighty hand guideth its might ;  
Awe-struck, the nations bow  
Prostrate before thee now,  
Thou of the fire-crown—the pinions of light !

## IV.

Say, dread one ! art thou not  
One of a race forgot ;  
One of the worlds from their starry homes riven ?  
And orbless and masterless,  
One mighty wilderness,  
Desolate roamest thou over the heaven ?

## V.

Or is it, formless one !  
That thou hast fresh begun  
In the pure regions of ether to move ?  
Art thou some new-born star,  
Come from thy cradle, far,  
Far, in the dark, doubtful places above ?

## VI.

Art thou some messenger  
Sent from a higher sphere,  
Prophet of ills, that are coming to this ?  
Thou of the flaming face,  
Where is thy dwelling-place ?  
Surely thou art not a being of bliss.

## VII.

Say thee, thou fearful one,  
In thy flight to the sun,  
How many stars hast thou swept from the sky ?  
How many a mighty world  
From its throne hast thou hurled,  
Comet, since thus thou hast wandered on high ?

## VIII.

Yet, Star of Mystery,  
Why have we fear of thee ?  
There is a strong arm that ruleth thy flight ;—  
'T is an Almighty Hand,  
Holds on thy course command,  
And Mercy still watches over thy might !

## THE YOUTH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[Inscribed to her friend, the Rev. Philip Dodd, Vicar of Penshurst.]

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

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Take him for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.—SHAKESPEARE.

HE was a model for the young of any age: and there is not a country in the civilised world, that does not so write the name of Sir Philip Sidney.—The son of parents as virtuous as they were illustrious, he honoured ancestry because he honoured them. In all things he studied the character of his father, to become, like him, a faithful servant of his country. From his mother he inherited a rare tenderness of disposition, which, in this life of crosses to every human being, could not but sometimes tinge his manly benevolence with a cast of melancholy. He was one who smiled often, but few remembered having seen him laugh; yet his friends never found him otherwise than amiable: for his sadness arose from love to others, not a whit from

Pursuing his route, he passed through Lorraine; and, by Strasburgh, to Heidelbergh, and thence to Frankfort. At the latter place, where he staid some time, he became acquainted with the admirable Languet, then minister of state to the great Elector of Saxony. "This excellent person," observes Lord Brooke, in his sketch of Sidney's life, "on knowing my honoured friend's promising virtues, quitted his functions, and became a nurse of knowledge to so hopeful a young gentleman (then hardly more than eighteen); and, without any other hire or motive than their sympathy of affections, accompanied him nearly the whole course of his three years' travel." Soon after their meeting, Sidney went with his venerable friend to Vienna, then to Hungary, and thence to Italy. Some circumstances occasioned them to separate for a while; and, during one of these absences from each other, when Sidney was passing a winter at Venice, Languet wrote to him the first of the two letters just mentioned. The address runs thus:—

"To the illustrious Philip Sidney.

[Letter First.]

*"Vienna, January 1573.*

"In one of your early letters, you promised that no opportunity should occur without your writing to

me. If you had been true to that kind engagement, you would have conferred the most estimable of boons on an absent friend ; to whom nothing, next to your company, can afford a sweeter pleasure than letters from you. I tell you so ; though, perhaps, you will exclaim, ‘ Does he reproach me in this too ? ’

“ In truth, I did not mean reproach in the former case ; and as you so gently accuse me of it in your last letter, the supposition doubly pains me. Believe me, I did not then doubt your constancy to the plan you had laid down for your movements ; nor do I now suspect you of any intention of forgetfulness of the gratification you know your correspondence bestows on me. There are things we regret without a thought of blaming ; for instance, when engagements are made with reference to contingences, as yours was at the time I spoke of, when you promised to return ere long to this city. Such promises may be revoked on the restrictive clause, without any breach of word, or any prejudice to the fidelity of friendship ; therefore, if you are on such grounds induced to change your plan, you must not vex yourself with the notion that any reasonable person could attribute the alteration to inconstancy in yourself. So far from my intending to imply

such a charge, when I remarked that I thought you likely to change your mind with regard to your proposed line of travel, I meant simply to express my own idea, that because it is now said that the new King of Poland's coronation will take place sooner than we expected, I concluded it probable the severity of the winter might deter you from going to the spectacle.

“Why, my dear Sidney, will you allow this apprehensive—what shall I call it,—modesty? or jealousy of opinion? Why will you allow so unreasonable a feeling to disquiet your thoughts of yourself, and therefore of others? Let me adjure you not to give way to such imaginations! and least of all with reference to me; who know you too well, to admit any casual circumstances to shake my confidence in the actual steadiness of your mind towards its worthy purposes. But if, by chance, I have dropt any inconsiderate word in my letter, which might imply the charge you so affectionately plead against in yours; I beg you will, as kindly as you may truly, ascribe it to the impatient anxiety of my suspense, which had become very painful, until I was informed you had reached the present end of your journey in safety.

“I mentioned to you, in some of my late epistles,

that the emperor and the king of Hungary were invited to the inauguration of the King of Poland;\* and that a young Polish nobleman had arrived here on the mission to his Imperial majesty. When I found he was not only a person of elegant mien and manners, but possessed estimable talents and virtues, I soon accomplished a mutual introduction; and it was not long before our almost immediate intimacy ripened into that birth of friendship, which I trust will continue alive between us while life exists in either. But indeed, my Sidney, this new friend was sought the more zealously, because, on acquaintance he proved not unlike yourself in unaffectedness of demeanour, or in ingenuousness of disposition, and even possessed much of that modest dignity of mind which, in my eyes, seemed so peculiarly your own. He is moreover not far beyond you in years. He studied general literature in Italy, and like yourself, has great delight in reading history; but especially those histories which approach nearest to our own times. His dress, simple yet

\* This emperor was Maximilian; to whose family Hungary had become an appanage, by the marriage of the orphan heiress of its last native sovereign, with Prince Ferdinand of Austria. The king of Poland here mentioned, was Henry of Valois; its first absolutely elected monarch being taken from a foreign land. He was brother to Charles IX. king of France.

noble, and retinue of the same character, stamp him at first sight as one of distinguished birth, and with as distinguished a judgment.

“ ‘All very good! But why so much of a stranger, to me?’ you might ask. My answer may hereafter pleasure you as much, or more than its subject has done me. In fact, I wish you to know and esteem him, as he knows and esteems you, unseen. I have talked of you to him; described your taste, your disposition, your manners, and, above all, the ‘better part’ that is in you. I even noted your birth-day to him; and we conversed together with a kind of common interest on its suggestions. I also told him that I had a hope you might proceed to Cracow, to be a spectator of the coronation. But I needed not to add any request to him for the attentions to you there which he already felt due to your character. He was even then your friend: his heart had found the attraction which had made me so firmly yours; and he besought me to persuade you to become his guest. ‘I will take care,’ said he, ‘that neither he nor you shall have occasion to regret bestowing such a gratification on me.’

“You see in this, that a hospitable reception awaits you, should the season permit your going;

and that a noble mind is prepared to give you a brother's welcome. Besides that, and the interest of the royal spectacle, a rare opportunity offers itself for your making acquaintance with many illustrious persons of different countries who must be present; and of forming intimacies, I trust, with the actually most illustrious,—those whose characters are yet more noble than their distinguished stations.

“I conjecture, from the tone of your last letter, that you are disappointed in the magnificence of Venice. Yet that seems to me something surprising, for Italy has not a city to compare with it. However, if a lively previous fancy has baulked your satisfaction in the place itself, I am sensible you will find the sort of entertainment in the society I promised you. Society is the book of men, where man is compared with man. There, in the chosen circles of Venice, men of various talents and accomplishments will meet you. You will see many to admire, more to amuse; but a little acquaintance with most, will shew that their acquirements are more for display than service; and, from excess in playing the agreeable, they soon become completely the reverse, wearying the over-treated guest with hospitable vanities.

“Much has been vaunted of the political wisdom

of the Venetians; but, to my notion, though our Germans have not such subtilty in their prudence, their honest soundness in judgment is far more to be depended on for ultimate advantage than all that we find in those doubly-refined cabinets. However, I have been so long absent from Italy, it hardly becomes me to offer an opinion on the people amongst whom you now are. I ought rather to wait for your report; and I know you accustom yourself to speak without prejudice of all places and persons.

“ If I wished to indulge my feelings, I should never quit my pen when writing to you. Thus employed, I almost forget we are not present with each other. Farewell! Salute, in my name, those of my acquaintance who still sojourn at Venice, and particularly the excellent Count Hanau.

“ Yours,

“ HUBERT LANGUET.”

\*.\* The second letter is omitted, for want of space, and will be given in the next volume.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

## REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT DAY

BY JAMES M. SMITH, M.A., F.R.S.E.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.

1908

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## CHAPTER XVIII. THE DEEDS OF THE

WARRIORS OF THE NORTH.

THEY WERE THE FIRST OF THE NORTH.

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# CHRIST IN THE GARDEN WITH MARY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

## I.

Love is not of the Earth !  
A Ray that issued from the Throne of Heaven  
First warmed it into birth !  
And then to dwellers of the dust 't was given ;  
Their pearl of price, their gem of peerless worth,  
Ere from blest Eden's shade their first frail Sire was  
driven.

## II.

But Love the pure, the bright,  
Hath lost on earth its glory, and hath fled  
To its own realms of Light ;  
Scarce lingering o'er the forgotten dead,  
Where in the lonely place of tombs, by night,  
The mute, fond prayer is breathed—the silent tear is  
shed.

III.

Love is no more divine,  
 Save when it seeks the Source whence first it came—  
 Forsakes its mortal shrine,  
 And, like the Prophet, on a car of flame  
 Mounts to the Holiest! Such, dear Saint, was thine,  
 When thine expiring Lord endured the cross of shame!

IV.

Thou didst not heed the cry  
 Of myriad voices, clamouring fierce for blood;  
 The truest turned to fly,—  
 The boldest quailed,—but firm the weaker stood!  
 Thy heart endured to watch His agony,  
 Unawed by scoffing Priests and warriors fierce of mood.

V.

Yea, when his parting groan  
 Smote, like Death's fearful summons, on thine ear;  
 Thou didst not seek alone  
 Idly to shed the fond yet fruitless tear;—  
 By thee the last sad cares of Love were shewn—  
 Composed the stiffening limbs, and spread the decent bier.

VI.

They laid him in the tomb—  
 Thou followedst still—and morning's earliest ray  
 And midnight's latest gloom  
 Still found thee watching where the Saviour lay;  
 The earth was there thy bed, the cave thy home,  
 Till the sealed grave was rent—the stone was rolled away.

## VII.

The Victor Victim rose—

And what, true Saint, was then thy meet reward ?

The eye that watched his woes

Was first to hail the rising of the Lord !

O when were tears so pure, so blest as those

Which gushed, when at his feet she knelt—gazed—wept  
—adored !



## MOUNT MORIAH.

## A SACRED NARRATIVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM."

SORROWFULLY did the Patriarch of Israel's tribes arise to fulfil the awful mandate of the Lord against the life of his son, the beloved child both of promise and of prayer. The man of God shrunk not from obedience to his righteous Lord ; for well he knew that each command is wisely spoken, which the mouth of Jehovah proclaims to the children of men :—but nevertheless, human nature was strong, very strong, in fighting against faith and grace, and

the fond father's heart would fain have found any other sacrifice than that which the midnight hour had pronounced to be required for the test of a Prophet's faith. So Abraham arose, ere yet the sun had tipt the mountains with its orient beams, and tapping at the chamber of his sleeping son, he bade him awake and prepare to journey towards the Land of Moriah, there to offer an appointed sacrifice.

The startled youth, rousing himself from his soft and happy slumbers, exclaimed, "Truly, my Father, thou hast risen early; for grey is yet the morning's light, and why should we journey such a toilsome way, when round our own Beersheba many a fair mountain towers heavenward, on whose heather brow we might surely raise a goodly altar for the purest sacrifice which man could present to God. Why then, my father, seek we one in Strangers' land?"

"Because the Lord hath spoken it," solemnly replied the Patriarch, "and that is enough both for thee and me. Now hie thee quickly to the work, and call our young men, Nahor and Reuel; bid them saddle the ass, and prepare our journey's provender, whilst thou and I, my son, cleave wood for the burnt offering;—but mind me," added he, with quick and faltering accents, "pass softly hence, lest thou shouldst waken thy loved Mother from her

sleep; she may not find such sleep again, and her years require rest."

"Be it according to thy will, my Father," respectfully answered the youth, "although methinks I shall feel strange to go hence, lacking my mother's wonted blessing; yet, since thou sayest it, I will but softly look on her, and breathe the duteous prayer for the Lord's good keeping of her, which behoves her only child to leave ere he depart. Do thou too, dearest Father, rest thee awhile, and I will cleave the wood, and all things get prepared; for I am young and blithe, and a merry heart can make light work of many a heavy burden, which the aged hands of more than a century of years could ill accomplish, without pain and labour."

"Do thou my bidding, Isaac," hastily interrupted the old man, with almost a petulant impatience;—for he dared not now yield to the deep yearnings of parental tenderness with which his heart was full to overflowing; neither dared he even look the love his noble boy deserved, lest the task so mysteriously imposed upon him should master his wonted faith, and sin become victorious in his soul. Thus briefly he replied to the duteous kindness of his child, which was not often so repulsed; and simply beckoning a charge of silence, he passed to the chamber

of his wife, and bowing on the threshold, hid his blanched cheek in both his hands, while his whole soul was laid open to his God.

Meanwhile the lad stole softly to his mother's pillow, and when his wonted prayer was said, he gently raised her unconscious hand, and pressing it fondly to his lips, he whispered, "Bless thee! Oh, my mother! bless thee! and may the Lord Jehovah grant us speedily a safe and happy meeting!" then bowing his head in token of respect and reverence, he lightly left her to hasten on his father's errand.

Abraham listened for his child's last step;—but when he heard his blithesome voice bidding the lads make speedy preparation, overcome by the strong impulse of nature, the unhappy Prophet sobbed aloud and prayed, that *other* sacrifice, though it were his own life's blood, might avail to prove his faith and love, rather than this most precious and miraculously born son, the very child in whom had centred hopes of thousands of coming years, and whom his soul loved with a tenderness even passing the delicate love of woman. But faith such as Abraham's, was not to be overthrown by the fearful suggestions of an evil nature:—once more he raised his eyes to Heaven, and firmly clasping his cold hands as if to girt himself anew

with a more vigorous resolution, ashamed of the weakness which had so nearly mastered him, he fervently exclaimed, "Oh Lord! Thou God of all! be it unto me even as Thou wilt. In the full power of Thine own might do I go forth to offer up as Thou hast commanded,—my son—mine only son Isaac, whom Thou knowest *how I love!* therefore will I not faint, although the heart of Thy servant is sick well nigh unto death, and my hands feel weak to shed the blood of such a lamb! but *Thy* will,—Thine own will *only*—Oh Lord Jehovah, shall be done!"

So saying, the Patriarch arose, and girding himself afresh, and tightening the sandals of his feet, he withdrew from the threshold of his home; nor would he venture to look back upon the dear wife of his bosom, lest she should awake and ask wherefore he and Isaac were departing thus.

Now Abraham went forth and found his young men standing beside the ass, which was already saddled; and at a few paces off was Isaac kneeling beside a small white lamb of wondrous beauty, round which his arms were twining with a sorrowful endearment, as if to stay its piteous bleating. The boy cared not to look upward on his father's face as Abraham drew nigh, for tears were glistening

freshly in his eyes, and he would not that such unmanly sorrow should be seen,—so stooping down that his long dark hair might shade his face, and seeming still busy with the animal, he said, “See, my Father, how the creature licks my hand, and turns its meek eye upward to mine own, as if to plead its gentle love in fond appeal for longer life: but I could find no other firstling in our flock without a speck or blemish, and so I knew thou wouldst not let me keep it back; yet methinks it will nearly break my heart to see my little favourite *die*, though it be to bleed upon the Lord’s own altar.”

Oh! what a sight was that for Abraham’s heart, and what a lesson did the unconscious boy declare to one who was about to yield a favourite indeed to the awful behest of Jehovah! But the Patriarch, now animated with new strength, and more calmly fortified in his deep purpose, was enabled with mildest self-possession, to reply: “Isaac, my dear and only child! I love thee that thou wouldst thus surrender to our God thy young heart’s darling, but *thy* favourite may yet awhile rest safely in the fold, for we shall surely find a victim where the Lord Himself appoints the altar. But, my Son, hast thou not been sparing of the wood?” added the Patriarch, casting a quick, perturbed glance upon the loaded ass.

"Nay, Father," replied the lad, "enough is there to consume a fatter victim than we are likely to find in yonder land of hills, and I fain would give our beast light weight of fuel, that his back might bear a dearer, better burden—even thine ownself; but, if such be thy pleasure, I will cleave yet more, and the young men shall each bear part with me in carrying it for thee,—only let me first take back this pretty firstling to its bleating dam, and speedily will I rejoin thee." Little did Isaac know how every word just spoken had pierced his parent's heart, and been as a sword to which his very tenderness had given a yet keener edge; but faith had now armed Abraham's bosom with a shield of such invulnerable strength, that vainly did the Tempter level his shafts of fearfulness and trembling at the stedfast soul of God's anointed Prophet. He looked indeed wistfully upon the duteous lad, who, with the lamb pressed closely to his bosom, was bounding towards the flock with open brow and lightened heart, and who would return no more to the sheepfold of his own dwelling: but Abraham, realising the command of God, proceeded with holy energy and dauntless determination to execute it with a trusting, fearless hand.

And now the Patriarch, turning to the young

men who stood beside him with the ass, said, with an air of dignified serenity,—“ Nahor, bring me yon hatchet, that while we wait the youth’s return, I may cleave more wood for the Lord’s altar; and thou, Reuel,” added the old man, his voice instinctively faltering, “ take this knife, and give it a sharper edge,—such an edge as flint ne’er gave before; but haste thee, Reuel, for the morn advances while *we* are strangely loitering, who should make brief work and light labour of Jehovah’s sacred will.”

At length the Patriarch and his little band moved onward;—Abraham, with staff in hand, walked side by side with his child, while the young men followed closely with the burdened ass. Soon was the peaceful valley of Beersheba left in faint perspective, and when the summit of the hill was attained, from which a last look of home could be given, the travellers halted for awhile to look on scenes, long loved and dearly cherished by each one of them. The morning dews still hung like a light bespangled web over the land beneath, and lent a softness to its rich verdure, forming a striking contrast to the bold and barren hills beyond which Moriah lay; while the sun,—slowly emerging from the eastern ridge of mountains which

majestically bounded the wilderness of Judea,—sent forth a thousand rays of brightest, softest hues, giving such radiancy to earth that every dew drop sparkled like a precious stone. The tent, or dwelling place of Abraham, too, lay imbedded within the grove of young cedars which he himself had planted; while round it flowed the clear waters of the Bezor river, fortifying those rich valleys of Gerar which were then peopled by the subjects of the royal Abimelech.

Never had the travellers gazed upon a scene more fair; and surely it was not strange that in the young and buoyant heart of Isaac, it awakened visions of such ardent character, that every energy of his soul seemed striving to be freed even from the very shackles of mortality which bound his light feet to earth. Brief rest sufficed for his untired spirit, and this was taken only to soothe the anxious wish of his fond parent, who ever and anon besought him to sit still and spare his strength a little for the toilsome way which was yet before them. But Isaac could scarcely anticipate fatigue, for now just verging on manhood, he still wore the light loose dress of a Hebrew youth, which, confined only round the waist by a broad band or girdle, left him full liberty to follow the impulse of his pliant limbs. His dark

cheek glowed with the fresh tints of health and vigour, and these, heightened by the mountain air, gave a more than wonted expression of intellect to the large soft eyes, which seemed to look on all earthly things with love and gladness; while his unstricken heart could only marvel why age should deem them fleeting, as *he* saw them fair.

Far, far differently was the sorrowful mind of the Patriarch employed. Abraham truly, deeply felt, both as a father and a man;—and these feelings struggled sorely within his oppressed bosom, as he sat by the way-side, his head leaning on his staff, and his mind musing on the dread ordeal through which he was so soon to pass. Nevertheless, his faith was immovably stedfast, and in very “evidence of things as yet unseen,” that faith so triumphed over fear, as to realise deliverance, although it was even to himself mysterious why he was thus called to break as it were the only link on which could hang—humanly speaking—fulfilment of the promises he trusted. As a man and a father, he felt that his troubles were enlarged, even beyond ordinary trial,—his heart and flesh both failed him, and his soul fainted within him;—but as a *believer*, he saw the goodness of the Lord, and knew that God would “hear his anointed

from his holy Heaven, with the saving strength of his right hand,"—so was "his heart *fixed*" to do the thing commanded. As a Father, he would fain have laid him down in dust and ashes, and wept rivers of tears, could these have been acceptable sacrifice; or, gladly would he have shed his own heart's blood, to spare the blood of his beloved son! But, as a Man of God—God's own anointed Priest and Prophet, he was pledged to fight manfully against flesh and blood, and he dared not give heed to the suggestions of his own will, where the will of Jehovah stood opposed.

Thus labouring under the severest conflict which perhaps ever assailed the spirit of imperfect man, did Abraham now look upon his darling child; and he thought within himself, "Oh! would that this cup might pass away! yet wherefore should I fear?—Why go I thus mourning on my way, when I know that the promises of the Lord are stedfast, and can never, never fail, though man should dare to doubt? Shall Isaac surely die?—for, did not Jehovah, by His own Spirit, declare unto me of this very child—'I will establish my covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with *his seed after him*?' Oh! shame on me, then, that I can for one moment doubt the purposes of Him, who having said it, will

of a truth bring the same to pass ; who, while He bids my right hand slay my only child, can yet breathe new life into his very ashes, and raise him up again, that 'Kings of people' shall issue from his loins."

Now three days had Abraham journeyed, traversing many a steep and rugged hill ; when, 'lifting up his eyes, he saw the place of which God had told him;' and when he had gained the foot of the mountain, he said unto the young men, 'Abide ye here with the ass, while I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.' And then "he took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son," bearing in his own hand the "fire" and the "knife."

The mountain to which they were directed stood in a plain, encircled by many hills. And, oh ! how dear to every Christian bosom must the remembrance of Moriah be, where Isaac stood but as a type of that stupendous and all-sufficient sacrifice of the sinless "Lamb of God," even Jesus Christ, who there gave himself for the expiation of guilt, and for the remission of sin, as the *one* atonement, which, satisfying offended justice, opened the door of mercy, and purchased pardon and salvation for every believing penitent.

Thither went Abraham and his son together. The heart of the lad was still light, but his manner was no longer mirthful; for Isaac loved the Lord, and he knew that when approaching the Most High, in a solemn sacrifice, his every step should be one of worship, his every thought a prayer. So Isaac spake no more, until, marvelling why no living sacrifice was there, at length he said, "My father! behold all things are ready, but where is a lamb for the burnt offering?" Abraham replied, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." Silence again ensued, and Abraham proceeded to rear the altar.

Many times did he lay and relay the wood, piling together more than was the ordinary custom, and yet he lingered as if he needed more. He took the knife from his girdle, and laid it down upon the turf; then drew his loose robe more closely round him, as if struck with a sudden chilliness. Isaac marvelled that his father's hands should tremble,—hands that before had never faltered at such work; their eyes met! Oh! this was more than a parent's heart could bear!

Abraham fell upon the bosom of his child, and tenderly, most tenderly embracing him, he at length convulsively exclaimed, "Isaac! my son, my son!"

"What ails thee, Oh my Father!" said the anxious youth, "Dost thou fear the Lord's anger, because He tarries thus long with the burnt offering?"

"It is *I* who am tarrying, my child, and not the Lord," replied the Patriarch, resuming his composure: "But, tell me, Isaac, lovest thou Jehovah?"

"Love Jehovah?" exclaimed Isaac with surprise; then falling on his knees, with eyes upraised to Heaven, and crossing his arms devoutly on his bosom, he added—"Yes, my Father! thou hast taught me well *whom* I should serve, whom I should trust, and whom the heart of every believer should alone adore; and askest thou me, do I *love the Lord*? Dearer than life is Jehovah to thy son!"

"Isaac," said the old man with peculiar solemnity, "Art thou *sure* that thou couldst yield that life in love to God, if God required it? or, is it that thy rash lips pronounce what thy young heart could not perform?"

"Why speakest thou thus to me, my Father?" asked Isaac, turning very pale.

Tenderly laying his trembling hand upon the head of the still kneeling boy, Abraham replied,

"Listen to me, Isaac, and I will tell thee. Three nights ago, when sleeping last beside thy mother, I was awakened by a voice from Heaven, and the glory of the Lord came like a bright moon-beam round me; again, the voice from Heaven called, 'Abraham!' and I replied, 'Behold, here I am:' and the Lord said unto me, 'Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer *him there for a burnt offering*, upon one of the mountains which I shall tell thee of. And, immediately, the light departed, and I heard the voice no more; so I arose, and called thee; and behold, we are here my son, *to do even as the Lord commanded.*"

Cold, cold was now the forehead of the young victim, and large drops of anguish burst from every pore, while tremblingly he listened to the words his father spoke. But Isaac murmured not—wept not—shrunk not. Appalled, but not dismayed, the young believer only meekly said, "Oh my Father! do unto me even as thou wilt. My heart is very, very weak, and my soul would fain strive sinfully against such sacrifice, for it seems hard to leave thee, who hast been so precious to me, and my tender mother too, just when ye both need a son's most dutiful support, to prop your fast declining

years. Oh! it seems hard to leave a world that looks so fair, and hopes that have been nursed by promises I deemed were not thus fleeting!— Yet, fear me not, my beloved parent! ‘Though the Lord slay me, yet will I trust him!’ though death destroy me, yet shall my soul delight in God!”

The old man clasped his hands, and falling on his knees beside his son, exclaimed, “Blessed, blessed be God! that he hath heard the voice of my supplication, and enabled thee, my dear and only son, to resign thyself thus unresistingly to his most righteous will. Oh! Isaac, be thou steadfast, even to the end, abounding in the spirit of the Lord; that with thy latest breath, thy lips may magnify Jehovah’s name: and *he* shall be thy strength—the saving strength of his anointed.— Then, wherefore should we faint because for a little while He has afflicted us? For surely know we, that the Lord God is a God of truth, and will not leave us, nor forsake us in the time of trouble; neither has He spoken that which his faithfulness will not verily perform. Oh no! my son, ‘His voice is powerful,’ and with His breath will He burst open the gates of Hades, and raise thee up again to new life and vigour, even though death should bind thy body down a prisoner in the grave. Now, Isaac, let us pray!”

A deep and solemn silence followed, while these devoted servants of the Lord prepared themselves by prayer,—the one, for death; the other, for the most dreadful trial which faith was ever called to execute. But oh! what mortal pen could venture to portray the feelings which, in that awful interval, passed within souls struggling under every conflict the human heart can know? Vain were the attempt to realise such scenes as these! The fond and tender father taking his last farewell—and such a farewell—of his darling child, in and through whom Abraham had been taught to expect the wondrous blessings of a new and everlasting covenant; a covenant of peace betwixt Jehovah and his own seed for ever! How could he endure the weight of such complicated suffering, while called upon to sever, with his own hand, the dearest tie which nature loves to cherish;—not only to see him die, but with his own sword to shed the blood of his only and well-beloved son; and how could he bind those hands—hands which had so often been stretched forth to embrace him, or been unweariedly employed in acts of filial love and tenderness? It was, indeed, no ordinary trust which enabled Abraham to meet all this and not be overcome. Yet was his faith unmoved, and God did not forsake him!

Abraham now bound the hands of his child, and Isaac resisted not such fetters, knowing that the sacrifice must be bound. This done, the gentle youth looking up, said, "My Father, wilt thou also bind mine eyes,—that I may not see *thy* hand uplifted against me?—Then shalt thou lay me on the altar, and soon shall my happy spirit be as a new-born soul, dwelling for ever in the very presence of our Lord Jehovah! And yet, my Father, think not, because my flesh is weak, and nature pleads for this indulgence, think not that I shall resist thy blow, or fear to die beneath a tender parent's sword. Oh no! I would not have thee shrink from the bitter task;—then, fare thee well! brief will our parting be, and when we meet again, it will be in everlasting glory!"

Now when "Abraham had bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar, upon the wood, he stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the Angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, 'Abraham! Abraham!' and he said, Here am I. And the Angel said unto him, lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything to him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

Oh, who shall dare essay to paint the joy that filled the Patriarch's breast, on receiving his dear and only son once more from the hand of the Lord Jehovah? Far greater was the delight and gratitude that filled his paternal bosom than, when a tender infant, Isaac was presented to his arms by his beloved wife, yet triumphing in the fulfilment of the divine promise. Oh no! it is not feeble imagination that can embody a scene so passing man's conception. Angels only witnessed it; and sympathy alone must realise what language never can express.

His darling thus delivered by the Angel of the Lord, "Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered *him* up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, In the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen. And the Angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven the second time, and said, 'By myself have I sworn,' saith the Lord, 'for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which

is upon the sea-shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; *because thou hast obeyed my voice.*" So Abraham returned unto his young men, and they rose up and went together to Beersheba; and Abraham dwelt at Beersheba."

C. A.

*Northdown, South Wales.*

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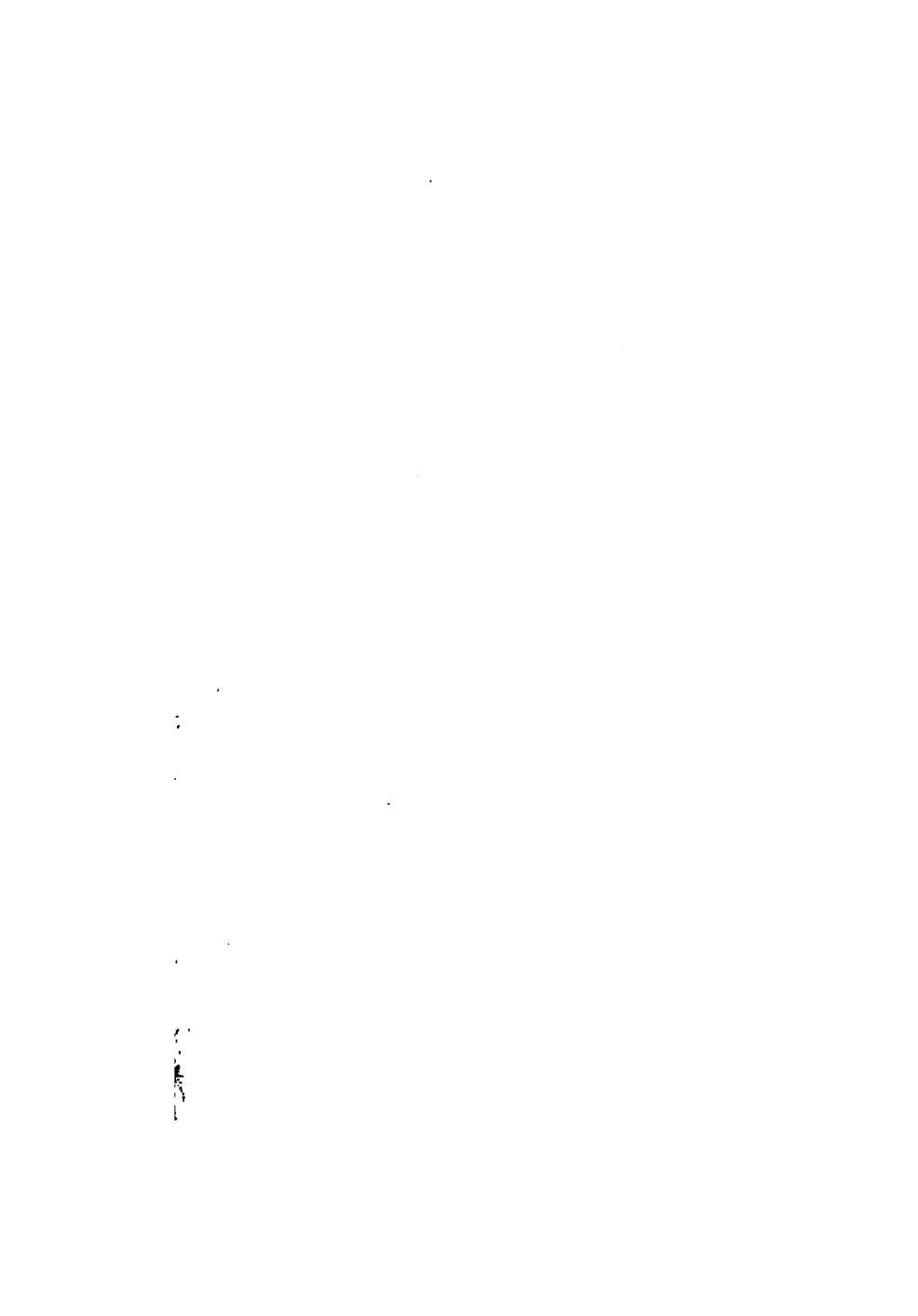
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